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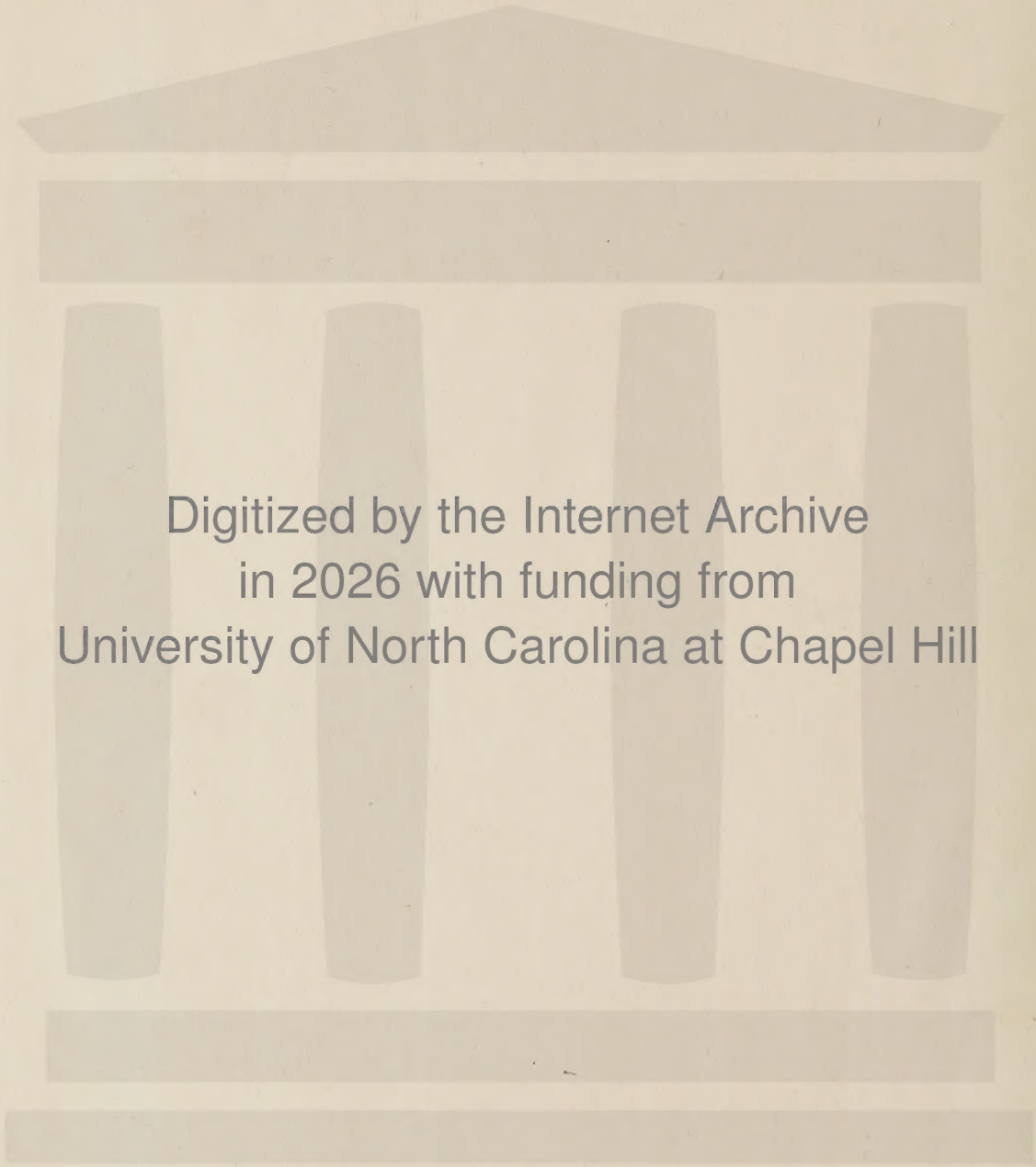

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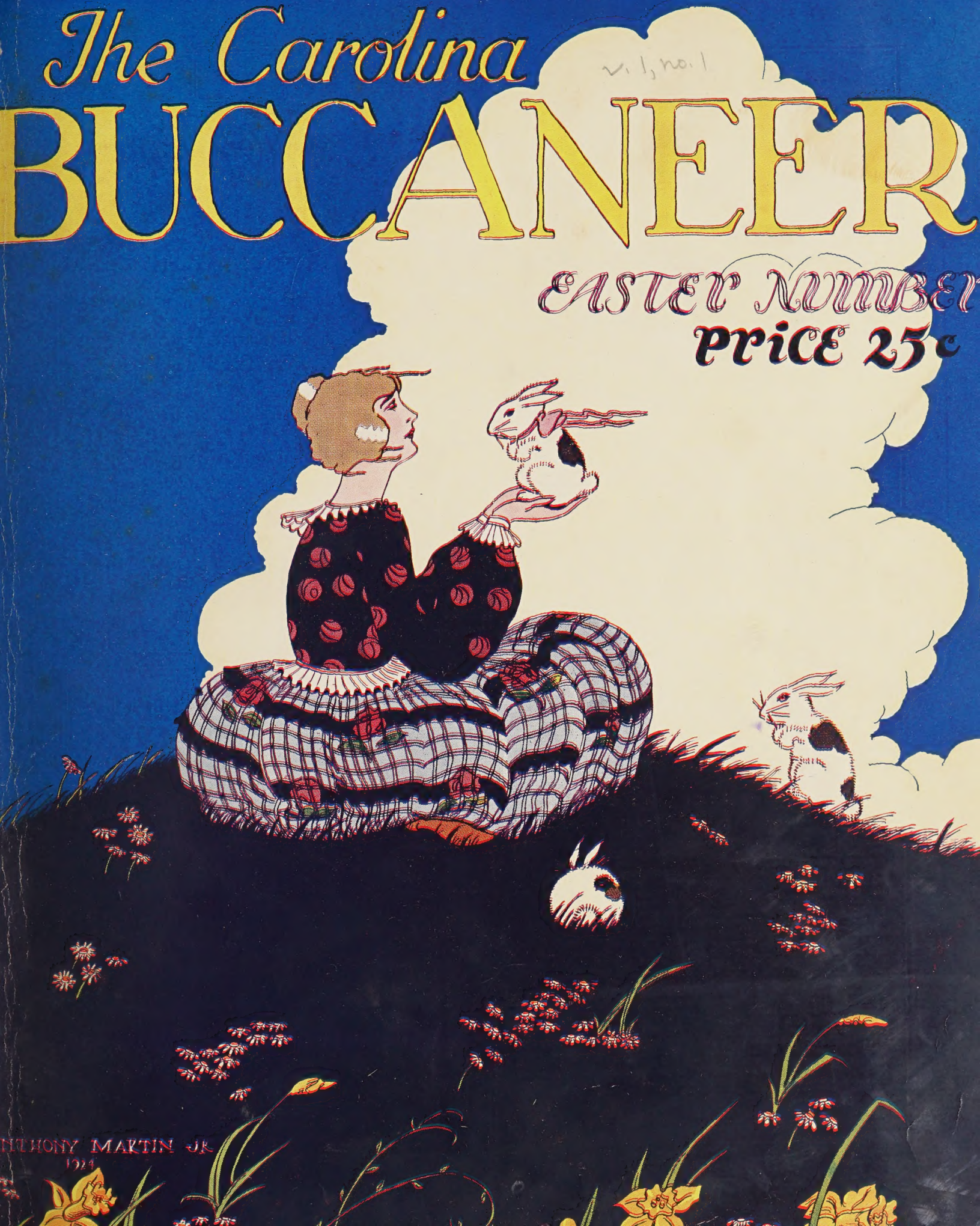
The Carolina BUCCANEER

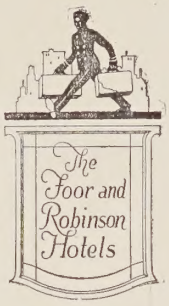
v. 1, no. 1

EASTER NUMBER

price 25c



Good Hotels In Good Towns



Anticipation

The Code of Operation of the O. Henry and all Foor and Robinson Hotels

Anticipation—no other one word could so fully express the code of the O. Henry and all Foor and Robinson Hotels—ten "Good Hotels in Good Towns."

Anticipation of the needs, wants, demands—whims, if you please, of the tired traveler, the wayworn tourist, in a warm, cordial atmosphere of refined elegance and restful beauty.

Anticipation, as a Foor and Robinson code, goes far deeper than ordinary hotel "service." It selects for its field only the city that needs and will support a fine, new hotel; decides its correct location; determines its architecture, floor planning, equipment; governs the organization of its personnel; becomes the spirit of the force, from manager down to the newest bell man.

The result of this code of Anticipation is Hotel Excellence. Its reflection is Guest Anticipation. The delighted traveler inquires for the next Foor and Robinson Hotel; plans his trips to make Foor and Robinson Hotels his headquarters—for side trips—for week-end stops. He looks for service and gets it.

Foor and Robinson Carolina Hotels Are:

O. HENRY, Greensboro. The beauty, comfort, orderly and complete service of the O. Henry and its excellent table are famous everywhere. Has 275 rooms. A club-like hotel that wins the highest praise from the traveling public.

HOTEL CHARLOTTE, Charlotte. Just opened. 275 rooms with bath—a beautiful house—the last word in furnishings, completeness of equipment and ease of access to all necessities of travel. The Heart of Charlotte—the Headquarters for the seething activities of the Queen City.

SHERATON, High Point. Complete gem of a hotel home, decorated and planned in exquisite taste. Sets a fine table. Comfortable place for week-end tours and a favorite stop for business travelers.

FRANCIS MARION, Charleston. A modern hotel in an atmosphere of tradition. Just opened. 300 rooms with bath. Towers above Citadel Green—the high spot, the center, the crown of Charleston. Here artist Stokes has immortalized General Marion in a series of wonderful paintings. House has fine facilities for large conventions.

CLEVELAND, Spartanburg. Without a doubt, the finest hotel in that part of the state. Favorite stop for motorists and week-ending business travelers. Excellent cuisine, fine appointments; a house of comfort and real service.

GEO. VANDERBILT, Asheville. Now building—to be opened in July. Will be the show hotel of the Carolinas—the much needed centrally located house for business, golf and touring.

Good Hotels In Good Towns

P F S

Easter Greetings to your friends

Send flowers by wire. If you notify us a few days before Easter we can mail the order to our correspondent florist—saving cost of telegram

Easter flowers are truest greetings

PIEDMONT FLOWER SHOP
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA
338 W. MAIN ST. PHONE 920
FINLEY WHITE, *University Representative*

WHITE STAR LINE

Running Continuously
from 7:30 a.m. to
6:30 p.m.

Leaving
Greensboro and Durham
Every Hour on the Half Hour

Kodak Time

Oh! Memories—

" . . . . mystic haze of years, transmutes the rollicking pleasures of youthful days into golden memories;

Every memento connected with that life, will become a priceless nugget in the hands that prize them. . . "

We Suggest
A MEMORY BOOK, OF KODAK PICTURES

FOISTER'S

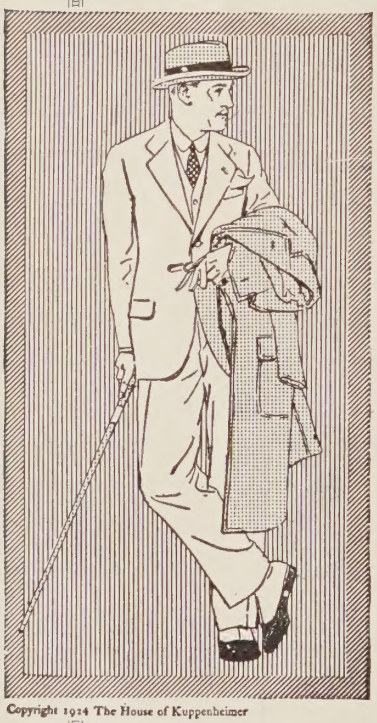
EXPERT KODAK FINISHING
PROMPT MAIL SERVICE

PATTERSON BROS., *Druggists*

The Rexall Store

WHITMAN'S CANDIES

"DISTINCTIVE APPAREL FOR THE COLLEGE MAN"



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Epstein's

Rocky Mount, N. C.

Clothing

Haberdashery

Shoes

Hats

Showing at Carolina

"MERCHANDISE THAT EXPRESSES PERSONALITY"

SOPH: Did you ever take antitoxin?
FROSH: No, who teaches it?

—— C B ——

"My father says I'm his greatest treasure."
"When did he go bankrupt?"

—— C B ——

We all of us know
Miss Josephine Snell;
She's always around,
But she's never quite well.

If I had my way,
She'd rest now in——er——well,
I'd make an end
Of Miss Josephine Snell.

—— C B ——

LATIN PROFESSORS: Translate: *Caesar tres acies instruxit.*
LATIN STUDENT, (after spending the night before in a *poker game*): Caesar drew three aces.

—— C B ——

CROUCH: "Why in the thunder did you get drunk again?"
SOUSE: "I swear it wasn't my fault."
CROUCH: "Why not?"
SOUSE: "I was under the influence of liquor when I started." —*Citadel Bull Dog.*

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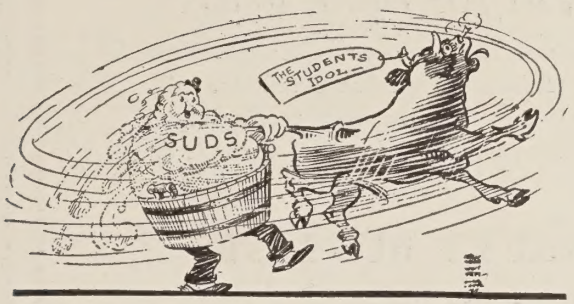
Suds Cleans 'em Up



BULL SESSIONS—and talking about what you *can do* won't buy you anything. When you lay down *eight* and a *half* Kopecks—it's service you want. We want to give it to you, but—listen;

Have That Bundle Ready

'Tis only through *co-operation* that we can succeed and keep the *cost down,* so, have your laundry bundle *ready on time* for the agent when he calls.

We Will Do the Rest

LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT

University Consolidated Service Plants
University of North Carolina

Facts of the Past

On Oct. 1, 1921, when fare to Durham was $1.00, Pendergraft's Bus Line was established, setting a standard price of fifty cents. This forced competitors to do likewise. The following Thanksgiving when cars were in demand, prices were again raised to $1.00—Pendergraft's busses kept their standard price.

Announcement for the Future

We now offer Carolina men the most modern service. With our two new Studebaker Busses we announce that we will meet the 1:27 and 2:48 trains in Durham every Sunday night at our standard price of fifty cents. Just another example of our service.

PENDERGRAFT'S BUS LINE

Always for Carolina Students

C. H. and D. Bus Line

The Line That Forced the Fare From $1.00 to 50 Cents

DAILY SCHEDULE

LEAVE CHAPEL HILL	LEAVE DURHAM
8:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.
9:00 A. M.	9:50 A. M.
10:50 A. M.	11:40 A. M.
1:00 P. M.	12:15 P. M.
2:15 P. M.	3:10 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	4:00 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:08 P. M.
7:00 P. M.	8:00 P. M.
9:00 P. M.	10:30 P. M.

Sunday Night

Leave Durham 1:27 & 2:48

A Welcome has been expressed with a cheer and smile since the day of prehistoric man. Such courtesy

Awaits You always, with our Norris, and Hollingsworth candies; Velvet ice cream and all student supplies.

We Serve You Better

SUTTON & ALDERMAN

Druggists

THE FRESHMAN LEARNS

(Which is an Eminently Proper Thing for a Freshman to Do: EDITOR)

Long ago, I believed that nothing was sweeter to the ear than the soft throb of the nightingale rising through the perfumed night. Woeful was my misconception of the superlative in musical delightfulness. Now, indeed, do I realize that the veritable music of the spheres is the liquid, silver-sweet, sound of soup being eaten in the Cafeteria.

I considered that the fairest delight to the eye was the soft face of an eighteen-year-old girl, seen singing reverent anthems in the Sunday choir. Nay, but how mistaken was my fancy! For the most beautiful sight to be seen in the land is a fair Co-ed arrayed in knickers and flesh colored stockings.

It was once sweet to me to lie down and sleep through the glittering night, to rise when the golden dawn filled the world with fragrant loveliness; but I know that my pleasure was false. It is good to engage in meaningless bull until the seven o'clock bell rings out in horrid clangor. Then it is good to sleep through my eight-thirty and my nine-thirty and my eleven o'clock classes.

Lo! It seemed fitting and pleasant that the mince pie of my honored mother should taste more like the celestial food than any other thing. Ah! But my standards were again hollow. There is no taste like unto the blinding taste of sugar-corn liquor, mingled judiciously with Bay Rum and shoe polish.

G. A. C., JR.

Announcement

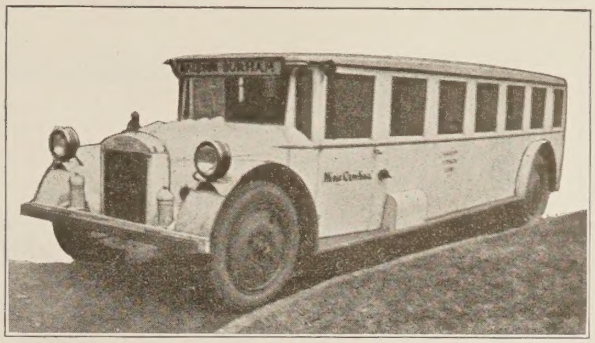
We are now featuring Society Brand Clothes; we endorse them unreservedly as the best we could offer you.

Men who know clothes recognize Society Brand instantly: there's an air, an effect about them—the unmistakable difference between the smart and the ordinary.

We have a wide assortment for your selection; a variety of models and the finest fabrics of America and Europe. You are certain to find here exactly what you want.

LIPSCOMB-GATTIS

We Clothe College Men



Safety Coach Line, Inc.
Raleigh, N.C.

WHEN you travel your journeys will be filled with joy, if you ride the Safety Coach.

THE FAGEOL SAFETY COACH is built first, for safety; second, for comfort and service.

NORTH CAROLINA has the finest system of roads that engineering skill can construct. These make possible the efficient operation of the SAFETY COACH, the highest type of motorbus science and art have yet designed.

You can travel safely, comfortably and cheaply, if you ride the big white busses. Operating between Raleigh, Durham and Greensboro.

SAFETY COACH LINE
134 W. Martin St.
RALEIGH, N. C.

Greetings

to

The Carolina Buccaneer

our baby publication

University Cafeteria

The Lay of the Hen

Let him who will sing Eastertide,
His muse the well-known rabbit;
Bunny lays but one day per year,
My feathered muse has the habit.

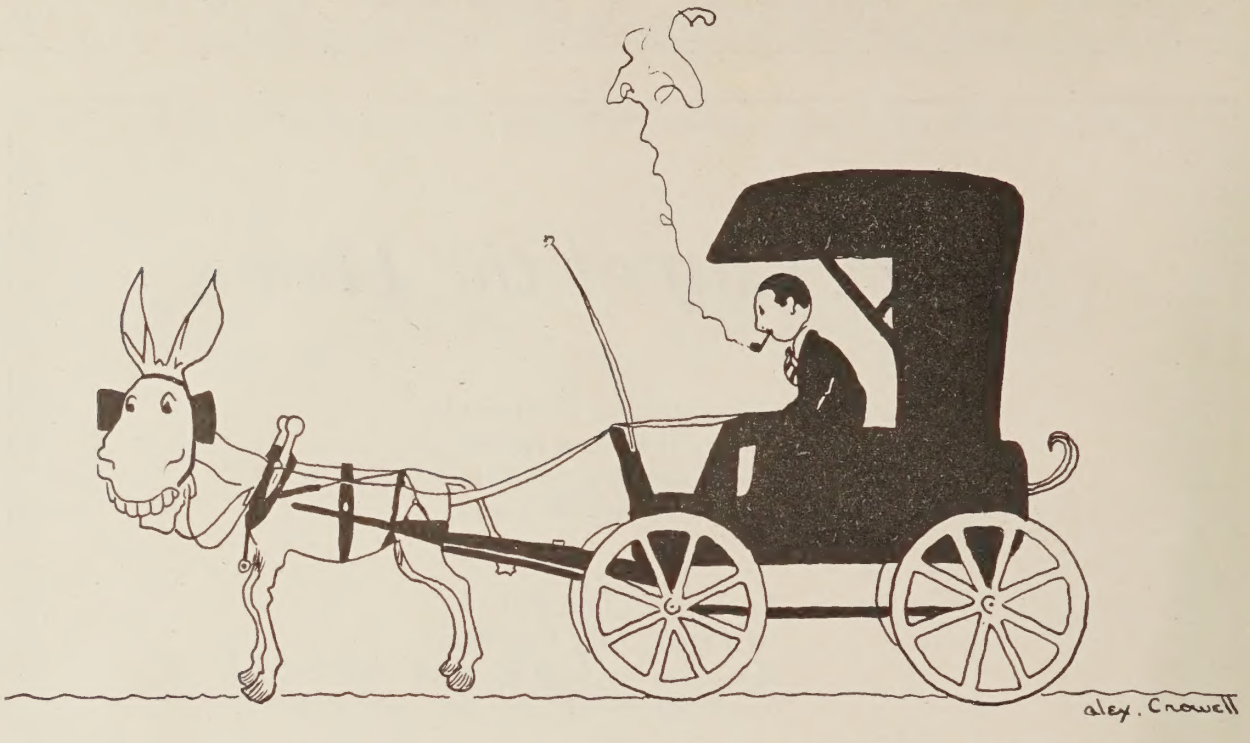
I cackle the lay of the hen
In a style truly Virgilian;
My creature lays eggs of pure white,
Scorning green, purple, vermillion.

Inspire my lyre, divine sweet fowl,
With thoughts of ham and omelette,
Fried eggs, poached eggs, and boiled—
Ah! ecstacy, ma mignonette!

Thy cackling voice rings in my dreams,
Thy symmetry fills my soul.
My vitals thrill at thy luscious fruit,
Thy demise would bring me dole.

Oh, thou, sweet queen of the barn-yard,
Thou mistress of every cafe,
My love for thee is internal—
And thus I conclude my lay.

S. M.



THE CAMPUS SHEIK SPENDS HIS VACATION AT HOME.

AMENDMENT TO THE CATALOGUE

(Suggested by a co-ed.)

113 PHILOSOPHY — *Credit, immaterial.*
PROFESSOR VASELINO — *Eighteen hours per week.*
Spring quarter.

Junior or Senior elective. The technique of capturing a soul-mate. Lectures, demonstrations, and laboratory work in the Arboretum. Recommended especially to co-eds. Text: *Philosophy of Love,* by ELINOR GLYNN.

—— C B ——

WANTED:

A wife with
Grecian nose and Spanish feet,—
(Ivory soap-flakes keep them neat.)
Graceful neck, white shoulders bare,—
(Miss Fifi's special brassiere.)
Slender waist and modelled hips—
(A Renée model never rips.)
Dainty shoes just made to jazz—
(The mail-taught dance of Arthur Sazz.)
Glowing cheeks, red lips apart—
(That's just her French parfumeur's art.)
Hair just now in Trilby style,—
(She'll wear it shingled in a while.)
Cash enough to support two,—
(Less than that will never do.)

G. C., JR.

—— C B ——

FRESHMAN DEBATER: I refer you to the words of the immortal Lincoln, "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

PAGE MR. POPLAR

The following letter addressed to Mr. Davie Poplar, Carolina College, Chapel Hill, N. C., was turned over to us by the post office.

DEAR MR. POPLAR:

Please pardon me taking the liberty to write you without being introduced or anything, but you know I have heard so much about you and I'm crazy to meet you. I am a senior in Gumbank High School and I'm coming up to Chapel Hill with the debating team next month. I admire college boys so much, and especially those who have made such a wonderful record as you have. Do you know Gus Hashums from Gumbank? This is his first year at Carolina, but he's an awful nice fellow and I've heard him talk so much about you that I know you must be good pals. Now, Mr. Poplar, please don't think I'm forward or anything, writing to you like this without being introduced or anything, but like I said before I'm just crazy to meet you and I know you must be too cute for anything. Won't you send me your photo and I'll send mine by return mail.

Your unknown friend,

(Miss) IOTA JENNINGS.

—— C B ——

The modern Jack
(Alas! alack!)
Will make his own home brew.
The modern Jill
Will it distill
And help Jack drink it too.

Buccaneer's Course in Modern Ballroom Dancing and Etiquette

Conducted under the auspices of
COUNT ABU BEKE VON BETHAM-HOLLWEG SMITH

LESSON I.

Breeches of Etiquette commonly pulled off on the Ballroom floor:

(1) The carrying of glassware on the hip. (A silver flask, though more expensive, may prevent a damper being put on your spirits.)

(2) Tripping on your partner's skirt. (A ripping time is likely to follow.)

(3) Asking the orchestra to play, "Yes, we have no pineapples."

(4) Whistling the tune. (You may have forgotten to use *Blisterine*—"That's the insidious thing about *Halitosis*.")

(5) Placing your hand on your partner's back. (She may not have the skin you love to touch.)

—— C B ——

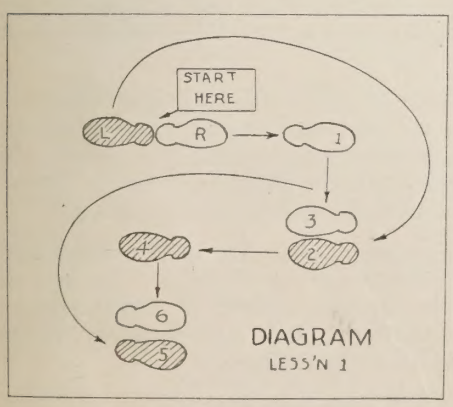
SPECIAL EASTER DANCE

THE ANGLE WORM WHORL.

No Phonograph or partner is necessary; merely hook up the radio set and tune in the nearest boiler factory. In order to overcome that awkward feeling experienced when dancing with a partner, get a dining room chair and fasten a shoe at the end of each leg. In this manner you will become accustomed to the feeling that your partner has four feet.

The "Whorl" is one of the most simple yet infective steps ever originated by the author. Merely follow the directions and you will become accustomed to untangling yourself from a precarious position. Place the heels together as shown in the diagram accompanying this article:

Step 1—Moving the right foot, plant it firmly 3 feet, 8¼ inches, from the left.



Posed by Count Smith and Madame Ypslanti, the Famous Yiddish Ballet Terpischorean.

Step 2—Standing on the right foot describe an arc of 269°, 30′. (You will now find yourself in aforesaid precarious position.

Step 3—To untangle yourself, merely place the heel of your right foot against that of your left.

Step 4—Now move the left foot forward for 5 feet 3⅜″. (This step is exceedingly difficult for short men and should be left out when dancing with a partner. It is, however, very spectacular if properly done.)

Step 5—Literally slinging the right foot as far from the body as possible and pivoting on the left foot, describe an arc of 150°, 58′ and 4″.

Step 6—Now draw the left foot up to the right, clicking the heels together as if about to salute.

The time consumed in making the entire six steps should not exceed more than 3 and 2/5 seconds. A stop-watch should be used for this purpose.

Variety in the steps may be had by reading the instructions backward.

C. T. S.

(Drawings by F. W.)

A HIGHBROW COURTSHIP

"My coagulated mass of protons and electrons, will you wed me?" breathed Harry, the educated man.

"Oh, Oh! You are so passionate!" said Helene, and she pushed him over the bannisters.

—— C B ——

PROF. J. .B (To English 3 student who has placed his feet on the bench in front of him): Take your feet down, please, so I can see what you look like."

The student complies.

PROF. J. B.: That's sufficient. Put them back up, please.

—— C B ——

Two kinds of boys come to college: those who tack up naughty pictures and those whose folks come over week-ends.

—— C B ——

AN ANCIENT SCANDAL

That famous old knight known as Lancelot
Was a lover who liked to romance-a-lot.
But he fell for the queen,
As quite clearly was seen,
And that made the court look askance-a-lot.

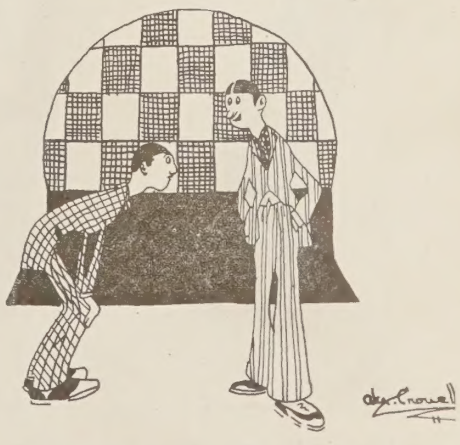
—— C B ——

ENGLISH JOKE

STUDE (on Saturday night before exams): Let's get us a quart tonight and sit around and bull.

ROOMMATE: When?

STUDE: Next Saturday night.



BOO: See this here chalk on my shoulder?

LOO: Yeh.

BOO: Well, that ain't chalk.

LAST ACT OF KINDNESS

The minister had just finished a very pathetic and touching funeral service.

"Let us now sing hymn number four hundred and twenty-nine," he said. "It was a favorite with the remains."

—— C B ——

A FREE VERSE

Apologies to P. Murphy.

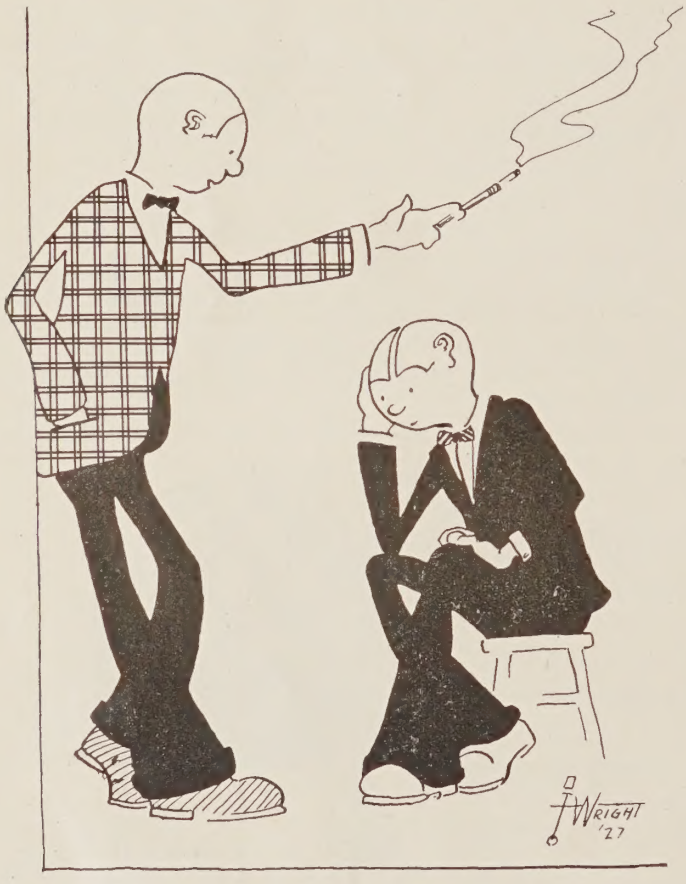
(Author's note: Murphy, P. is the campus Sandburg.)

IT

(i. e. The Poem)

I have a corn!
Cold hurts my corn!!
It is cold!!!
My corn hurts!!!!

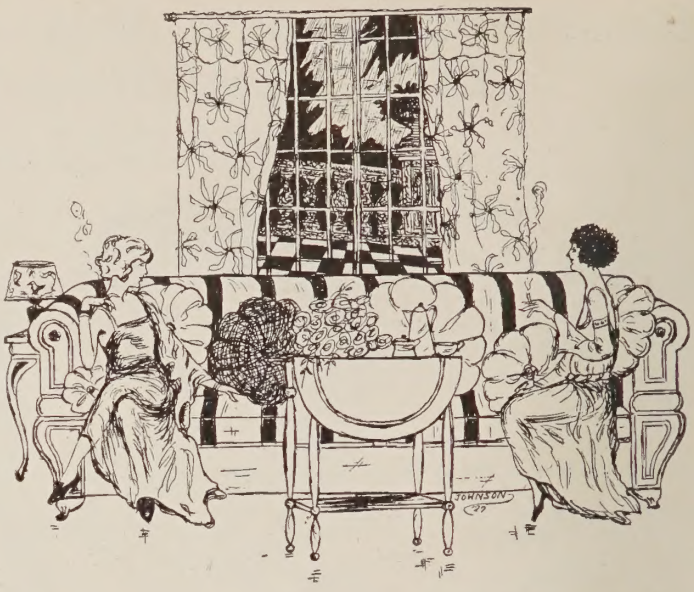
R. L. F.



"What is the capital of Saxony?"

"Why, Dresden. Have you never heard of Dresden China."

"I thought it was in Saxony."



IRONICS II

First Flapper: Ooh, and he's so lawyer-like and ironical!"

Second Flapper: Ooh, is he taking ironics too?

—— C B ——

DR. DIOGENES DANTE'S DESERTATION

It is my misfortune to live next door to that most worthy professor of the History department, Dr. Diogenes Dante; it is his misfortune to be married, and it is our misfortune that he has a baby.

Between two and four in the morning is Diogenes, Jr.'s favorite time for exercise.

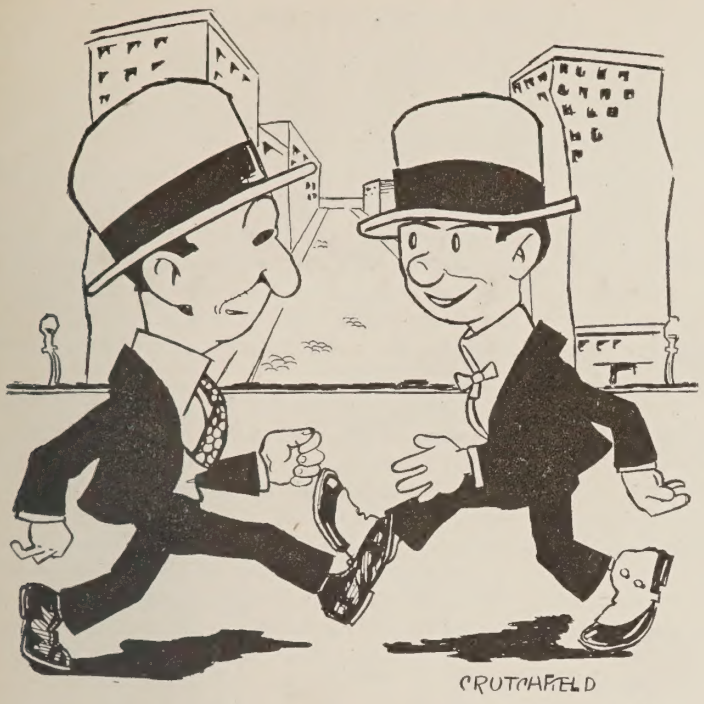
When he turns on the steam full force, it is the signal for Professor Dante to get up and walk the floor. He heroically keeps it up till his head nods and the imp in his arms whimpers and let his yowls subside to a mild double forte. Then the poor man stumbles and that reminds his charge of its duty, so it takes one big breath and begins in earnest all over again. So it continues through all the early hours of the morning.

During the last few days, however, I have noticed a great change; only for a few minutes do I hear the long familiar yodel, then it weakens and becomes drowsy and soon stops all together. Instead there issues from the room across the way a slow and monotonous droning which has a most soothing effect upon my nerves. Soon even that stops and every thing is quiet.

From the first instance of this sudden change I had been puzzled. One evening my curiosity got the better of me and so I eavesdropped. I heard the brat give a few gentle yelps and finally open up into a blood-chilling war whoop. Then I saw the professor come in and stand beside his son's crib.

Dr. Diogenes Dante began to talk. The child quieted down in a moment and was soon peacefully sleeping. You see, the professor had learned by experience the most effective somniferous agency at his command and was crooning into the child's ear his next day's history lecture.

T. P.



BOOK: What's been the matter with George, lately?

WORM: He fell from his girl's favor and broke his engagement.

CAN MAMMA FIX IT?

"Mamma, something must be wrong with papa's radio again."

"Why, Clara?"

"'Cause, he was showing it to that Miss Tripp yesterday, and I heard her tell him his osculation was terrible."

—— C B ——

THE FRESHMAN'S PSALM

1. The quiz master is my shepherd; I shall not pass.

2. He maketh me to rewrite my papers; he leadeth me into the dean's office.

3. He restoreth my quiz book; he leadeth me in the paths of failure for his job's sake.

5. He preparest a quiz before me in the presence of my comrades; he anointst my grades with E's; my F's runneth over.

6. Surely E's and F's shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of ignorance forever.

J. H. D.

—— C B ——

AFFIRMATIVE WINS!

QUERY: What is the difference between a victrola and a woman?

DEBATE: A victorola has to be wound.

—— C B ——

PROF.: Where is Cologne?

SOPH: I don't know. It must be on the Oder river.

ANITRA'S DANCE

The wind sighs in the starry desert night,
Then the strings are softly set to strumming
To announce the mystic coming
Of that gracile desert sprite—
Anitra.

Laughingly she spins upon the sand;
Half hidden in a cloud of gauzy veils;
Half floating to the night-wind's wails.
Spirit of the desert-land—
Anitra.

Star-light shines within her deep, dark eyes.
Her face is white against her blue-black hair
And stands out clear and strangely fair.
And all the while the night-wind sighs—
Anitra.

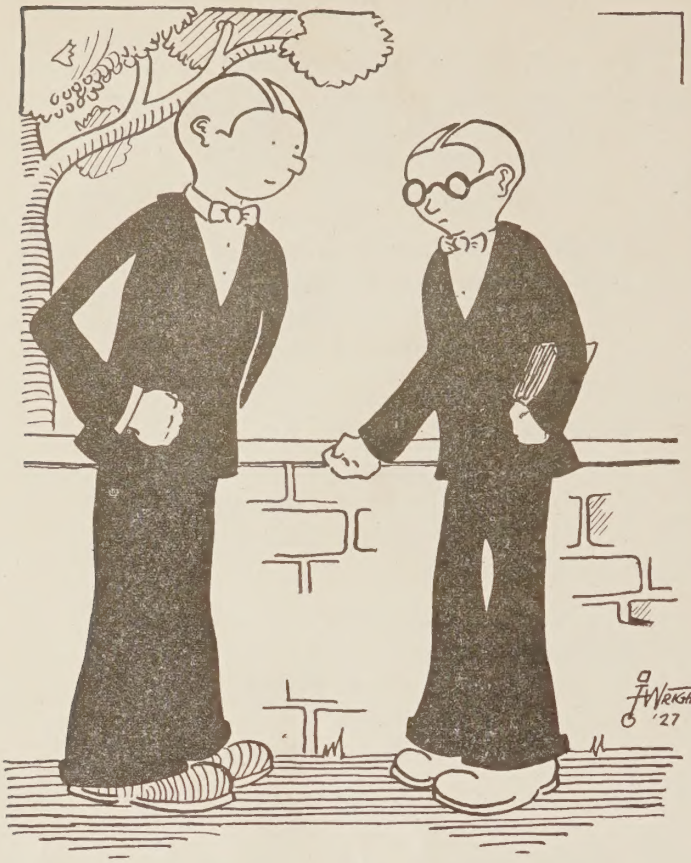
You dance on to the music's magic moaning.
You laugh to hear the softly crying wind;
It's the souls of men who've sinned—
For you, Anitra—
Not the wind, that you hear groaning.

T. P.

—— C B ——

Yes, they've adopted another Southern colloquialism around Washington. Everybody's started saying, "You oil—"

"Had Yo' I'on Today?"



SOPH: Twenty pounds more wouldn't look so bad on me, would it?

FROSH: It would if it looked like the rest of you.

SNAPPY NEWS BRIEFS GATHERED FROM EVERYWHERE.

SWOOSHER COLLEGE, SWOOSHER, MINNESOTA.—Department of English installs course in cheering under directorship of James P. Octavo, former auctioneer, fish peddler, and evangelist. Entire student body taking course which promises to be a howling success.

NEW YORK CITY—Oscar Murphey, popular bootlegger, committed suicide last night in his luxurious apartment when his sweetheart ran away with an actor. Murphey, who has been despondent for over a month, drank a glass of his own liquor and died simultaneously.

BOSTON, MASS.—Gustave Mahoney, street car conductor, was fined $10 in the superior court for continued splitting of infinitives. His case is to perhaps be heard again.

CLEVELAND, OHIO—The Barber's Union, in its annual convention, decided to curtail all oil hair dressing products as a result of recent developments in Washington.

C. B. C.

THROUGH THE GLASS

(A Tragedy in One Peep.)

Palsied with fear as one about to face a firing squad, he peeped through the glass pane.

"My God!" he shrieked and recoiled, his face a pastel of horror, anger and disgust at that which he had seen.

Tortoise-like, he slunk along the verdant path of the campus upon which the saffron rays of the moon played in mockery of his sadness. At the end of the path lay the scintillating cluster of dormitory lights, one of which guided him to his den of pensive thought, ardent study and buoyant bull sessions.

What mattered it now, he thought, if he never reached his room. Why study, why laugh, why play, why live? She, who had been his sole incentive to harness his wagon, proverbially speaking, to a twinkling orbit, no longer loved him!

"Shades of Bluebeard!" he wailed piteously to the furtive shadows, "my kingdom of a Finchley tweed, a meerschaum, a deck of cards, a safety razor, a pack of Camels, a tennis racquet, a rare collection of Coles Phillips and a volume of snappy stories for Roland's trusty Durandal or Flamburge, the enchanted sword of Florian, that I might thrust it through her traitorous heart!"

"What was this ranting cynic," you ask, "who flayed with caustic tirade, a helpless maid? Was he another who had succumbed to the alluring wiles of Bacchus?"

No! he was not afflicted with alcoholic volubility. He had merely glanced into his postoffice box and found there was no letter from Her.

J. A. D.

—— C B ——

TEACHER: Johnny, give the class a sentence using the word "Buccaneer."

JOHNNY: It's all right for mules to buck, but I don't want any buckin' near me.

HE: Yes, I have not only studied, but I have traveled widely.

SHE: Did you ever go through Calculus?

HE: Yes, but it was at night and I don't remember much about the place.

FLOWERS
FOR
EASTER
Alex. Crowell
Yes?
No!

VOL. I. APRIL 15, 1924 NO. 1

EARL HARTSELL, *Editor* ANTHONY MARTIN, JR., *Art Editor*
CHAS. W. GOLD JR., *Business Manager*
Literary Staff, Business Staff and Art Staff to be Selected Later

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER is published nine times during the College year by the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Subscription, $2.00 a year, 25 cents the copy. Address all communications and contributions to Post Office Box 831, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The Editors retain the privilege of slight revision of accepted material. Application for entry as second-class matter is pending.

Oh, yo-ho, for THE BUCCANEER!
A-sailing,
And a-sailing.
Oh, yo-ho for THE BUCCANEER,
A-sailing free.
Oh, yo-ho for THE BUCCANEER,
Jolly rogue who knows no fear
Come aboard and taste his cheer
A-sailing free!

Old Pirate Song.

—— C B ——

"Ship ahoy! Dod Gast Ye! Lash the fo c'sle to the mizz'n mast and stand by the port keel to draw in the starboard halyard!"

All of which is by way of showing that we have thoroughly studied our nautical dictionary in preparation for this the first cruise of THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

—— C B ——

Just a word of warning to the heartless critic who sits waiting with both hands poised above his venomous Underwood: All puns, semi-puns, or near-puns, tending to insinuate that THE BUCCANEER is a *literary pirate* are copyrighted for the sole use of our editorial staff, and any infringement thereon will be prosecuted to the full extent of the so-called laws, so help us Blackbeard!

—— C B ——

Those worthies who sail under the black flag and stamp their rust-eaten treasure chests with the skull and cross-bones are usually considered quite shameless. THE BUCCANEER feels that to offer any apologies for this issue would be to "slip out of character", as our fellow-pirate, the manager of the Carolina Playmakers, would say. We have done our best, and we hope you'll like it; but, in the words of a certain notable refrain sung from time to time by members of our bloody crew,—

"We don't give a d— —n
If you don't!"

ANNOUNCEMENT

Candidates for the board who have turned in material which does not appear in this issue need not be discouraged. Many contributions are being held for publication later. Copy for the Cap and Gown number must be in the hands of the editors not later than April 28.

CREDIMUS

WE BELIEVE in the inalienable right of all men to laugh at their foes, their friends, their families, and, most especially, at themselves.

WE BELIEVE in prohibition, fundamentalism, oil vandals and scandals, flapperism and co-education. Otherwise, how in the h—*unh-umh* could we publish a humorous magazine?

WE BELIEVE in the expansive power of gases as taught in Physics I, and also in the Expansion of the University, as taught in Chapel every now and then.

WE BELIEVE in the Honor System. We don't know just what it is, and we don't believe anybody else knows, but we believe in it just the same.

WE BELIEVE in the truthfulness of the fair young damsel who calls herself by the pet name we used to give our maternal parent, and who assures us that we are "the *cutest* thing she ever saw".

WE BELIEVE in fairies and everything!

MUCH OBLIGED

The editors and the business manager wish to thank the hundreds of people from all over the state who submitted names in the prize contest. Many of the replies showed great cleverness and originality. Others were sufficiently amusing to bring wide grins to the faces of the editors, who, according to all the traditions of their calling, are confirmed grouches.

The winning name, which we fly at our masthead, was submitted by two Carolina students. T. B. Freeman, '27, won the $25 prize by submitting it several days ahead of E. L. Justus, who was awarded a year's subscription as a consolation prize.

—— C B ——

While at this business of thanking people, we must not forget the little group of "agitators" whose persistent endeavors brought The Buccaneer into existence. These men, believing that there is enough talent on the campus to support a representative student humorous publication and that such a publication, if managed rightly, would meet with the approval of students, faculty and alumni, held a series of meetings at which plans were drawn up and presented to the Publications Union Board, these plans, after careful consideration, being accepted by the Board, and later, by the student body at large.

The following then, may be named as founders of The Buccaneer: C. B. Colton, G. Y. Ragsdale, C. B. Bishop, Spencer Murphy, and W. C. Proctor,—these were the "agitators." Thanks are also due to the Publications Union Board, consisting of Reed Kitchin, C. K. Massey, Prof. C. A. Hibbard, and Prof. W. J. Matherly, for their assistance and co-operation.

—— C B ——

Pirates have always been extremely partial to the gentler sex. Witness Blackbeard, who during the course of his stormy life-time, amassed unto himself the grand total of thirteen wives—"No wonder he turned pirate,' remarks the extremely facetious biographer, "Any man would go to sea to get away from that many women."

Or take, if you will, Blackbeard's cousin, Bloody Blue, who had no ship to carry him away, poor fellow, and had to murder his surplus wives outright in order to preserve his sanity.

The present humble Buccaneer is no exception to the tradition vouched for by the above examples. We promise, however, a kindlier fate to such ladies as have dealings with us, editorially speaking. We shall neither marry them nor cut off their heads, nor yet maroon them on a Southern isle,—regardless of how great the temptation may be to do so.

So, girls, with this elaborate historical background by way of introduction, we throw down the gang-plank and bid you come aboard. If you don't like the old brig, tell us what's wrong with her. Letters coming to our editorial box addressed in a dainty feminine handwriting always have the right of way. The Buccaneer will be pleased to receive contributions of any kind and to publish as many as possible.

Next year we expect to run a full page, "of the ladies, by the ladies and for the ladies." This page will be edited by a student at one of the women s college or by a co-ed at some co-educational institution. This young lady will be selected on the same basis as the rest of the editorial staff, *i. e.*—work rather than beauty. However, beauty will be no handicap, since we shall print the said young lady's picture along with ours in the *Yackety-Yack* at the end of the year.

Copy for the Cap and Gown number, the last issue for this college year, must be in not later than April 28. Watch the Cap and Gown number for the announcement of special numbers we plan to run next year.

—— C B ——

The Buccaneer would feel unworthy to have his picture hung in the Rogue's Gallery unless at least one editorial each issue were devoted to the solemn discussion of some current Campus Problem. Not that we expect any benefit will accrue from these random cogitations, but at least nobody will he harmed,—not even the Problem.

After much prayerful consideration, we have decided to present this month, as Problem No. 1, the Unification of the Campus.

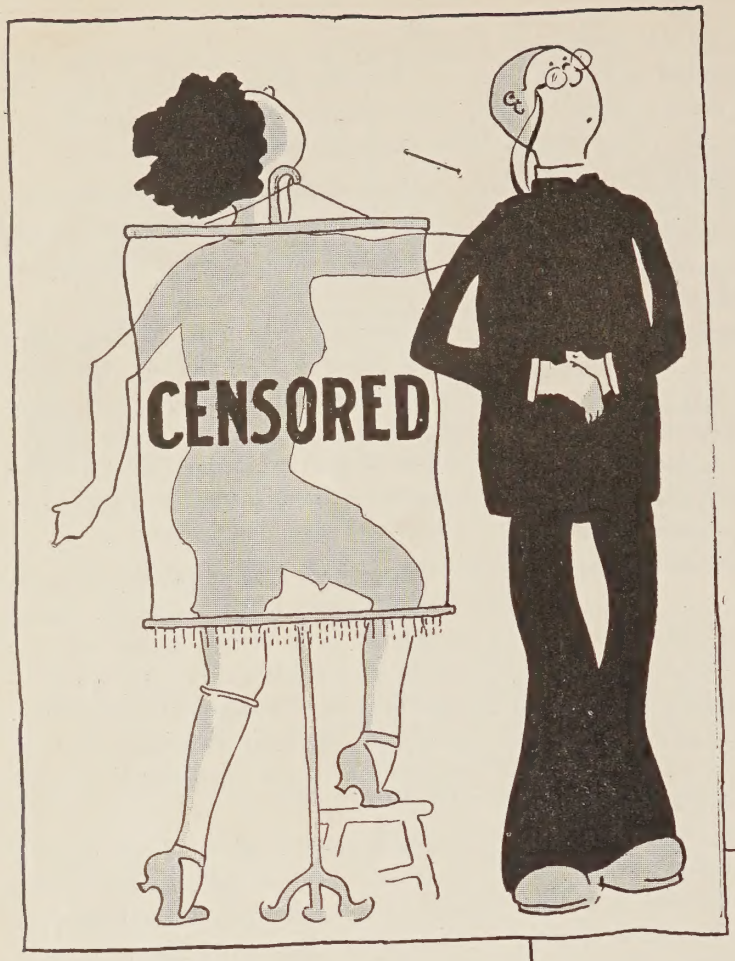
Everybody who attends Chapel or reads his *Tar Heel,* knows that there was a war back in 1917-18, or sometime along then. It seems that in the course of that cruel war Campus Unity received a terrible blow and has never been quite his old self since.

The Buccaneer from principle is not inclined to be pessimistic about anything. We refuse to put off our pretty pink spectacles, even when looking at this horrible ogre, Disintegration, which is commonly supposed to have swallowed up the "fine spirit of other days."

True enough, "the old place ain't what she used to be," because "She used to be" a second rate college, and now she's a University. Rapid growth, accompanied by more intense specialization than has ever before been known in the history of education, makes inevitable the formation of many groups with distinctive group interests. If these interests conflict, or if they overshadow the student's loyalty to the University itself, then we have a real problem on our hands. It seems to us that the conflict and over-shadowing is more apparent than real, more superficial than deep-rooted.

The Graham Memorial, no doubt, will do much to bring together divergent groups, and its completion is an end toward which all energies should be directed. Every activity which shows promise of being of interest to the student body as a whole should be vigorously encouraged. But to the disgruntled alumnus, whose Unification complex pines for the pristine prep-school atmosphere of the nineteenth century, we can only quote the refrain of that well-known illustrated song,—

"Them days is gone forever!"



AN ERROR IN COSTUME

SNAPPIN' IT UP

SCENE AT AN

ASTER

HOP

BY FRED S. WRIGHT

EASTER SPIRITS

INTERMISSION

THE SPIRITS MEDIUM

HUCKLEBERRIES

A Tragedy of North Carolina Farm Life.

Produced by C———l——a P————m————s

F————k H. K—ch, Director

* * * * * * * *

NOTE: Chinese chimes will sound to warn the audience that the stage hand is preparing to raise the curtain.—F. H. K.

* * * * * * * *

NOTE II. This production is a one act play in three acts—F. H. K.

* * * * * * * *

ACT I—[*Settings very simple*]. In one corner of the room sits a little girl and in another sits a little boy. Ages about 7. Very bashful. Twitch fingers, swing feet and giggle.
[*Curtain will be drawn to denote passage of time.*]

ACT 2—[*Settings very simple*]. On a settee sit the same boy and girl, now in high school. They hold hands and the boy occasionally takes from his pocket a couple of chocolate drops and gives one to his sweetheart and devours one himself. They are deeply in love. [*This scene is very touching.—F. H. K.*]
[*Curtain will be drawn to denote passage of time.*]

"I'm going through college like a dog."

"How's that?"

"On all fours."

HE: Just let me kiss you once.

SHE: No, please don't do it here.

HE: Allright, where shall we go?

SHE: I said don't do it, hear?

ACT 3—[*Settings very simple.*] On a settee sit the same boy and girl, both have been at Nole College for one year. In loving embrace. [*Curtain will be drawn to denote passage of time.*] The father of the young girl is very much disgusted with college education and all high-polluted notions. He enters, dressed in overalls. Catches the couple off-guard.

FARMER.—I shay, Dod Gast Ye Both. Get thee gone from my domicile, Sparrow-Legs (the young man is clad in *knickers*). Mirandy, git thee to plucking them huckleberries or I thrall the life out of thee. Dod Gast Ye Both.

LOVE-DISTRACTED FRESHMAN.—Ah, my life dreams crushed. [*Takes from his pocket a Daisy air rifle and murderously kills old man and himself.*]

The poor girl, her head hanging low, with a wandering and wild look upon her beautiful countenance, goes out into the cold wind and snow singing, "And I must pick huckleberries, huckleberries, huckleberries."

The End

Curtain

(Note—The girl's gone crazy.—F. H. K.)

—— C B ——

The Palaeolithical Pave-man,
A quite indisputably brave man,
Every day of his life
Would talk back to his wife,
But that was his right as a cave-man.

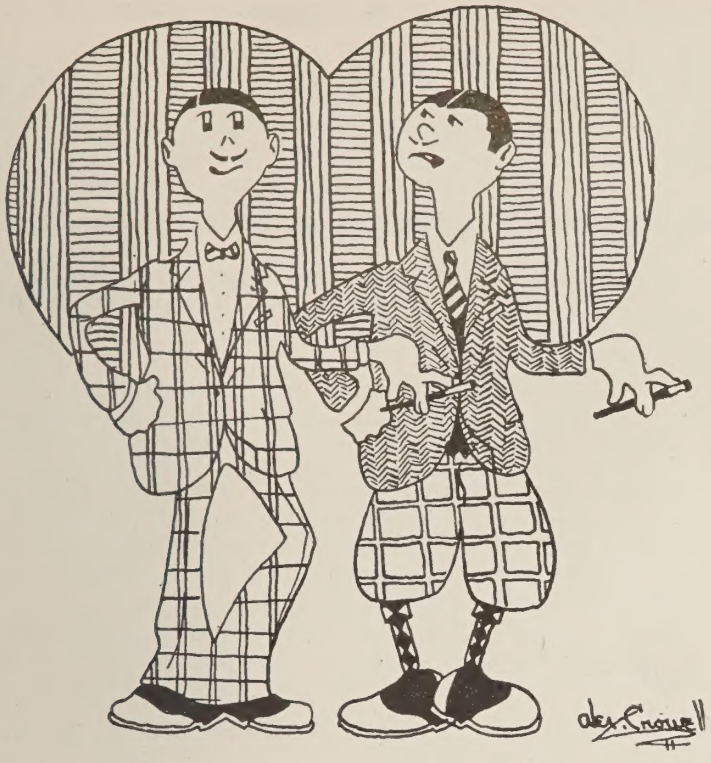
—— C B ——

One language student says that he has no knowledge of Hell. Who does?

—— C B ——

FLAPPER: Let's do something naughty.

INSTRUCTOR: "All right, instead of giving them D I'll give them F."



"Do you think it is worth while to have my voice trained?"
"Sure! It might come in handy in case of a fire."

ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE

By Error

The first poem which is presented in this Anthology is by Mrs. A. B. Dumowsky. Mrs. Dumowsky has to her credit but one book of verse, *The Iceberg,* but she introduces herself with no half-fledged offerings.

She draws her matured inspiration from the clarities and bitter freezingnesses of life which are her natural birthright, springing as she does from the back steppes of Ohio. Her methods may be well illuminated by careful study of her poem, "Harlot's Death". The stark sincerity and uncompromising self-criticism of Mrs. Dumowsky are well-springs from which gush forth such crystal-like and intellectually analytical songs as this:

HARLOT'S DEATH

She gave up and put stringy red ribbon in her hair.
She dies, and her body is bid for as an example
For medical students.
Who bids for her soul?

Perhaps we could find no poet of the modern school more removed in feeling from Mrs. Dumowsky than Mr. Adolph Rastus. Mr. Rastus sings to us with, in place of Mrs. Dumowsky's icy reserve, the full throated voice of profligate and optimistic youth, a natural inheritance of his race. Mr. Rastus is of Hebraic origin. The seemingly untutored, yet skillfully planned tonic effects achieved by Mr. Rastus are most interesting and often are refreshingly sonorous. The deep voice of the drum is to be heard in "The Sandman".

THE SANDMAN

(To be sung in bass way by a string quartet.)

Oh! The sandman, sandman, sandman comes,
With a rum-tum rolling of the rum-tum rolling of the drums.
With the roll-roll rolling of the rum-tum rolling of the rum-roll rolling of the drums.

Eager, epigrammatically adroit, and flushed with May are the lyric effusions of Miss Cynthia Beans. Miss Beans was born and educated in Boston and has drunk in the rare exquiteness of the place. She combines delicacy of gesture with charming simplicity of execution.

THE RED WHITE BIRD

I am a red bird white;
But lost it in dawn's drench of light.
I followed the Will-o-the wisp all night,
I faint with delicate despair.

End

G. C., Jr.

THE NARROWEST SQUEAK I EVER HAD HAPPENED ONE NIGHT WHEN I WAS AT A CARD SOCIAL IN A LOFT OVER A POWDER HOUSE. SOME FOOL THREW A MATCH THRU A CRACK IN THE FLOOR— WHEN I WOKE UP AN HOUR LATER, I FOUND MYSELF- TWO MILES AWAY- IN THE TOP OF A TALL TREE WITH ONLY MY COLLAR AND TIE LEFT—
WHEW! HOW'S THIS ONE? TO TEST MY BRAVERY- I WENT UP TO A ROARING LION. AND LOOKED HIM STRAIGHT IN THE EYE. HE MADE A DESPERATE JUMP AT ME— BUT I WAS NOT AFRAID! THE LION WAS IN A CAGE!
THAT REMINDS ME OF THE TIME I SAW THE FAMOUS RACE BETWEEN ZEB AND PAPKUS— AS THE HORSES APPROACHED THE LINE IN THE FINAL LAP THEY WERE NECK TO NECK AND NOSE TO NOSE—BUT WHEN THEY CROSSED THE LINE—ZEB STUCK OUT HIS TOUNGE—AND WON!
THOSE BIRDS SWING A LINE OF BULL THAT WOULD STAGGER A WHALE WITH MY BRAINS AND THAT LINE—I COULD SELL PANAMA HATS TO THE ESKIMOS!
THEY'VE GOT ENOUGH OIL ON THE TONGUE TO START ANOTHER OIL SCANDAL—IF TALK WAS WORK THEY'D BE AS BUSY AS A ONE ARMED HOBO WITH THE ITCH!
CRUTCHFIELD

The Taurus Club

AUNT TABITHA'S CELLAR

EDITOR'S NOTE: Boys and girls, this is your page. Just drop into Aunt Tabitha's Cellar any time and make yourself at home. Aunt Tabitha is a motherly old lady who just loves children, having had thirteen of them herself. Address your letters to AUNT TABITHA, care THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

A merry Easter to you all, nieces and nephews. My, what a big bunch of letters we have today! The postman had to take our cellar door down before he could get them all in. Let's see what he brought us.

Dear Aunt Tabitha:

Can you make room in your cellar for a little girl twenty-seven years old with dark green eyes, auburn hair (bobbed) and weigh one hundred and eighty-nine pounds. I have a light walnut complection and am considered quite good-looking by all my friends, so come on you good-looking cousins and write me. I will answer all received and send pictures if desired.

I will close by asking a riddle. I will send my picture as a prize to the first good-looking boy answering it. Here is the riddle:

"A man rode over the bridge and Yet he walked." Answer: Had a little dog named "Yet". Now come on you good looking cousins, boys especially, and try to guess my riddle.

Well, goodbye, Aunt Tabitha and cousins. I hope my letter escapes the waste-basket, as I want to surprise my great-grandmother.

Your little friend,

VIOLET IZE.

Violet, I enjoyed reading your interesting letter so much. Be sure to drop into the Cellar again sometime. We always have room for such charming company, don't we, boys and girls?

Dear Aunt Tabitha:

I am in a very deep trouble and I am writing to you for advice. I am an orphan and have also lost my father and mother when I was a child. Now here is what I want to ask you about, Aunt Tabitha. I am deeply in love with a young man who is a Junior at the University of North Carolina. I don't know where he is in love with me or not, but he comes to see me sometimes when he is home for the holidays and he gave me a half-pound box of candy Xmas two years ago. But about two months ago he wrote and told me he was so busy and everything he didn't see how he'd have time to write me more than once a month. But he said I could write to him every day if I wanted to and so I have and he has written me twice since then. Now, Aunt Tabitha, do you think this young man is sincere or is he just fooling me and trying to break my heart?

When he first went to college he told me he was going to have me to come up for the Junior Prom. That is, he asked me if I would come and I promised I would. That was three years ago and he hasn't mentioned it since and that is the cause of my deep truoble. Do you think I should go ahead and buy me a new coat-suit and all, and get ready and go when the time comes, or shoud I ask him if he really meant it when he asked me to come. I hate to do that though, for it's so much like doubting his word, and he always was a truthful boy.

Another thing, Aunt Tabitha, if I should decide to go would it be necessary for me to write to the matron at the University and tell her I was coming? What do they do at a Junior Prom, Aunt Tabitha, besides walking around and talking and having a good time? Oh, I hope they don't dance or play cards or anything wicked like that, but I know if it was that kind of a place at the University my friend wouldn't stay there, because he was brought up in a good Christian home.

Now, Aunt Tabitha, as I said before, I am an orphan and haven't anybody to ask these deep questions to. I will be grateful if you will help me out of my deep trouble.

Your neice,

INDIS TRESS.

My dear Indis, yours is indeed a deep difficulty. Oh, if you only had a mother to guide you! But, dear child, trust in the Lord and in your own pure heart and you will come through somehow. I would advise you to stop writing every day to this young man. It will not do to let a man become too sure of his ascendancy in a girl's heart.

About the Junior Prom, Indis, I wouldn't think about that any more. I don't know much about it myself, but I have heard that some very naughty people go there and I'm sure you wouldn't have a good time if you went. Your friend probably knows you are much too good to associate with such people and that is why he hasn't asked you again.

Dear Aunt Tabitha:

I am a middle-aged married man. My wife is a middle-aged married woman. We have six children. Three days ago I entered my hitherto happy home and found that my wife had absconded with another middle-aged man. Now I have six children on my hands, including two pair of twins aged eight and five respectably. What I want to know is what shall I do and is there any law to compel my wife to take her half of the twins?

Respectively yours,

N. TRUBEL.

Alas, Mr. Trubel, I am afraid there is no law to force your thoughtless wife to return to a proper sense of her duty. Try to bear your burdens as patiently as possible and read THE BUCCANEER every month to cheer you up.

Now, little nieces and nephews, I have lots more interesting letters but we haven't time for any more this month. Ta! Ta! I'll be with you again in the next issue.

AUNT TABITHA.

WHY NOT?

HER: You men are always getting off jokes on the co-eds. Why don't you get some new jokes?

HIM: Why don't you get some new co-eds?

LINES WRITTEN IN CHURCH

Jolly Mephistopheles,
With your song of skipping fleas,
And your hymn to calves of gold,
And your serenade so bold!
I would rather go with you
Than with all the chosen few,
Jolly Mephistopheles.

T. P.

PAGE W. CAMP

Short men, tall men,
Rin-Tin-Tan!
Any class of woman
Likes an a-tha-le-tic man.

White men, black men,
Rin-Tin-Tan!
Muscle out the trunks for her—
That is, if you can!

—— C B ——

THE DAUGHTER: Oh, mother, there comes Mary and I thought she was you when I first saw her.

THE MOTHER: Well, I declare, I thought so too when I first saw her.

—— C B ——

HE (out of something to say): Gee, my trousers are wearing out.

SHE (absent mindedly): Mine and yours, too.

—— C B ——

FASTIDIOUS STUDE: Joe, for Crap's sake, why don't you take a bath. You can't get in bed like that tonight.

JOE: Well, I been getting in like that for two weeks, so I don't see why I can't get in like that tonight.

ENGLISH JOKE

Once there was a man who died and his soul went to heaven. On the way up it passed a little bird.

The soul said: "Ah, bird."

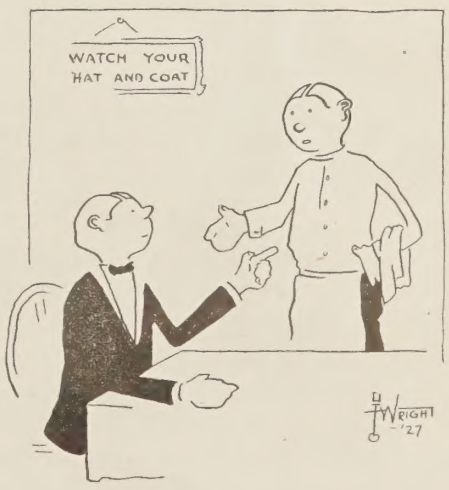
THE BIRD: What, soul?

—— C B ——

HE: The orchestra tonight is like a cigarette.

SHE: How's that?

HE: No good until it's lit.



"Gimme an egg sandwich."

WAITER: The eggs have run out.

"Run out where?"

The Prince of Wails

The good great king arose in haste
And donned the royal dress!
A purple girdle round his waist
Received a fond caress—
Some olive oil upon his hair,
He'd heard of this from France;
A bit of perfume here and there
Announced him in advance;
Upon his head he placed a crown
That strained his swarthy neck,
And at his person gazing round
Exclaimed aloud, "By heck";
And with his features thus arrayed,
A kindly person he,
Went forth with boldness unafraid,
To fill a date at three.

This good great king had lived too long,
So everybody said:
"By golly, aint he dead?"
But the king had no such fear,
He was very much alive
In the Lord's most blessed year
Of two thousand fifty five.
All the ministers had gathered,
Each one in his usual place,
And a solemn look was written,
Deep ingrained on every face;
For their business was most pressing
(Would the king n'er finish dressing?)
In the balance hung their fate—
And the ministers were fretful
That the king was rather late;
But their feelings were abated,
And they quickly bent the knee—
The good, great king arrived at six,
To keep his date at three.

The chair of state was filled at last,
And in a manner meek,
Unto the crowd assembled there,
The king began to speak:
"O ministers of great renown,
Hear the voice that wears the crown—
'Tis high time that my first son
Had a wife; but there's not one
In all the regions of the earth
That can be found, of royal birth.
What can be done? O tell me quick,
For close at heart I'm sorely sick,
And our kingship must survive,
Beyond two thousand fifty five".
The king now paused—within his hand
A cup was clasped—his elbow bent,
And for an hour he drank away,
At 2%.

Then at length he said in rage,
Unbecoming for his age:
"There's not a princess to be had,
How shall I be called grand-dad?
That most worthy Prince, my son,
Is with sorrow quite undone.
Nothing soothes him, naught avails,
He has become a Prince of Wails".

The king now stopped; the royal hand
Took off the royal crown,
And from his eyes rolled forth big tears,
That ran so deep
Upon his feet,
They made a gurgling sound.
The ministers did sympathize
And out their kerchiefs came,
And each upon the other one
This thing began to blame;
But one of them was worldly wise,
Upon his feet arose,
And with a snort that quelled the talk,
He blew a reddish nose:
"O king I speak with fear and awe,
About the time of a great war
That wasted all the Continent,
And with its end the kinglings went—
And you alone today survive
Beyond two thousand fifty five.
Just now our precedent demands
That our good Prince, in royal lands
Shall seek a consort for our Queen;
Thus it shall be as it has been."

I have searched both far and wide,
I have found a fitting bride.
Far across the dark blue water
Lives a king who has a daughter,
Black of face, but pure of heart;
She could play the royal part.
To this maiden send your son,
Make him stay 'till he has won
The fairest maid of Zulu Land,
The Zulu Chieftain's daughter,

Who pines away in Afric's clime
Across the dark blue water."
"Yo-ho!" the king broke out in haste,
"I'll do as you have said.
My noble son, the Prince, your lord,
Shall woo the Zulu maid."

The noble Prince was told this tale,
Then all at once he ceased to wail,
And in a mighty ship set sail,
To woo the Zulu Maid.

Within the month a message came,
That said, "I've added to our fame,
I'm bringing home a wondrous dame,
The mighty Zulu Maid."

The ship at last to port did come,
And emptied quick was every home—
A shout was raised to heaven's dome;
"All hail the Zulu Maid."

In evening dress of latest style,
With face enwreathed in winning smile,
That did the good old king beguile,
The Zulu Maiden came.

Upon the night, reception great,
That started early, lasted late,
Increased the taxes of the state,
Did honor to the maid.

But when the Prince came out to dance,
He had refused to wear his pants,
Like any true Zulayon.
Around his thighs he wrapped some grass,
And on his arms were rings of brass,
He played a ukelayon.
"Oi, oi! oi, oi!" the king cried out,
"I don't know what it's all about,
Please fetch me quick some beer.
To think a savage raving mad,
Would some day claim me as grand-dad,
Does fill my heart with fear."

The maid herself forgot her place,
And on the noble Zulu race,
Like any savage brought disgrace
By winking far aid wide.
And at the dawn a ship set sail,
Again the Prince began to Wail,
He'd lost his Zulu bride.

MEADE FEILD.

—— C B ——

"There's one born every minute," said the biologist as he focused his miscroscope on the bacteria.

A NOVELETTE

(Complete in this issue)

AMOROUS ADORATION—Until he discovered her clay packs.
RESPECTFUL ADMIRATION—Until she saw Walter Camp's "daily dozen."

MENTAL CONJUGATION—Until he told her the joke on the married woman.

Then ——— Broke Loose—and she started home to tell mother!

—— C B ——

The following notice was posted on the Lost and Found bulletin board at the "Y" last Friday:

"The *gentleman* who stole the pair of silk socks out of the bureau in Steele 13 will find the Paris garters in the drawer just above."

—— C B ——

PROF.: The thing I dislike about this modern age is that it lacks the personal touch.

FROSH (*Reminicently*): Times have surely changed since Christmas, then.

—— C B ——

NOT A BOILER FACTORY

NEW BOARDER: What in the world does all that knocking downstairs mean?

SECOND DITTO: Steak for breakfast.

OLD GENT: Boy, did you know that a cigarette, properly defined, is "fire at one end and a fool at the other"?

YOUNG RUFFIAN: Yeah, I know, but there's dam good tobacco in between!

A QUESTION IN EUGENICS

A pyramid had a daughter
By a member of the order
Of the sphinxes.

So ran the ancient papyrus. The natural query is, "Was the result of the happy union a skyscraper or a monkey wrench?"

G. C., Jr.

—— C B ——

Bright Stude: Say, Bill, don't you think we'd better cut off the alarm on the clock tonight. If it goes off in the morning we won't have any clock.

Equally Bright Roommate: Yes, that would be alarming wouldn't it.

—— C B ——

Tailor (fitting pants on absent-minded weather man): How do you like them, sir?

Weather Man (looking through window and critically watching a brunette in the street): Fair and warmer!

—— C B ——

Senior: How's the eggs at Swain Hall, now?

Frosh: They're sophomoric.

Senior: How's that?

Frosh: The opposite of Fresh!

—— C B ——

Stude ("Kidding" the janitor): Jasper, how's your hogs, today?

Jasper: Dey's fine, Praise de Lawd, an' how's all yo' folks?

—— C B ——

A girl that I like dating with
Is sweet young Bessie Brick.
She runs a Cafeteria,
At sight of food she's sick.

BROOKS: I see here that Jones committed suicide by jumping in the river. I wonder why?

FINCHLEY: Yes, I heard that a woman was at the bottom of it.

"Rushing Season"

HORTICULTURAL

Sixteen dollars!
"Say it with flowers"
Easter was invented
By florists.
Sixteen dollars!
Sing damn!

—— C B ——

VERSION 97,631

Booloo (On Spanish class): Professor, let's take this quiz the Spanish way and put it off till tomorrow.

Worldly Minded Prof.: Yes, we have no *mañanas* today!

—— C B ——

DIFFERENT BRAND

Wife (after the performance): John, you went out too soon. Patti responded to a third encore and sang, "Comin' Through the Rye". It was divine! I simply drank it in!

Husband: Y' got nothin' on me, m'dear —hic! So did I!

—— C B ——

Excited Laborer (from a soap-box): Man is 90% water! And yet these damn prohibitionists ain't satisfied!

—— C B ——

Professor: What is a paradox?

P. B. K. Stude: A woman trying to learn to play Mah Jong.

—— C B ——

"Waiter, here's a fly in my soup!"

Waiter: Beg pardon, sir, it can't be. We don't serve anything out of season.

(EIGHT YEARS OLD)

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet—
And so are you!

(TEN YEARS LATER)

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I'd like to have
A date with you.

(ANOTHER TEN YEARS)

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
But sugar is high,
And the rent is due!

T. E. D.

—— C B ——

"Dey say Mistah Johnsing gwine ter devo'ce his wife, 'caze she ain't spoke to him in ovah fo' months."

"Now, ain't dat jes' like a white man? Nebbah does know when he's well off!"

—— C B ——

AN EPIC IN TWO LINES

There is no one like Cupid
To make a man stupid.

—— C B ——

PASTORAL

Easter trips the light fantastic
Across the verdant mead;
I perceive her filmy drap'ries
And follow—farewell, oaten reed!

—— C B ——

"I know my eggs", said the hen, as she scratched the china egg out of her nest.

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and want you to have it"

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Miss Dorothy Watkins, *Manager*

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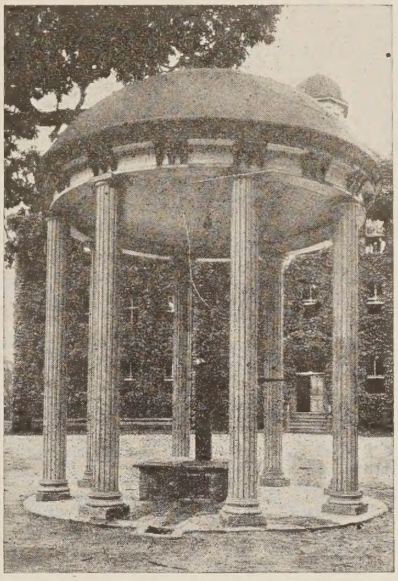

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H. B. Gunter, *Vice-Pres. and Agency Mgr.*

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN—

"May I have this book, please?" I asked of the cheerful looking young person at the desk, handing her a call-slip filled out according to approved library usage. The guardian angel of preserved knowledge took the slip and vanished through the fire-proof door-way leading into the stacks.

While waiting for my book, I happened to see a friend who was just going out to lunch. With the thoughtlessness of youth, I joined him, forgetting the book I had ordered, and we lunched together at the cafeteria. On my way back to the library I was overtaken by the Western Union boy, who presented me with a telegram which changed the whole future course of my life. My father had just failed in business and I was to come home immediately.

After that I had to go to work, for the wreck of my father's firm left us penniless. It was a hard struggle, but in the course of twenty years, I had achieved a comfortable fortune, was married, and had a son, who was a Freshman in the University. One day I went up to Chapel Hill to see him.

"Let's go into the library," he said, "I want to get a book for parallel reading."

We went in, and, as we stood by the desk waiting, the iron door from the stack opened and a patient little middle-aged woman came out. I had forgotten her entirely, but she recognized me. She had a slip of paper in her hand. I thought there must be some mistake when she handed it to be, but I was astonished to see on it my name and the name of the book I had ordered twenty years before. In response to my look of amazed inquiry, she smiled a patient little sympathetic smile.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting", she said. "It isn't in at present."

Fool: Why shouldn't a man with an iron constitution drink water?

Ish: I don't know. Why?

Fool: He might rust.

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When Liza showed up her mistress wanted to know where on earth she had been, and she replied that "her stephusband had done been had the smallpox."

MISTRESS: What on earth is a stephusband?

LIZA: Law, child, when one husband step out, another step in.

—*The Hatchet.*

FATHER: You say you have to take your exams over? Why you told me you passed your work with ease.

SON: Yes, sir. That's what an "E" means.

—*Purple Parrot.*

—— C B ——

CHEER LEADER: "All right now, let's have a siren for the team."

SUB (on the sidelines): "Hey! make it a blonde, will you?"

—*Jack-O Lantern.*

—— C B ——

This bird was so green he thought a dancing pump had a handle to it.

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WORTHY OF HIS IRE

A book agent, approaching a negro running an elevator, tried to convince him he needed a certain book on mechanical engineering.

"No, boss, don't want no books, don't git no time fo' reading books," he drawled. "It teks all mah time to run dis elevator."

"But this book will help you to run your elevator. See here: there's a whole chapter on elevators," persisted the canvasser.

"Don't want no help to run dis elevator," said the darky. "Dis elevator runs all right now."

"But," said the canvasser, "this will help you run it better. You will know twice as much when you get through."

"No, boss, no, dat's just it," returned the darky. "Don't want to learn nothin, boss," he said. "Why, boss, I know more now than I git paid for."—From *"The Americanization of Edward Bok."*

—— C B ——

ONLY A STORY

DEAN (Questioning Sub-Freshman as to English preparation): "Have you read anything of Shakespeare?"

27 (?): "No Sir!"

DEAN: "Anything of Milton?"

27 (?) "No!"

DEAN: Well, what have you read?

27!: "I have red hair!—And he got in, so the story goes.

—Blue Ribbon.

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2. The Faculty.
3. The Student Body and its democratic standards.

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The Faculty numbers 150 of the country's best scholars.

Speaking of the student body of the University, Mr. Sherwood Eddy, of Yale University, who has spent the major portion of his life studying on four continents, said that with one exception it was the most seriously thoughtful and democratic group of students he had ever known.

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CAR FARE IS A STRANGE NECESSITY

For hours they had been together on her front porch. The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and handsome couple who sat strangely far apart. He sighed. She sighed. Finally:

"I wish I had money, dear," he said. "I'd travel.'

Impulsively, she slipped her hand into his; then, rising swiftly, he looked at his hand. In his palm lav a nickel.

—*The Hatchet.*

—— C B ——

"Sam, have you any visible means of support?"

"Not jes' now, sah, no sah. She's jes' gone to town with the washin'.

JIMMY'S BLUES

"What's Jimmy so blue about this evening?"

"He brought his teacher a bunch of beautiful leaves from the river."

"What's the matter? Didn't she appreciate them?'

"She did; that's why he's so disappointed. The little dear thought they were poison ivy."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

—— C B ——

Freshman, (after exams): At last, I ve made my letter.

She: Oh, you've won your N. C.?

He: No, my F.

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SIN TWISTERS

"So you have got twins at your house," said Mrs. Besumbe to little Tommy.

"Yes, ma am, two of 'em."

"What are you going to call them?"

"Thunder and Lightning."

"Why, those are strange names to call children."

"Well, that's what pa called them as soon as he heard they were in the house."

—The Hatchet.

—— C B ——

SMALL SON: Gee, Pop; weren't you afraid when you charged the battery singlehanded?

MODEST HERO: Not a bit.

SMALL SON: And then what did you do?

M. H.: Why, then I put it in the man's car and he drove off.

—Purple Parrot.

—— C B ——

"Hell, no, I didn t make Damma Phi Nu," said the Frosh, home for vacation.

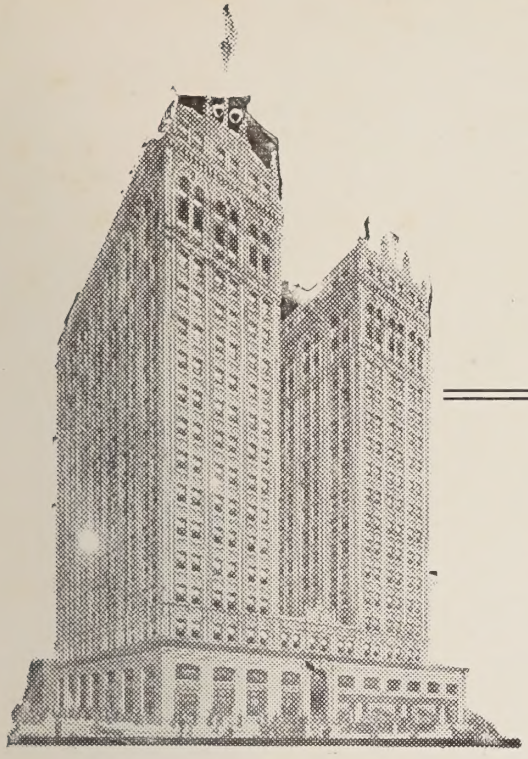
"Tough, what's the trouble?"

"Well, they said every Dam Phi had to be able to drink a quart of whiskey and moo like a cow."

"That s too bad, old chap."

"Yes, by gosh, but I'll learn to moo if it kills me!"

—Black and Blue Jay.



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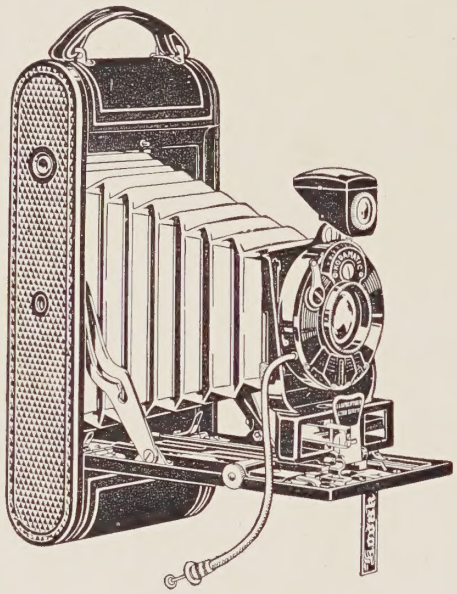

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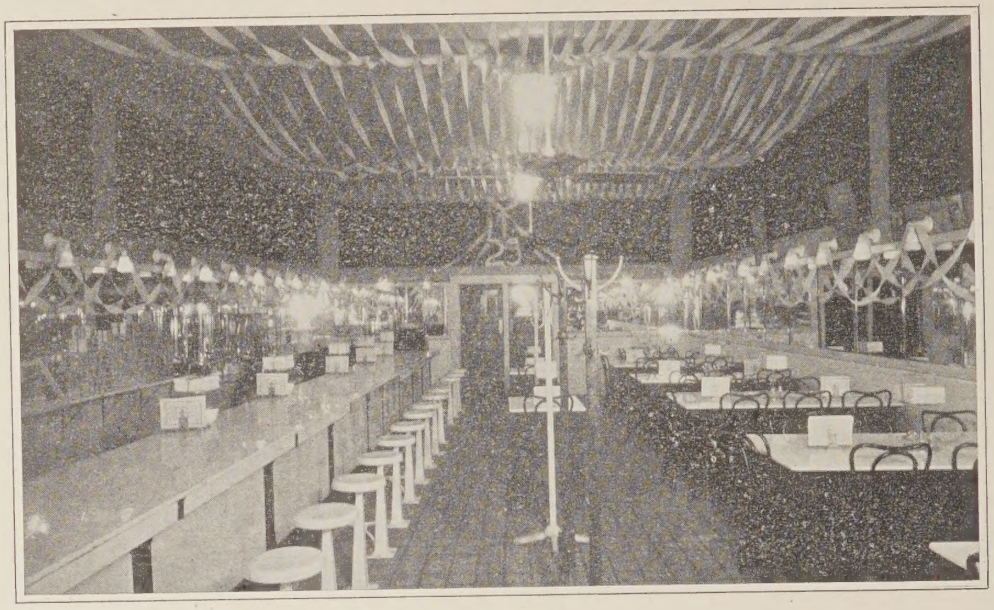

Wright Dope

Gooch Cafe Does Big Business in Chapel Hill

One of the most progressive and up-to-date restaurants in the state of North Carolina is the Gooch Cafe, of Chapel Hill, the interior of which is shown on this page. Founded in a small way in 1903 by J. E. Gooch, it has been improving every year of its twenty-one years of existence.

Today, it has an important place in the life of Chapel Hill and of the University of North Carolina, whose students it has served so well in the past. An inspection of the picture will reveal a decidedly student atmosphere about the place, pictures of famous graduates and athletic teams adorning the walls.

Just how far it has been built up is shown by the statement that between a thousand and 1,500 students are fed at the restaurant every day.

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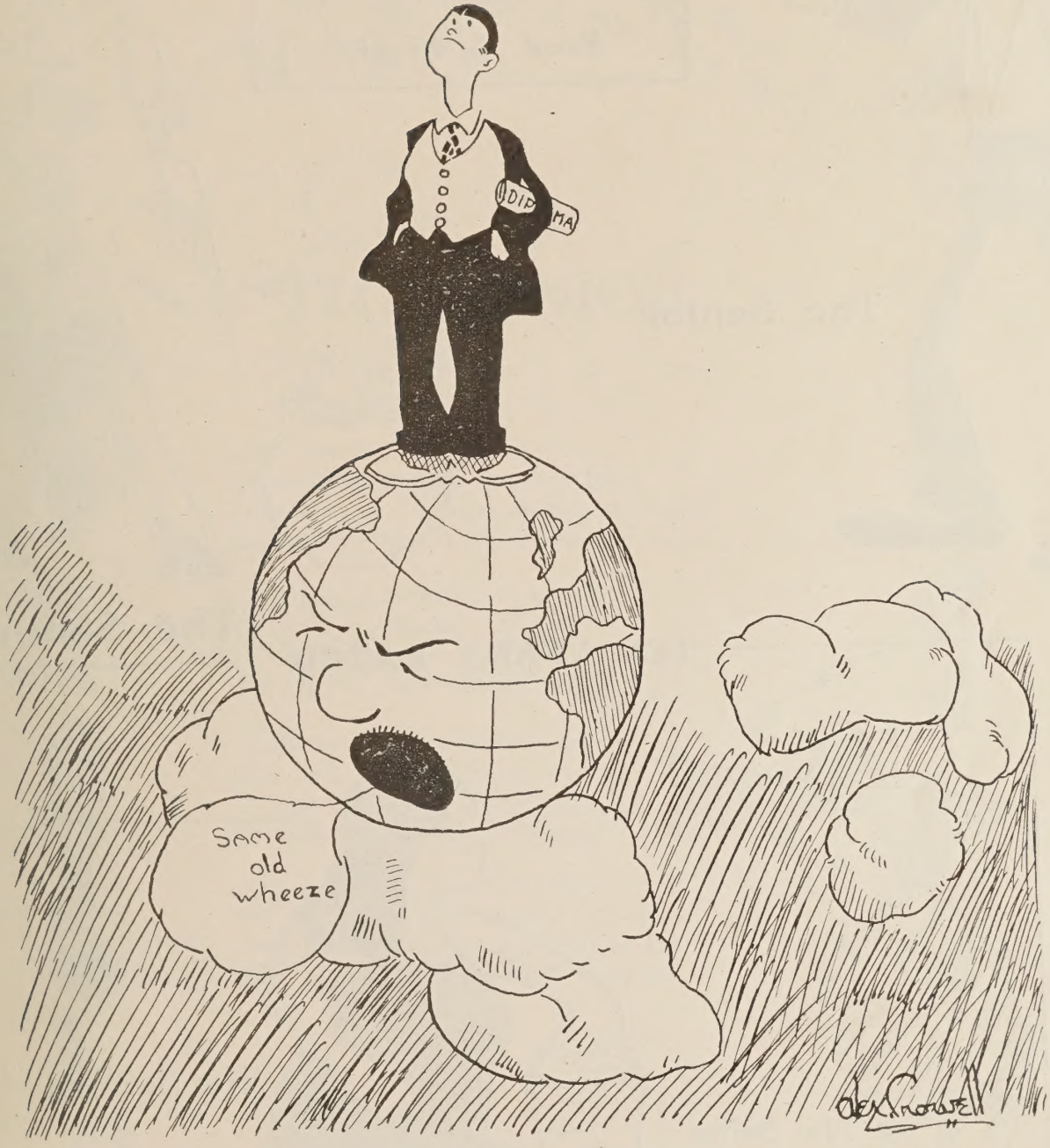
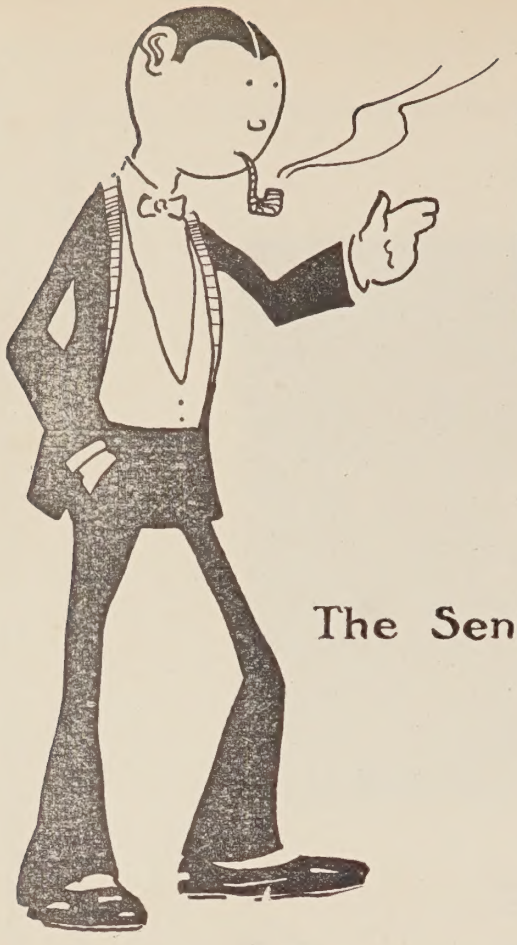

DIP
MA
Same
old
wheeze

PASSING YEARS

by

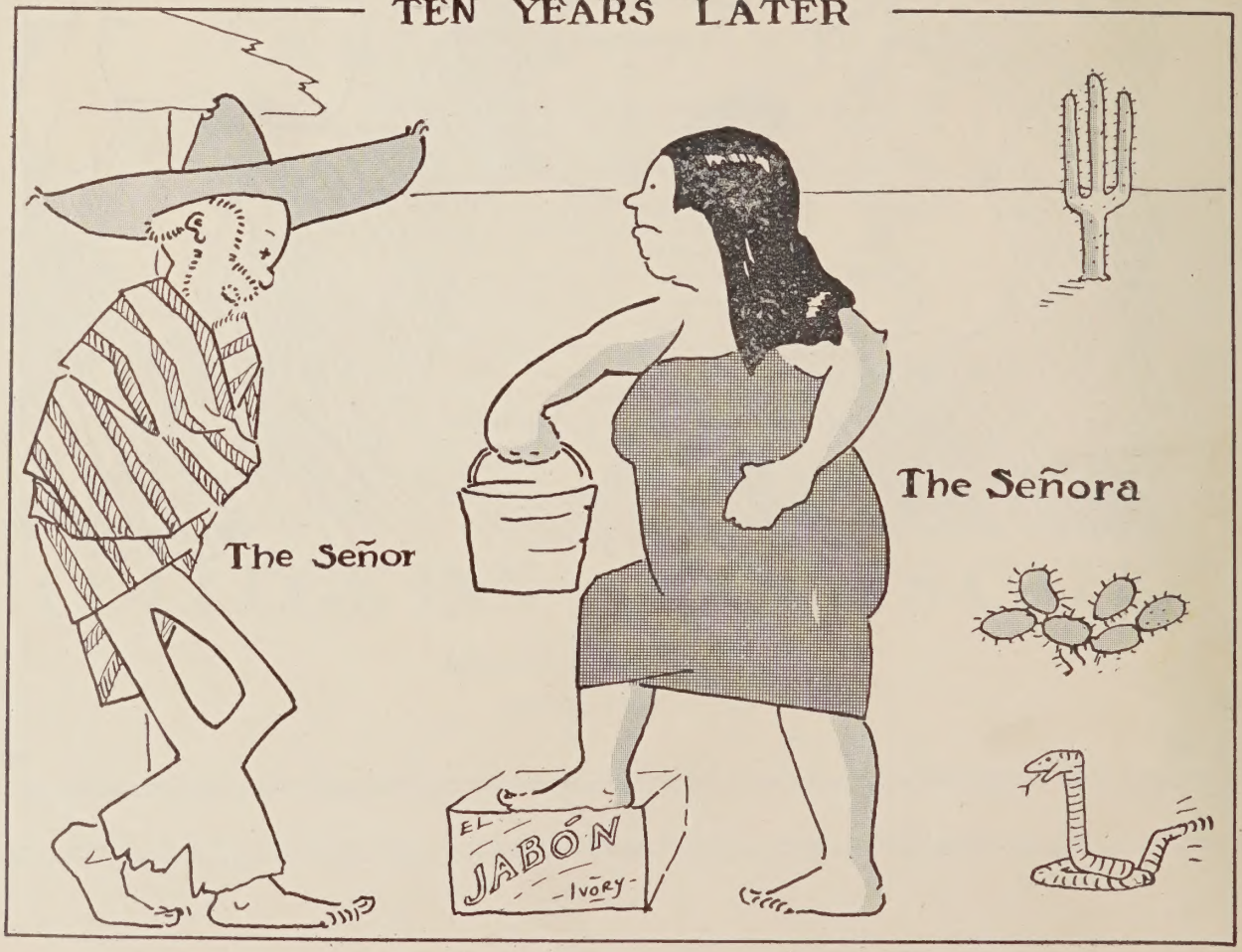
Fred S. Wright



The Senior

The Señorita

TEN YEARS LATER



The Señor

The Señora

THE SENIOR

A Senior is a funny thing
That thinks it owns the Universe;
It laughs at Juniors, swears at Sophs.
And thinks the Freshmen need a nurse.

A Senior is a foolish thing;
It looks as wise as any sphinx,
A flapper gets a date with it
For just a half-a-dozen winks.

A Senior is a brainless beast;
The only job within its reach
It gets here as a "fellowship"
And so comes back next year to teach.

A Senior is the dumbest brute;
That you can find outside the zoo.
But yet, why should we laugh at It?
For, some day, we'll be Seniors too.

Willie Graduates

AS SEEN BY THE FRESHMAN

O gosh, he must be awful keen
To get the grades.
Say, there'll be snow in Hades
When I get my dip.
Ain't he got a bean!

AS SEEN BY THE PROM GIRL

Don't Willee just look O so grand!
It give's me thrills
To know that I am Will's
And I'm on his bid—
Ain't he some sweet man!

AS SEEN BY THE FOND PARENTS

ooooooooooooooooooh!
ooooooooooh!
ooooooo-oooooooo*!
wwwwwwwww!
s. of the U. S.!

AS SEEN BY THE BOSS

[illegible]er must be rum.
ip
away that dip
wants work.
look dumb?

SHE: I'm having my voice cultivated.

HE: You ought to take a day off, and get it ploughed.

A SELF-ELP STUDENT

"My deaf brother was arrested for speeding."

"What did the judge do for him."

"Gave him his hearing."

"This is a hot case," exclaimed the young lawyer as he opened the crate of peppers.

SIMP: What did you do during vacation?

SAMP: Oh nothing, just followed my usual routine?

SIMP: Who is your usual routine?

SENIOR: Can February March?

FRESH: Perhaps not, but April May.

TO AN ICE CREAM CONE.

Oh thou, cold, cone-like thing
Shaped like a geometry problem,
To thee my ode I sing,
This unholy anthem.

White as a flapper's nose,
Cold as a cucumber.
I wonder how you are froze
In such velvety splendor.

LAMP: Jim has lost his mind.

BLACK: Well nobody'll ever know it unless he tells them.

Our idea of nerve is the guy who sent a grass-widow a corsage of hay for an Easter present.

THE CEDAR BIRD

Upon first thought it might seem best to reserve this work for the Freshmen of next year, but upon more serious consideration we conclude that there are enough ignorant Seniors soon leaving our midst who know nothing of the far famed Cedar Bird to warrant the space taken by the lines appearing below:

THE CEDAR BIRD

Perhaps, since you've been here for four long years you've heard
Of "Cedar Bird?"
Well so have I, but what is more I've met the beast,
Met one at least.
As I remember it was on a moonless night
By lantern light,
Thirteen of us, in hope of catching snipe, went out
With dread and doubt.
A friend of mine arranged that I should hold the sack
While they held back
To beat the game up to the lantern which I kept,
And softly crept
Into the darkness of some woods that lay nearby
To crouch and lie.
Our luck was poor for not a single bit of game,
Not even tame,
Came near my hiding place or saw my sack and light
Throughout the night.
When I got home I found a note upon my bed.
"Tough luck," it said,
"That you have caught no snipe. But just the same, you've heard
Of Cedar Bird!!"

T. P.

"Mary's sister is a little rounder."
"Yes. Mary is a bit the more slender."

SPREADING GOOD CHEER

HE: What do you think of the Turkish atrocities?

CO-ED: Sir, I'll have you to understand that I am one of the few girls who have refrained from smoking!

Say, how can I keep my furnace from smoking?

Don't light it.

I hear you and your girl had trouble. What was the cause of your falling out?

A hammock!

TEACHER: What is the shape of the world?

PUPIL: Pa says it's in bad shape right now.

MRS. GOS: Your husband seems to be very interested in art.
MRS. SIP: Yes, indeed; he even talks about it in his sleep. Why only last night he kept mumbling somethng about drawing three queens!

JUNE: I can't go out-doors today, because I've got a boil on my shoulder.

BUG: Aw, that's got nothing to do with your going out.

"Yes, it has. It's election day, and if I go out some blamed politician will have it patted off."

P.: Why does your team seldom steal bases?

NUT: They're afraid of breaking the honor system.

PROF. (*On astronomy class*): In what part of the earth are the days the shortest?

FROSH: Italy.

PROF.: Italy?

FROSH: Yeh, every time you look out the window you see a da-go!

YOUNG HOPEFUL (on seeing Big Brother march in with the graduating class): Oh, look, Mamma! Bill's got a gown like grandma's!

A REVELATION

A freshman stood watching a barber give a man a clay massage. He didn't understand the why and wherefore very well, so he finally asked the meaning of it all. The barber explained that a mud massage helped fill out and increase the size of one's face.

"Oh, I see," replied the freshman. "Then it must be the Chapel Hill mud that causes all the co-eds to have big feet."

VISITOR: What adjective most fittingly describes the marks made by your class.

CHEMISTRY PROF.: German!

A DIRTY JOKE

"Why is the cheer leader so hoarse?"

"The board of health made him wash his feet."

FEMALE GRAD: What a funny little car! What do they call that?

MALE GRAD: That's what they call the "bob-tail' car.

FEMALE GRAD: Oh, how Darwinian!

PSYCHOLOGY PROF.: What's the difference between a moron and an imbecile.

STUDENT: A moron is a student who takes psychology. An imbecile is a student who takes it seriously.

CO-ED: What do you consider the greatest contribution the American magazines have made to our civilization?

CYNIC: I should say the Holeproof Hosiery ads.

A DRAMA

(By the much censored Russian, Rotteneggsky Aton Checkout)

ACT I

HERO—What shall we do about it?
HEROINE—I don't know.

ACT II

HEROINE—What shall we do about it?
HERO—I don't know.

ACT III

HERO AND HEROINE *(together)*—What shall we do about it?
VILLIAN—I don't know!

(SLOW CURTAIN)

Here is a question I was asked today
That truly puzzles me,
"How did Bill Shakespeare have the wit to say,
'What fools these mortals be'?"

DUMB REMARKS

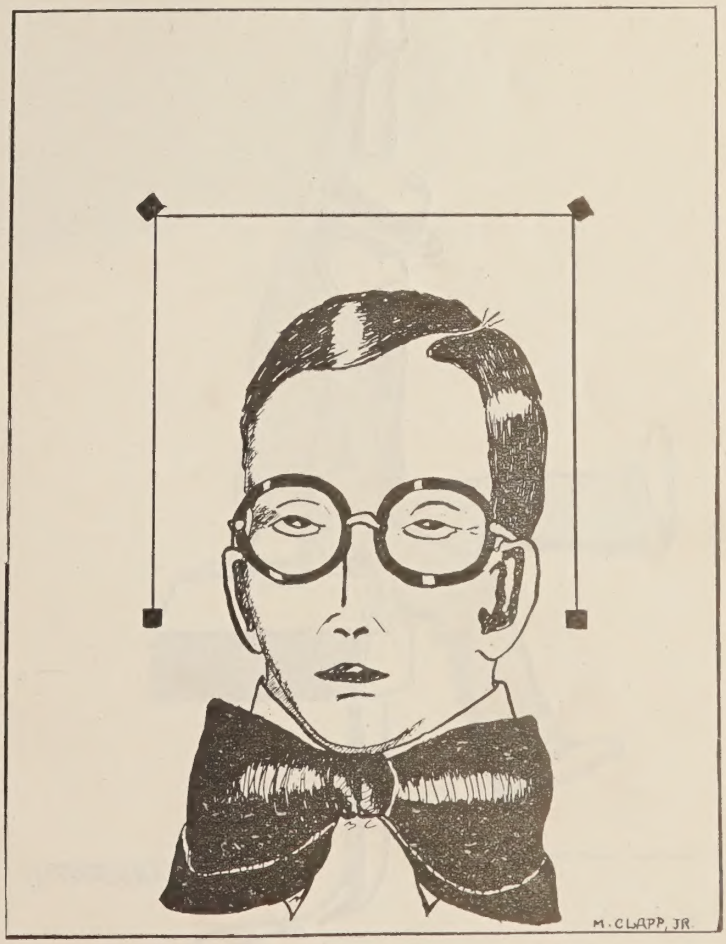
No. 98,467: *"Oh, its you, isn't it!"*
No. 345,678,300: *"You've got bobbed hair, aren't you!"*
No. 234,512,456,754: *"I see."*
No. 967,600: *"Are you crazy!"*
No. 459,234,563: *"Oh!"*

SHINE: Man, you is so skinny I has to look at you twice to see you once.

SHONE: You is so skinny when yo' back itches you scratches yo' chest.

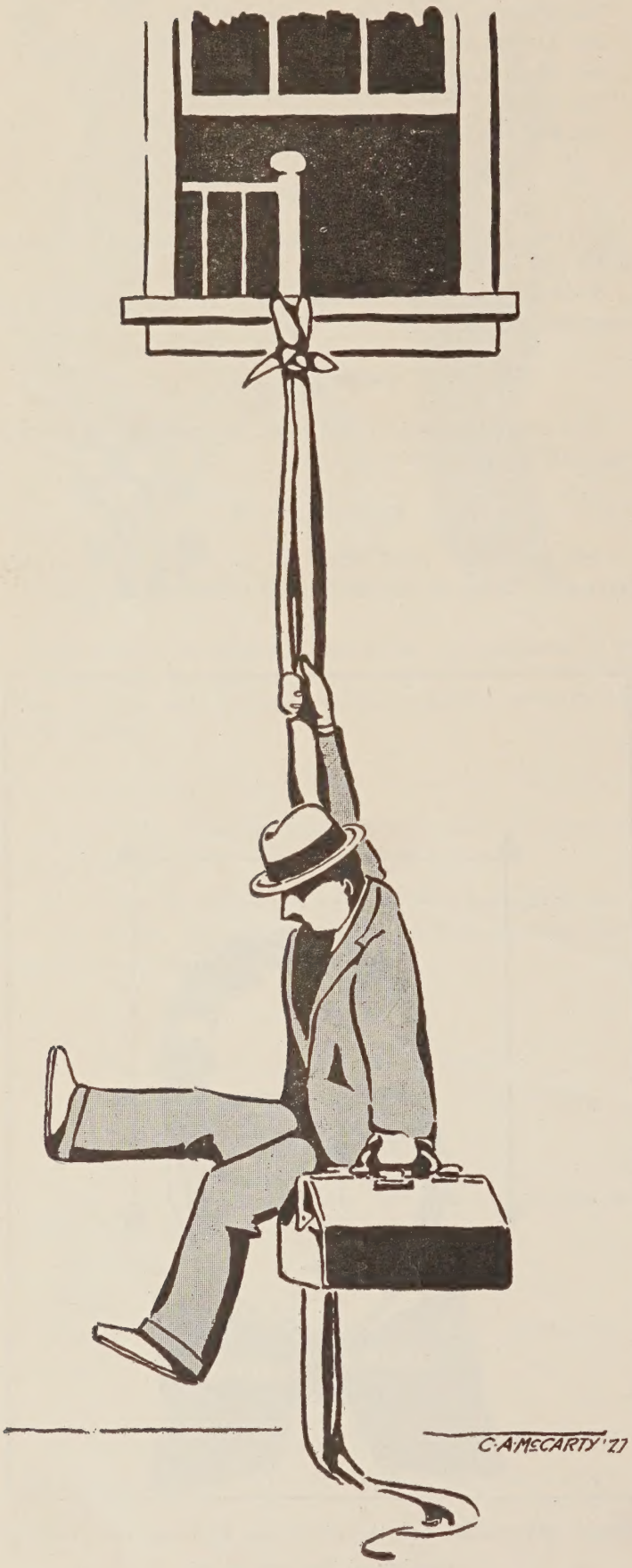
"I'm going to clean up the joint," said the tough looking egg, and he came back with a mop.

"Hi! Steward!" cried Jonah, as he explored the whale's internals. "What beastly people had this stateroom last?"



Egbert Eldramonde has the distinction of being the youngest member of the class of '24.

HOW THE ROOMER GOT OUT.



THE LADY WHOSE NAME WAS MUD

From: The Smell of the Coop-on.

A bunch of the gang was squawking it up down in Clancy's sody joint,

And a loud wail rose from the tenor's nose, who was drunk to the yodeling point;

And we quaffed our dopes and our cherry pop to the wee sma'l hours of ten.

Say, them was the days, the good old days, and you could get chewing gum then.

Then the door flew ope and there staggered in a woman broken and old.

And her icy glance put a stop to our dance and our midnight carousing so bold.

"Oh give me a swag," cried the tottering hag, "just one dram of pineapple phosphate.

Let me warm my nose and the nails on my toes, while I tell you my story of hate."

So we gave her a seat up next to the heat, this hell-driven, mistreated daughter.

We gave her one drink, two, three, four, five, six drinks; we gave her just lots of—water.

"Once I was a beauty," the hag started out, "the idol of maidens and men.

But one day they sent me off to old U. N. C.; say, co-eds were nice girls then.

And one day just by chance I went to a dance, in a hell-hole the boys called the gym.

It was there at the ball that I started my fall, for 'twas there that I first danced with him.

Oh, he was a daisy, the girls all agreed, with his pants like a riding skirt.

They were big at the knees like the trunks of the trees, beneath which he first done me dirt.

He led me straight out to the old arboretum, and there all the mischief began.

Now he had a style that drove women wild; my eye! he was some loving man!

And now you can see what has happened to me, and the shame that's been heaped on my head.

For none of the fellows that I used to know will speak to a doggone co-ed."

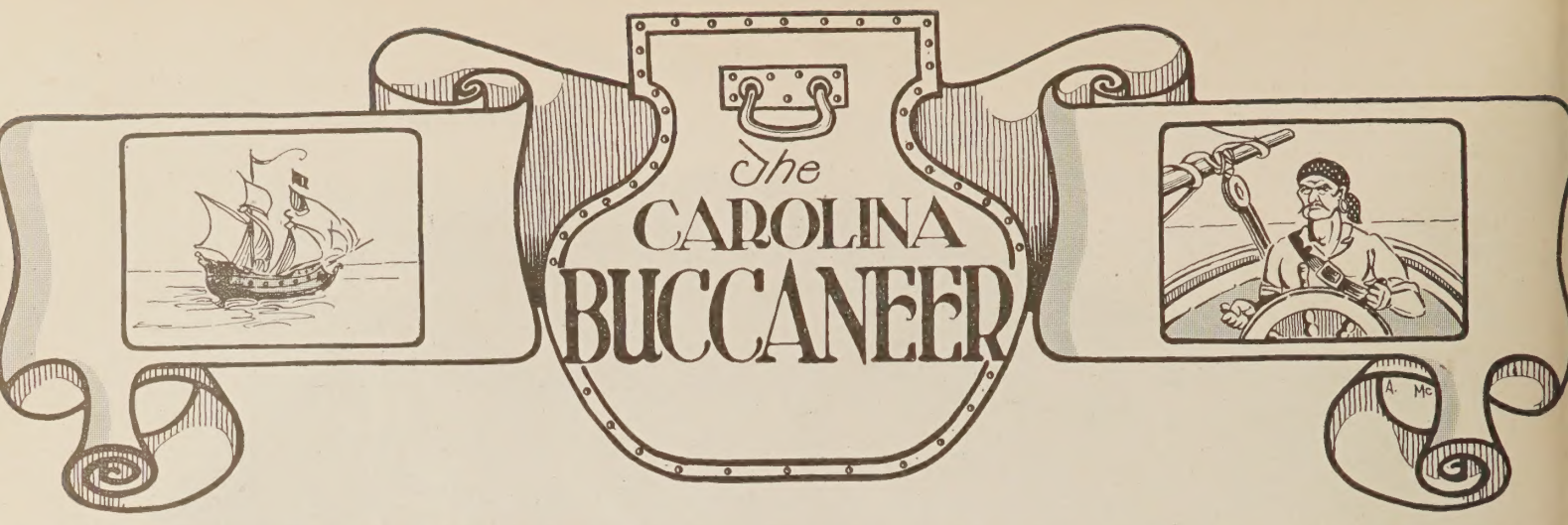
* * * * * * * *

A bunch of the gang was squawking it up down in Clancy's sody joint,

And a loud wail rose from the tenor's nose, who was drunk to the yodeling point.

W. B. V.

Strudwick
-24



VOL. I. JUNE, 1924 NO. 2

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BEHOLD, it comes to pass that THE BUCCANEER, while yet in swaddling clothes, dons the Cap and Gown for his first commencement. For him it is a *commencement* in the most literal sense of the word. The Easter number was in the nature of an introductory bow, done a little awkwardly, perhaps—but who expects Chesterfieldian graces of a Blackbeard? At any rate we have been told that it wasn't so bad; and—not least in importance—the ghoulish guardian of the gold hoard was satisfied with the sales. We thank you, complaisant readers and merciful critics.

IT is a problem of some moment to strike the proper balance between economy of space and easy readability in a publication of this sort. Even while writing out our instructions to the printer, we realized that the size of type used in our Easter number was rather small and the pages obviously crowded. Our only excuse was an honest intention to give our readers their money's worth. However, to clear ourselves of the imputation of being in league with the oculists, we have decided to try to improve the appearance of the publication, even at the expense of leaving out some choice material which we shall endeavor to publish later.

We do not intend to limit ourselves to a thirty-two page magazine. This summer our business manager plans to enter the national advertising field, and the increased number of ad pages will bring a proportionate increase in reading matter.

THE BUCCANEER takes pleasure in announcing the selection of next year's editorial and art board. The men whose names appear underneath the masthead have demonstrated by faithful and conscientious work on the first two issues that they are in every respect worthy to be called Pirates, First Class.

The less successful candidates should bear in mind that vacancies on the board will be filled from a list of eligibles made up of the most promising contributors.

The great bulk of the work connected with getting out the magazine, of course, falls upon the editors and artists selected. Yet our pages are by

no means restricted to their wares. We welcome contributions from whatever source and will publish all that we judge to be of sufficient merit. The success of the college comic inevitably depends upon the co-operation of the entire campus.

We gratefully acknowledge valuable contributions from several members of the Senior class who will not be with us next year and hence have not been included in the list of editors. Specially deserving mention are: Abram Weil, C. B. Colton, G. Y. Ragsdale, and Reed Kitchin.

THE current campus problem to which we shall endeavor to pay our respects is the Senior Problem. This is indeed a problem of very serious import, and one of yearly recurrence. It is never settled; for, no sooner has Alma Mater shoved one flock of fledglings out into the cold, cruel world, than another advances to receive the next wholesale consignment of sheepskins.

Yesterday it was the class of '23; today, '24; tomorrow, '25. Each aggregation in turn tremblingly entrusts the conduct of the campus to its successor, just as its fore-runner did with fear and awe a twelve-month before. This puts us on the trail of another problem we expect to take up at some future date; namely, the progressive deterioration of successive college generations.

But to return to our Senior. What is to become of this wonderfully wrought and highly refined product, in the manufacture of which the major portion of college machinery is employed?

According to popular superstition, the Senior is the most insufferable combination of pride and arrogance ever permitted to dwell upon the face of this good green earth.

"A Senior is a funny thing
That thinks it owns the Universe"

as our under-graduate poet sings on page 7 of this issue. Judging from several years of passing contact with the species, we humbly beg to differ with popular superstition and our talented young poet. The average senior of the present college generation is endowed with too little, rather than too much, self-confidence. His tendency is to somewhat under-rate his own ability to adapt himself to the requirements of life outside the University. His besetting sin is timidity rather than vainglory.

So, we maintain that what the Senior needs is not some of the conceit knocked out of him, but to have some starch put into his backbone. This is emphatically true of the common, or A. B. variety.

We hasten to fold up our portable typewriter and put it back in its vest-pocket case ere we have solved the Senior Problem. If we did that there wouldn't be anything to write an editorial about next June. Here is the line they have handed us on the campus since the fall of 1920. We pass it on for whatever it may be worth: "This problem is one which each individual must solve for himself." Here's hoping the members of the class of '24 will find the answer.

AFTER careful consideration and much discussion, Judges Hibbard, McKie and Adams have selected the prize-winning contributions to the Easter number. The art prize was awarded to G. B. Crutchfield for his cartoon of the shocked old gentleman and the blase young ruffian on page 23. Honorable mention was given the drawing of the "campus sheik" by Alex Crowell, on page 8. H. N. Parker was awarded the prize for the best written contribution, the mock-play, "Huckleberries" on page 18. "Anitra's Dance" by Telfair Peet, was given honorable mention.

The judges found some difficulty in arriving at a decision due to the great variety of material under consideration. The above selections represent the unanimous answer of three disinterested faculty-members to this question: "What, in your opinion, is the most valuable drawing, and what the most valuable written contribution, considered in the light of helping THE BUCCANEER to fulfil its aim, that aim being primarily to amuse its readers?"

During the Fall quarter, the following numbers of THE BUCANEER will appear, in the order named:

VERDANT NUMBER
GRID NUMBER
PIRATE NUMBER
CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Contributions always welcomed. Unused manuscripts will be returned only when return postage is enclosed. Copy and drawings for publication in the VERDANT NUMBER must be submitted by June 1, for the GRID NUMBER by September 25, for the PIRATE NUMBER, October 25, and for the CHRISTMAS NUMBER, November 15.

DON QUIXOTE '24

Buccaneers Course in Commencement Etiquette and Oratory

Conducted under the auspices of Count Abu-Beke Von Bethman Hollweg Smith

COMMENCEMENT ETIQUETTE

Proper Costumes:

1. The Cap: As soon as you have received word that you have a slight chance of graduating, lose no time in ordering your *Pinchley* cap; there is always a rush at this season. We suggest that you get a combination of sky-blue pink and terra-cotta green as these colors will harmonize with your mental condition and be restful to the eyes of the audience.

2. The Gown: Your commencement gown should be a matter of judicious choice. A class meeting should be called to consider the all-important color question, since nothing is more liable to cause the audience to lose interest than uniformity in costume. We would suggest that you do not use a night-gown at this time, for you might forget your surroundings and go to sleep. A highly colored dressing gown would be appropriate in every sense of the word.

Instructions on Commencement Oratory

Gesticulation: Remember that actions speak louder than words. This is especially a boon to those who have a weak passive voice.

The following gesticulation is most emphatic: Clench your fists tightly on your bosom. Lunge forward on your left foot and throw your arms wildly from you. A variety in this motion may be obtained by alternating to your right foot every third step. (see pose by Count Smith) .

The Napoleonic pose is especially effective. Grab the visor of your cap and twist it over your left ear with a quick motion. Thrust your left hand into your dressing gown and cross the right foot in front of the left in a deliberate manner.

Enunciation: It would be well perhaps, to follow the noble example of Demosthenes. If you do not live near the ocean, as he did, the following suggestion would be valuable. Get a pail of water and a small dog with a keen thirst; thus you may hear the lap of the water in your own backyard

Lunge forward and throw your arms wildly from you. (Posed by Count Smith)

The Napoleonic pose is especially effective.

At Commencement

Remember that you must always have a dignified bearing as becomes a Senior. When the Chairman is introducing you, and going over your illustrious achievements of the past six years, do not forget that modesty is most becoming in a college graduate. To make such an impression you should nod your head in a knowing manner, thus giving the audience the impression that you do not think you know more than your college president.

You should begin your speech by saying, "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen." We would not advise saying, "and others", as is commonly done, because your French professor might take it personally.

Written by C. T. S.

THREE OF SPADES

KNOCK: What caused the fight between Bill and that West Point cadet?

OUT: He claimed Bill insulted him.

KNOCK: How?

OUT: Bill stopped the cadet on the street and asked if he had a telegram for him.

HISTORY PROF.: This quiz may be your Waterloo.

FROSH: I don't give a happy dam; my name is Wellington!

SHE: You say he's a foul poet?

HE: Yeh, he sent some poems to the editor, saying, "Enclosed please find some poultry."

"How did you vote for class president?"

"I didn't vote."

"Why? Didn't you know any of the candidates?"

"Yeh, I knew 'em all. That's the reason I didn't vote."

BIOLOGY PROF.: What is our most conclusive proof of evolution.

STUDE: Woman's abhorrence of clothes.

JIM: A girl named Susie Sasser came clean from Honkersville to see you.

JAM: Couldn't have been Susie. She never came clean from anywhere.

"That judge is a very learned man."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he can reel off such long sentences."

"Man, I doesn't smoke nothin' but twenty-five cent cigars."

"How do you know before you pick them up?"

VISITOR: But surely all these men are not needed just to pick up paper about the campus."

STUDE: Naw, most of 'em are used to keep the campus cleared of these second hand cars that come to pieces around here.

DIARY OF A YOUNG REFORMER

John, aged 12, joined the Boy Scouts. Immediately he set to work to carry out the first axiom of scout law: "Do a good turn daily." At the same time he became strongly religiously inclined.

The results of his first week's endeavor are tabulated below, as reported in his diary:

Monday: Tried to persuade papa not to curse every morning when hunting for his collar buttons. He spanked me.

Tuesday: I asked mother not to talk about the woman next door after she had invited us to dinner. Mamma made me go without supper.

Wednesday: I asked papa to give up his private bootlegger and use the money to send a missionary to China. He cut off my allowance for a month.

Thursday: I asked sister to stop smoking. That night I heard her ask her beau if he knew who father's bootlegger was.

Friday: I pleaded with my older brother to leave women alone. The next day he took out a license to marry that horrible flapper next door.

Saturday: I asked grandma to quit subscribing to the "Whiz-Bang" and take in its place *The Biblical Recorder*. She says she won't buy any candy for me for a month.

Sunday: I asked sister to break her date and go to church instead. She almost broke my head.

Monday: This job is too damn tough, anyhow. I've had enough of religion and being a good Boy Scout.

SAY, SON!

In my job you get very good pay, son;
You get dollars and dollars a day, son.
There is very light work
And there's much you can shirk
In my goodly old job of brick may-son.

AT THE POLITICAL CONVENTION

One lady delegate to another: "It doesn't take much to make them shout, does it?"

The other lady: "No, only about a quart apiece."

SUM-RUM

Admacassar rum!
I feel just right
When I get tight
On Blot-a-little rum!

Fifty-dollar rum!
The sky looks pink
As the kitchen sink
When I go on a bum.

Rock-a-baby rum!
My pen staff brays
And barks in praise
Of Admacassar rum!

All of Russia's native sons
Had a revolution.
Each one thinking he was right
Had his constitution.

A HISTORY BULL!

PROF.: What is a Papal Bull?

BRIGHT STUDE: The Papal Bull is a bull kept in the Vatican gardens in order to supply the Pope's children with milk.

The maiden was carefully combing her hair. "I only get the chance to clean up on the weak end," said she.

PHYSICS PROF.: What is meant by the center of gravity?

WOULD-BE-BRIGHT-SENIOR (*who wants a boot*): You, sir.

"A shady crack," coolly remarked the geologist as he perceived the crevice in the rock under the huge tree.

BUCCA: What's that shirt doing up in the top of that tree?

NEER: Somebody was high when they undressed last night.

VENUS: Do sit down and tell me what Father said when you asked him.
SUITOR: Very well, dear; but I'd rather not sit down.

AUNT TABITHA'S CELLAR

EDITOR'S NOTE: Boys and girls, this is your page. Just drop into Aunt Tabitha's Cellar any time and make yourself at home. Aunt Tabitha is a motherly old lady who just loves children, having had thirteen of them herself. Address your letters to AUNT TABITHA, care THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

My, my, children, what a huge stack of mail the dear postman brought me in response to my offer to help you every one in your problems and sorrows and moments of fun. Listen to this one:

DEAR AUNT TABITHA:

I am such a perplexed little girl. I am a blond and have been going with the same man for twenty-two years. Besides, he has found out I wear a transformation. He called it a wig the night it slipped at the sociable. Do you think he is serious?

Achingly,
NEVER-SAY-DIE.

Cheer up, little Never-say-die. He may not be serious but he sure is constant. Besides, think what else might have slipped.

DEAR AUNT TABITHA:

Have you a coal-scuttle in your cellar big enough for a little co-ed. I go to school at the University of North Carolina and expect to get my A. B. in June. Don't you think I'm right smart to be graduating and me only twenty-five years old?

Aunt Tabitha, here is a little poem I composed all by myself. I don't think so much of it myself, but all my friends says it sounds like Sheats—or was it Kelley—the one that wrote the poem about the skylark, you know. Well, this one of mine (which I don't claim to be in the same class with his—ha! ha!) is about a mocking bird.

The mocking bird in the tree top
Sings like he never will stop.
I like a mocking bird,
He's so absurd!
Coo! Coo!
Don't you
Like the mocking bird too?

The mocking bird in the tree top
Sings awhile and then he gives a hop
Just like a flapper
Or a whipper-snapper,
Coo! Coo!
Don't you
Like the mocking bird, too?

I hope you will see fit to print the above poem, Aunt Tabitha, for I know you are a good judge of poetry.

With love, your niece,
NOTTA FLAPPER.

P. S. I should like to correspond with a nice young man that appreciates the intellectual type of girl.

Notta, I am delighted to give the cousins a chance to read your beautiful poem. I am sure the University is proud to be the Alma Mater of such a talented young lady. Write again, Notta, a girl who cultivates her mind instead of her face is always welcome. I'm sure some of my big nephews will be glad to correspond with Cousin Notta, won't you, boys?

DARLING AUNTY:

I am so worried I must have succor. What do you think of a man who would tell a girl a joke like this?

A—Didn't I see you in Buffalo last year?

B—I've never been in Buffalo.

A—Neither have I. It must have been two other people.

I'm sure it has a hidden meaning.

Heartbroken,
ADELA GOLDILOCKS.

Never see him again, Adela. I'll bet he is a traveling salesman. Ask him if he's ever stayed in a farmhouse.

DEAR AUNT TABITHA:

May little boys ask for your advice? I am such a bright little chap, everybody says. Last night my father said: "Willee, when are you going to bed?" and I answered "With the chickens, p'paa." Don't you think that's killing? Dear Mother laughed and laughed and said it was good enough for THE BUCCANEER. What a shame all little boys are not like me.

WILLY B. LIVELY.

AREN'T THESE FUN?

Now, children, let us turn to the puzzles for this month. How smart you all are. Little Bob Wire, of Nightmare, O., gets last month's prize, a year's subscription to the *Congressional Record.*

1. I am og ot lleh spelled backwards. Little girls do not say me. What am I?

2. T-E D-G R-N AFT-R T-E C-T. Can you fill in the missing letters Then try this one: Z-Y P-TA XW—QI. You're right, it doesn't.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS

1. Yes.
2. Oh, yes.
3. Surely.

GETTING HIS DEGREE.

CRAMP-US CHARACTERS.

1. The boy who snuffles, whose nasal organ is too greatly irrigated, whose handkerchiefs are eternally in the laundry, whose NOSE is never where it should be.

2. The professor who has been fed dill pickles with lemon sauce by the world, whose sour expressions coagulate his classes, whose chief delight is trouble which his NOSE is forever rooting out for him from among the interests of other persons.

3. The student whose thoughts are forever on himself, who thinks that everyone other than himself is evil, who sees no evil, hears no evil, speaks to no evil, whose NOSE makes attempts to climb the tree-tops and play around with the pure squirrels in our mighty and fair oaks.

4. The co-ed who thinks herself a good sport but who wishes to withdraw her share of the pot when the cards are shown down; who, though she may be pretty, is more beautiful to herself than to all others, whose air of self-confidence is surpassed only by her air of self-satisfaction, whose NOSE is often behind a powder-puff, and never in front of anything which amounts to more than a puff.

5. The boy who thinks the library was built for him, whose idea of a baseball diamond is that it is a rare jewel, which he need not view because he cannot purchase, whose mind is a colorless, colloidal solution of indexes, chapters and volumes, whose NOSE is always preventing some perfectly nice book being closed decently.

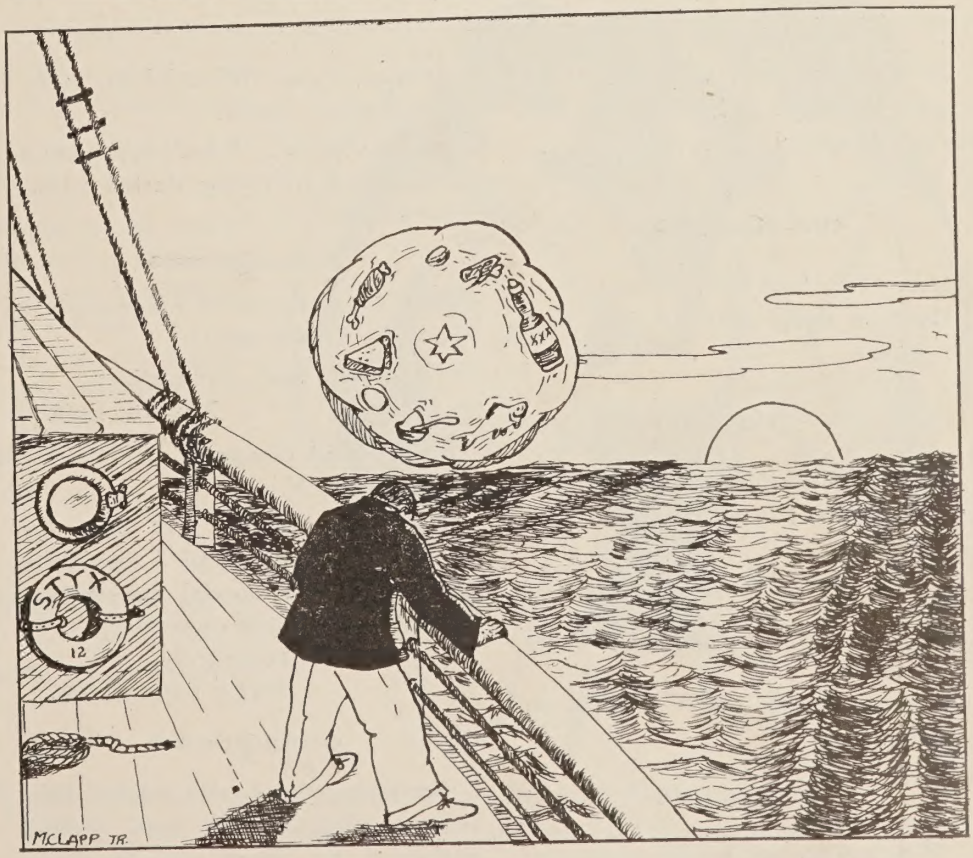
6. The boy who has an interview with all the tailors, who sends his suit back as a misfit, because the trousers legs measure nineteen and three-quarter inches instead of twenty, who buys neckties in preference to text-books, whose NOSE is usually between himself and a mirror.

I'faith, lad, your NOSE not only KNOWS, but by reason of its position and habits tells us much of that knowledge which it has of its owner.

FIRST ENGLISHMAN: When is a door not a door?

SECOND ENGLISHMAN: Don't know, When?

F. E.: When it's open.



TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

HE: I think of you first thing each morn.
SHE: Old stuff. Your room-mate tells me the same thing.
HE: But I get up fifteen minutes before he does.

"I've got the best team in the state," boasted the coach as he drove off with his pair of mules.

HIC: I've been out pruning.
HER: I didn't know it was time for prunes.

Correct this sentence: "I'll be delighted to loan you five, Bill."

PHILOSOPHER: A man is only as old as he thinks.
DEAF STUDENT: That depends on what he drinks.

"Who got my ink well?"
"Didn't know it was sick."

HISTORY PROF.: When did the "whiskey rebellion" occur?

BRIGHT STUDE: I don't know, but I think it was after they started selling wood alcohol.

The following letter recommends a nationally known tonic:

State Penitentiary,
May 20, 1924.

The Tan-Root Company,
Grand Boom, N. C.

Gentlemen:—I had not done any work for six years until I took three bottles of your special preparation. Now I am working every day,

Yours truly,
WILL I PICKETT.

Southern railway train reached Durham on schedule. The rails couldn't withstand the shock and the train jumped the track.

OUR CATALOG OF POOR FISH

1. The dumbbell who expects a Prof. to pass him because he works hard.

2. The self-help student who believes everything he reads in the catalog.

3. The fat man who tries to crawl through a barbed wire fence.

4. The professor who thinks his 16-year-old daughter has never been kissed.

5. The kind sold at the fish market.

CONTEMPT

That little Frosh
Called Hugh McGrosh
Wears clothes like's in Vanity Fair.
He ain't so Hot
This little Sot;
He olive-oils his Hair.

He thinks he's the stuff
This small-town bluff
He borrows my neckwear,
And then goes to see
My gal (Violet de Vee)
And there reads my BUCCANEER!

One of the most pathetic cases on record came to our attention the other day. A bald-headed woman with a wig went in for the bobbed-hair craze.

Sure I want a job! I want a well-paid job autographing copies of the book I may write.

According to his latest statement, Doheny affirms that neither he nor Mr. Fall will consider editing a sporting column known as "Fish Stories" for THE BUCCANEER.

PROF: "What is 'The Antiquary'?"
FROSH: "Antiquary? Antiquary? Say, ain't that the place where they keep fish?"

DOC: Did you follow my instructions and sleep with your window open?

STUDE: I sure did, Doc.

DOC: Did your cold disappear?

STUDE: No—but my watch did!

SHE READ IT.

A certain novel-worshipper and voluminous reader walked into her friend's library to borrow another book. The latter had grown tired of lending books, and, in answer to a request for another, pointed to a Bible on the desk and said:

"There's a great book; take that and see how you like it."

A few days later, the borrower entered the library and threw the Bible on the table.

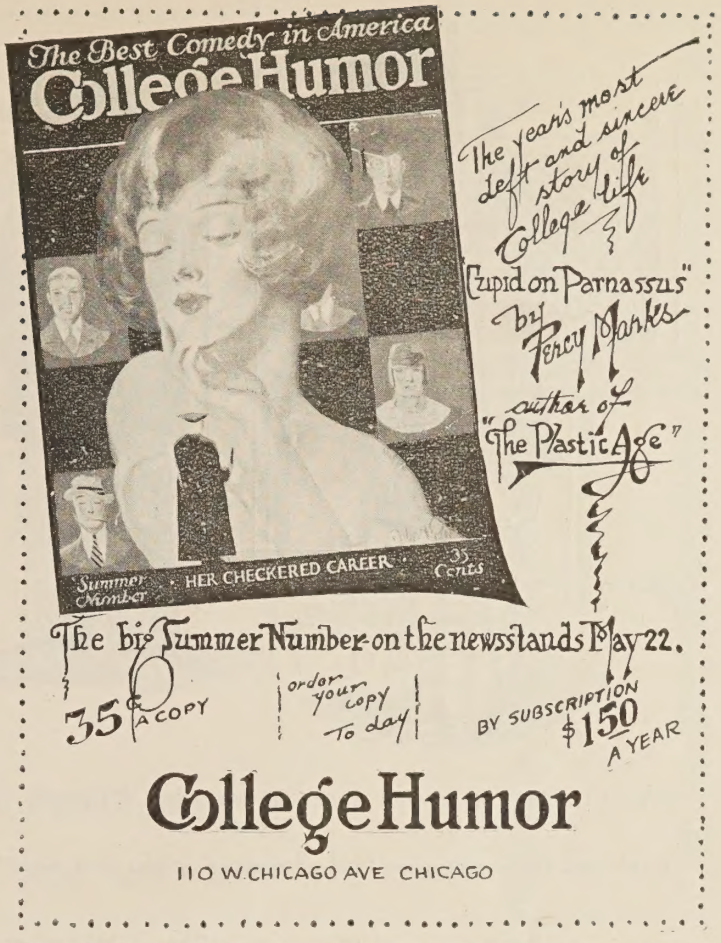
"How did you like it?" asked the lender.

"Oh, fine; wasn't the hero simply divine!"

"What did your wife say when you came in at three o'clock this morning?"

"Not a word—and I was going to have those two front teeth pulled anyway."

"This shack looks fishy," said the burglar when he overturned the aquarium.



GRAD: Do you like Walt Whitman's poetry?

DUMB: No, but I think his candy is simply superb!

"What! leaving for another week-end debauch? I thought you turned over a new leaf!"

"I did—but found the same kind of reading on the next page!"

THE WAY IT SOUNDS

The last scene of the Italian opera;
Mi Animalo, by Dumbo.

MAN

[*Deeply moved*]
Mi voice e huski,
O, gota Sanduski!
[*Frantically*]
Sic semper macaroni,
Peacho brandi pori,
Bromo seltzo salz.
E tu fer five havanas.
Stiletto!
Maladetto!
Cosmetto!
Donforgetto!
[*Dispairingly*]
Worko, hadio, gotto, a dimo
Tu geta good cigari.
[*Going to high C*]
O, omeletta, molatto!

WOMAN

O horrida concertina
Tomato, eggo, brako, runso!

MAN AND WOMAN

[*Wildly hugging*]
Victoria!
Astra spagetti,
Ipecac castor oyl disliko
Domo tepoti.
Lit and drunki o sico
Mi donki tu es mi amor.

WOMAN

[*Imploringly*]
Ah, mi donki!

MAN

[*Passionately*]
O, mi filori goti.

WOMAN

O, mi banana, mi whiski, mi itchi
[*Going higher*]
Mi rasberri jelli

MAN AND WOMAN

[*At footlights*]
Presto chango to cuspidor.

CURTAIN

—E. R. P.

COLLEGE BRED

"Will you have some corn?" asked the hostess.

"Thanks. Believe I will," answered the college man as he absent mindedly passed his glass.

"This is a drug on the market", said the smuggler as he opened up a new case of opium.

New advertising slogan of the rouge-makers trust: "Save the surface and you save all."

"I was almost the pussy-cat's pret-zels," said the mouse as he hurried through a small hole in the floor.

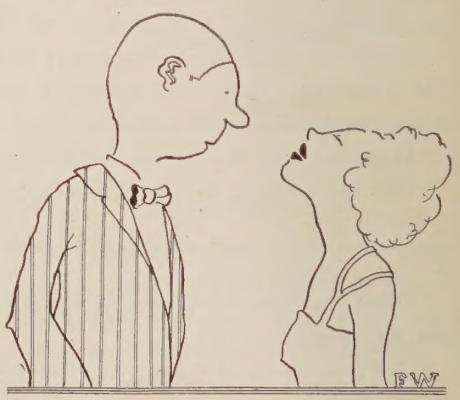
First Lunatic: Cuckoo!
Second Ditto: Cuckoo, yourself—I'm the whole clock!

FOOLED AGAIN

"I don't know, but I believe we've got enough, John. We've got a gallon."

"What, water?"

"No—gosoline."



MARY: Jack, why are senior caps square?

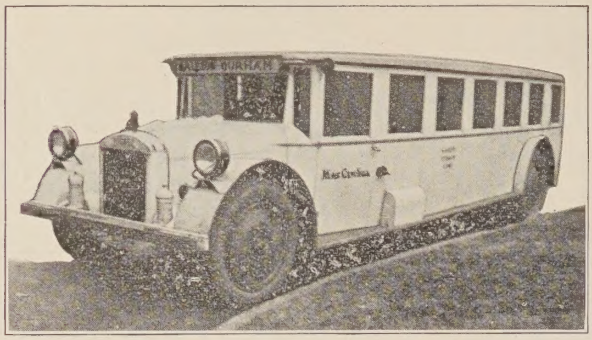
JACK: Why, to fit the block-heads, I suppose.

Most Pleasant Surroundings

Our powerful ventilating fans change the air in our dining rooms and kitchen every sixty seconds

The University Cafeteria

Famous for Good Food



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Raleigh, N. C.

When you travel your journeys will be filled with joy, if you ride the Safety Coach.

The Fageol Safety Coach is built first, for safety; second, for comfort and service.

North Carolina has the finest system of roads that engineering skill can construct. These make possible the efficient operation of the Safety Coach, the highest type of motorbus science and art have yet designed.

You can travel safely, comfortably and cheaply, if you ride the big white busses. Operating between Raleigh, Durham and Greensboro.

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PFS

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Orders for University boys given personal attention

Buy your flowers for Commencement thru our representative FINLEY WHITE

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The next visit of our Representative to
JACK SPARROW'S
will be on May 29 and 30

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NEWPORT
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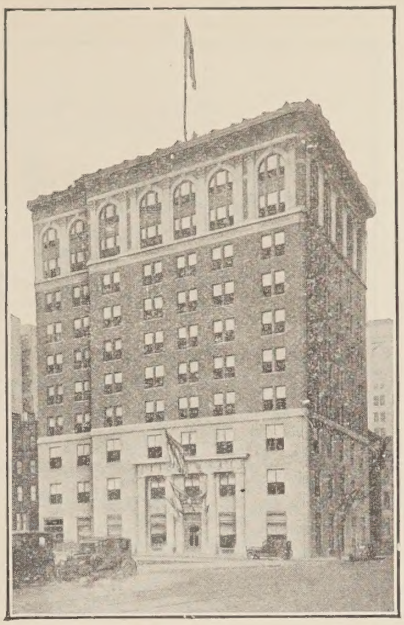

BROOKS BROTHERS'

Building, convenient to
Grand Central, Subway, and
to many of the leading
Hotels and Clubs

"John, dear, I am to be in an amateur theatrical. What would folks say if I were to wear tights?"

"They would probably say that I married you for your money."

—*Jack O' Lantern.*

SOPH: "Why does a stork stand on one foot?"
FROSH: "I'll bite, why does he?"
SOPH: "If he'd lift the other foot, he'd fall down."

—*Chaparral.*

LADY: "Is it really necessary to use such dreadful expressions while you are at your work?"

PLUMBER: "No, ma'am, it ain't exactly necessary, but the quality of the work will suffer if we don't."

—*Jester.*

Tis sweet to love,
But oh! how bitter
To love a girl,
And then not gitter.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

for

That Hot Dog
That Pack of "Cigs"
That Shoe Shine

We help your appearance and your appetite

Pennington & Thompson
Formerly Jack Sparrow's Place

Chapel Hill Insurance and Realty Company

Insurance
—and—
Real Estate

ENGLISH PROF.: You may translate, literally, the following passage from Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark":

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird you never wert!"

BORED FROSH: Hell, you ain't no bird!

—Iowa Frivol.

"Why does the modern author write, 'The flapper buried her head in her hands'?"

"Probably because it gives such a good idea how dead it is."

—Record.

HE, (just returned from the punch bowl): "Shall we sit this one out?"

SHE, (sniffing): "No, let's walk it off."

—Jack O' Lantern.

WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER

SWEET YOUNG THING (whose fender has been smashed): "It was your fault, I held out my hand."

STUDENT: "I didn't see it, I'm sorry."

S. Y. T.: "I suppose I should have held out my leg."

—Widow.

Eat WAVERLY ICE CREAM

"Made Its Way by the Way It's Made"

WAVERLY ICE CREAM CO., DURHAM, N. C.

Sold at PATTERSON BROS. & EUBANKS

Security Life and Trust Company

Home Office: Winston-Salem, N. C.

Young Men of North Carolina:

Your State's future prosperity and glory depends upon you. Take with you as you go out into business life honesty, industry, and economy and success is yours.

Stay in North Carolina, work in North Carolina and buy in North Carolina. Spend a part of your first earnings for a life insurance policy. Buy your first policy in a North Carolina Company, and keep on buying your life insurance in a North Carolina Company. Life insurance is the only thing that will guarantee you an assured estate in the event of your death.

Spend your vacation selling insurance in a North Carolina Company. You can make money enough to pay your expenses at college next year.

GEO. A. GRIMSLEY,
President.

C. C. TAYLOR,
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Outstanding Popularity of

Brunswick Records

WHEN PLAYING a Brunswick Record, one will notice that there is a clarity, distinctness, and depth of musical quality in every interpretation, that is only slightly touched by other Phonograph Records.

In vocal selections, the intonations, delicate tone shadings, and even the depth of feeling of the artist is clearly reproduced—then too, the melody and rhythm of the accompaniment is brought out in the same accurate and distinctive manner.

This is also true of all other interpretations on Brunswick Records. Instrumental music of every description is given a new and added charm by the crystal clear reproduction.

Because of Brunswick Advanced Recording Methods the world-acclaimed artists of the New Hall of Fame, record for Brunswick exclusively.

For this same reason, America's foremost dance orchestras and popular vocal artists confine their art to Brunswick.

There is Always Something New on Brunswick Records.

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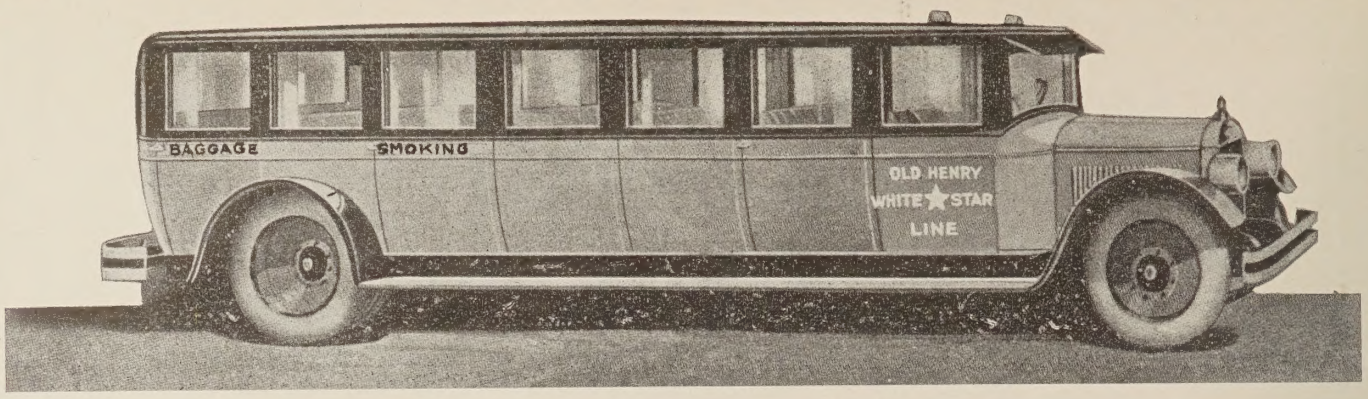
DOWN TOWN

And make your stay in Chapel Hill more pleasant

French Pastry and Fancy Goods

Phone 20

The Hill Bakery



For Summer Travel—

Our large roomy busses with all modern conveniences offer the utmost comfort in the early morning, the heat of the day, or in the cool evening.

WHITE STAR LINE

GREENSBORO DURHAM

Running continuously, leaving Durham and Greensboro every hour on the half hour

DOWN AT MATTEAWAN

NURSE: "There's a man outside who wants to know if any of the patients have escaped lately."

DOCTOR: "Why does he ask?"

NURSE: "He says somebody has run off with his wife."

—Widow.

A Romanticist is one who thinks he is in Venice every time he eats spaghetti.

—Lampoon.

HISTORICAL SIDELIGHT

MRS. DEMOSTHENES: "Run down to the drug store, Johnny, and get a nickle's worth of pebbles; Pop's going to speak tonight."

—Juggler.

GLEE CLUBBER: What I want to know is, am I a bass or a baritone?

COACH: No, you are not.

—Record.

DR. DANIEL T. CARR

Dentist

Tankersly Building

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Architects

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The Pilot offers two distinct opportunities to university men—

First: Through the investment of a very small annual premium at the age of the average student, a life policy becomes a savings fund, which will be of great use in your thirties when the time comes for some profitable business venture.

Second: University men can make good money selling insurance. This has become a highly specialized calling, attracting into insurance service some of the best brains of the age. You can be training for this calling while at school, and make money at the same time.

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INSURANCE COMPANY
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A. W. McAlister, *President*
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Metropolitan Manners!

Cultural courtesy, Carolinian in completeness, has been achieved by thirty-five years of growing goodness. It is our foundation, yet as such, is only the cornerstone in the Vanstory monument to sartorial satisfaction.

Modesty in advertising prohibits self-aggrandisement, yet we know you too will say, after a visit here, that you never saw so large a store with so large a variety of fine things.

Everything, from straws to shoes, reflects most faithfully a careful understanding of the exacting requirements of 'studes'; from 'freshs' to 'post-grads',

Here you find the "Hill's" headquarters when you come to Greensboro.

Vanstory

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JEFFERSON STANDARD BUILDING

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I. L. Sears Tobacco Co.

Distributors

DURHAM, N. C.

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And tinkling Ice Tea
quenches thirst ——
a Tender Steak,
a Bun or two ——

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The Carolina Cafeteria

Next to the Post Office

for milady

With the arrival of Spring, we, as Mother Earth, offer for your approval numberless pleasant surprises in the form of *the daintiest perfumes.* ¶ We also believe our *cosmetics* and *vanities* will please the most particular.

With its *DRINKS,* cool and refreshing, our *FOUNTAIN* will do much to make the heat of these summer days less noticeable.

We have the most Sanitary
Fountain in the world

Always a cool greeting from the FOUNTAIN and a warm greeting from the heart of . . . .

Sutton & Alderman's
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and
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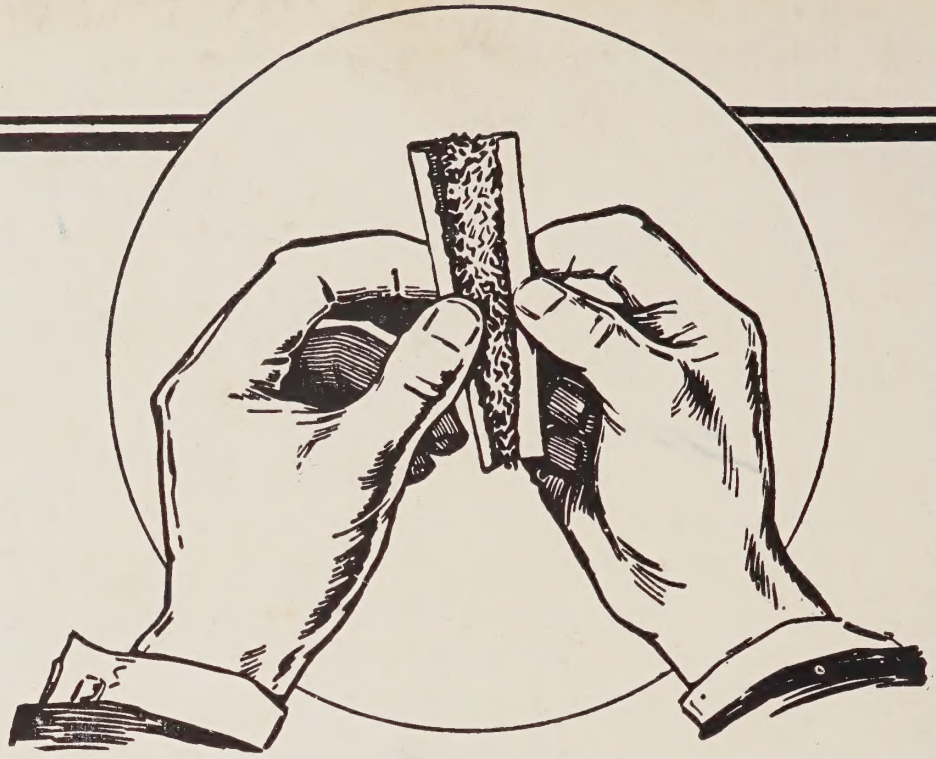

Open them Up

Compare the tobacco and you'll see why

Smokers *prefer* Camels

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CHRISTIAN & KING PRINTING CO.

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The Carolina BUCCANEER

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The Style

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The exceptional relations with our tailors at Fashion Park permit us to present Royal Park to you in fabric values that are unusual.

Ask for Royal Park . . . $45

Presented with every assurance that the values will impress the most critical

Channel Grey in Royal Park $50

Channel Grey is the new fall color developed by our tailors at Fashion Park

Royal Park in Worsteds $55

Substantial fabrics for business men. Parktown Worsteds come only from Fashion Park

Markham-Rogers Co.

Clothes Tailored at Fashion Park

DURHAM, N. C.

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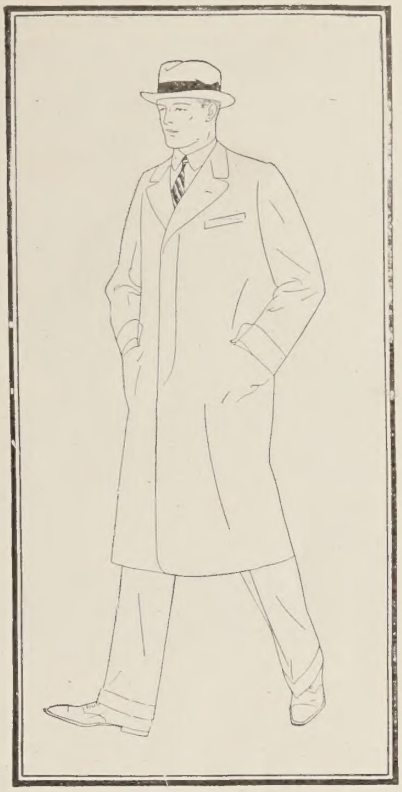

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Start Right

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Old Hampshire Stationery

conveys all these to your correspondent. It is almost invariably the choice of those who give thought to the selection of their stationery.

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Hampshire Paper Company
So. Hadley Falls, Mass.

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DURHAM, N. C.

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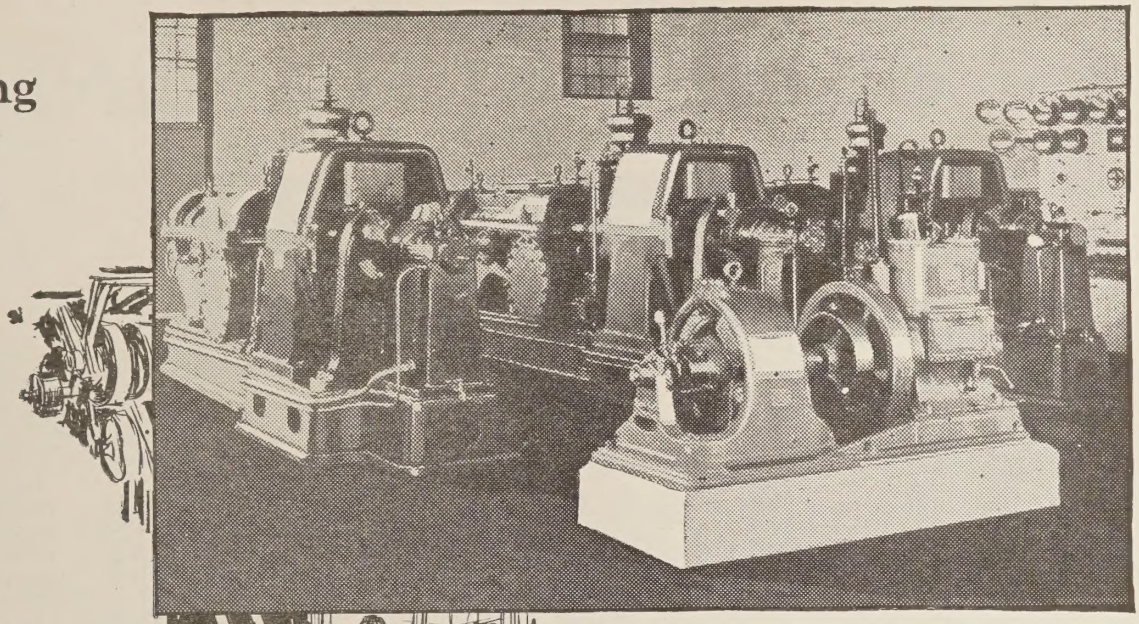
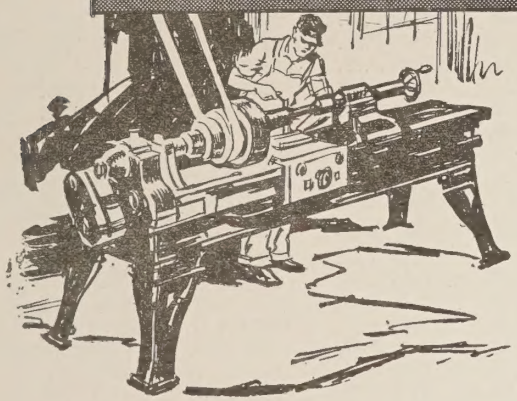
The Great Engineering Achievement of 1899

What Engineering Owes to Initiative





PRIOR to 1899 the works of the Westinghouse Airbrake Company was operated by reciprocating engines distributed in various parts of the plant. While this source of power was inefficient in many respects, it was the best known commercial motive force of the day.

By 1899, however, remarkable developments had been made in the design and construction of steam turbines and electric generating equipment. Called to the attention of the Airbrake officials, it was decided to give the new machines a chance, and three Westinghouse Steam Turbines were installed without delay. This was the first large installation of its kind, anywhere.

Daddy of All Large Commercial Turbines Began Operation at Wilmerding

It required *initiative* to take this step—someone had to be first. And, as in all important pioneering achievements, there was much skepticism as to results. However, the new units quickly proved their practicability. Although of only 400 K. W. capacity they proved much more efficient and economical than the old reciprocating engines. Their economy was particularly conspicuous because by careful test they showed a fuel saving of approximately 36 per cent.

Steam turbine development thus received its first real impetus in 1899, the Wilmerding, Pa., performance definitely establishing this electrical unit as a *better* method of turning the wheels of industry.

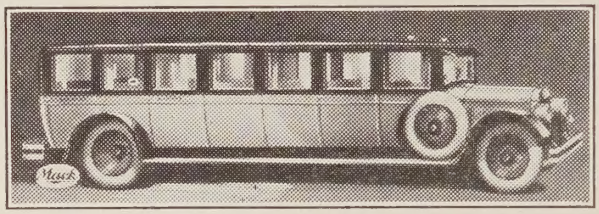
Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY

SCHEDULE
UNITED STAGE LINES

INCORPORATED



LEAVE FOR RALEIGH

Greensboro	*Gibsonville*	*Burlington*	*Graham*	*Haw River*	*Mebane*	*Hillsboro*	*Durham*	*Raleigh*
							6:45 A.M.	7:45 A.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:10 A.M.	8:30 A.M.	8:40 A.M.	8:45 A.M.	9:00 A.M.	9:25 A.M.	10:00 A.M.	11:00 A.M.
8:30 A.M.	9:10 A.M.	9:30 A.M.	9:40 A.M.	9:45 A.M.	10:00 A.M.	10:25 A.M.	11:00 A.M.	12:00 N'n
9:30 A.M.	10:10 A.M.	10:30 A.M.	10:40 A.M.	10:45 A.M.	11:00 A.M.	11:25 A.M.	12:00 N'n	1:00 P.M.
10:30 A.M.	11:10 A.M.	11:30 A.M.	11:40 A.M.	11:45 A.M.	12:00 N'n	12:25 P.M.	1:00 P.M.	2:00 P.M.
11:30 A.M.	12:10 P.M.	12:30 P.M.	12:40 P.M.	12:45 P.M.	1:00 P.M.	1:25 P.M.	2:00 P.M.	3:00 P.M.
12:30 P.M.	1:10 P.M.	1:30 P.M.	1:40 P.M.	1:45 P.M.	2:00 P.M.	2:25 P.M.	3:00 P.M.	4:00 P.M.
1:30 P.M.	2:10 P.M.	2:30 P.M.	2:40 P.M.	2:45 P.M.	3:00 P.M.	3:25 P.M.	4:00 P.M.	5:00 P.M.
2:30 P.M.	3:10 P.M.	3:30 P.M.	3:40 P.M.	3:45 P.M.	4:00 P.M.	4:25 P.M.	5:00 P.M .	6:00 P.M.
3:30 P.M.	4:10 P.M.	4:30 P.M.	4:40 P.M.	4:45 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	5:25 P.M.	6:00 P.M.	7:00 P.M.
4:30 P.M.	5:10 P.M.	5:30 P.M.	5:40 P.M.	5:45 P.M.	6:00 P.M.	6:25 P.M.	7:00 P.M.	8:00 P.M.
5:30 P.M.	6:10 P.M.	6:30 P.M.	6:40 P.M.	6:45 P.M.	7:00 P.M.	7:25 P.M.	8:00 P.M.	9:00 P.M.
6:30 P.M.	7:10 P.M.	7:30 P.M.	7:40 P.M.	7:45 P.M.	8:00 P.M.	8:25 P.M.	9:00 P.M.	10:00 P.M.

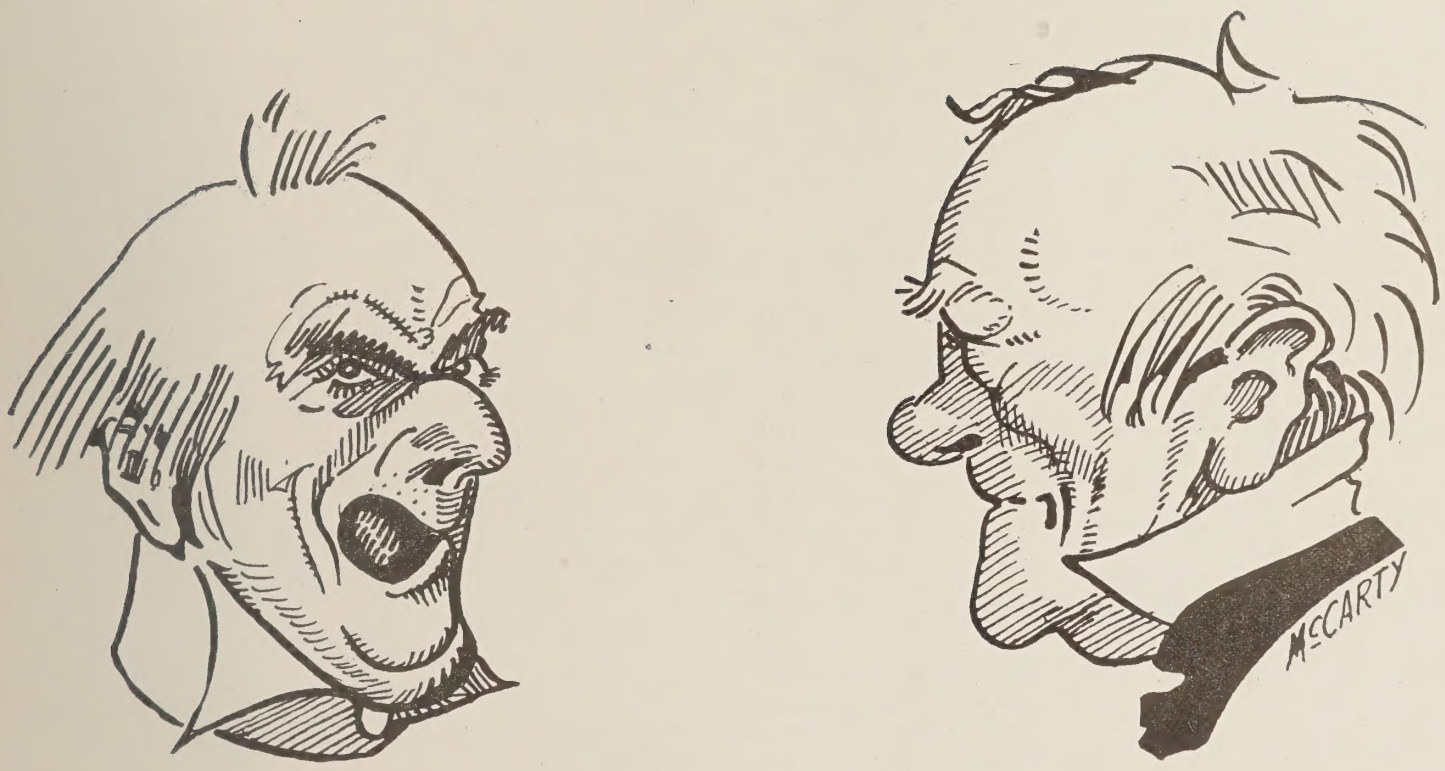
LEAVE FOR GREENSBORO

Raleigh	*Durham*	*Hillsboro*	*Mebane*	*Haw River*	*Graham*	*Burlington*	*Gibsonville*	*Greensboro*
	7:30 A.M.	8:05 A.M.	8:30 A.M.	8:45 A.M.	8:50 A.M.	9:00 A.M.	9:20 A.M.	10:00 A.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:30 A.M.	9:05 A.M.	9:30 A.M.	9:45 A.M.	9:50 A.M.	10:00 A.M.	10:20 A.M.	11:00 A.M.
8:30 A.M.	9:30 A.M.	10:05 A.M.	10:30 A.M.	10:45 A.M.	10:50 A.M.	11:00 A.M.	11:20 A.M.	12:00 N'n
9:30 A.M.	10:30 A.M.	11:05 A.M.	11:30 A.M.	11:45 A.M.	11:50 A.M.	12:00 N'n	12:20 P.M.	1:00 P.M.
10:30 A.M.	11:30 A.M.	12:05 P.M.	12:30 P.M.	12:45 P.M.	12:50 P.M.	1:00 P.M.	1:20 P.M.	2:00 P.M.
11:30 A.M.	12:30 P.M.	1:05 P.M.	1:30 P.M.	1:45 P.M.	1:50 P.M.	2:00 P.M.	2:20 P.M.	3:00 P.M.
12:30 P.M.	1:30 P.M.	2:05 P.M.	2:30 P.M.	2:45 P.M.	2:50 P.M.	3:00 P.M.	3:20 P.M.	4:00 P.M.
1:30 P.M.	2:30 P.M.	3:05 P.M.	3:30 P.M.	3:45 P.M.	3:50 P.M.	4:00 P.M.	4:20 P.M.	5:00 P.M.
2:30 P.M.	3:30 P.M.	4:05 P.M.	4:30 P.M.	4:45 P.M.	4:50 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	5:20 P.M.	6:00 P.M.
3:30 P.M.	4:30 P.M.	5:05 P.M.	5:30 P.M.	5:45 P.M.	5:50 P.M.	6:00 P.M.	6:20 P.M.	7:00 P.M.
4:30 P.M.	5:30 P.M.	6:05 P.M.	6:30 P.M.	6:45 P.M.	6:50 P.M.	7:00 P.M.	7:20 P.M.	8:00 P.M.
5:30 P.M.	6:30 P.M.	7:05 P.M.	7:30 P.M.	7:45 P.M.	7:50 P.M.	8:00 P.M.	8:20 P.M.	9:00 P.M.
6:30 P.M.	7:30 P.M.	8:05 P.M.	8:30 P.M.	8:45 P.M.	8:50 P.M.	9:00 P.M.	9:20 P.M.	10:00 P.M.

Passenger Fares

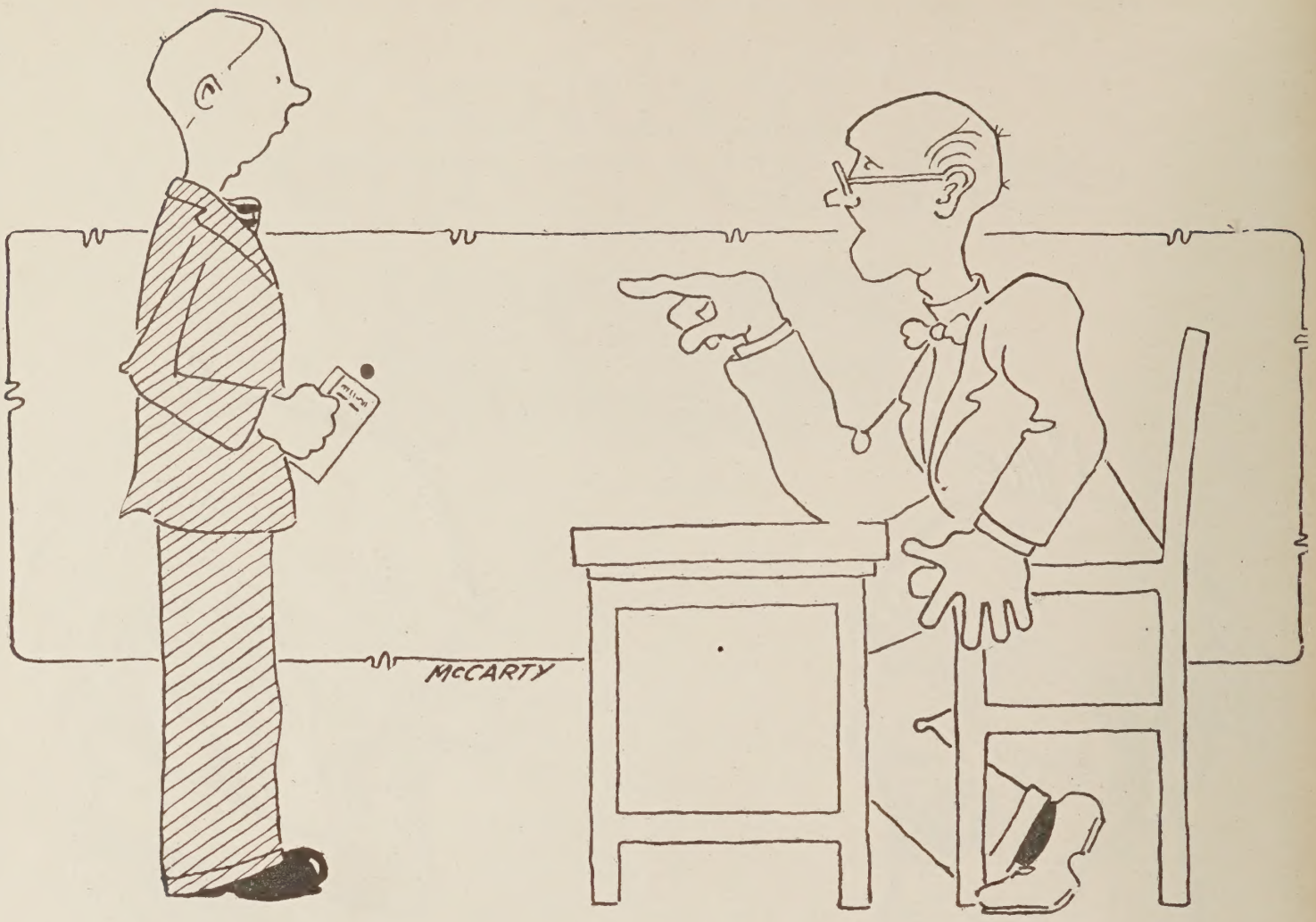
	Gibsonville	Elon College	Burlington	Graham	Haw River	Mebane	Hillsboro	Durham	Morrisville	Raleigh
Greensboro, N. C.	$ .50	$ .60	$ .75	$ .85	$1.00	$1.20	$1.50	$1.75	$2.00	$2.50
Gibsonville, N. C.		.25	.25	.30	.45	.65	1.00	1.50	1.75	2.00
Elon College, N. C.			.25	.25	.45	.65	1.00	1.50	1.75	2.00
Burlington, N. C.				.25	.25	.40	.75	1.25	1.50	1.75
Graham, N. C.					.25	.35	.75	1.15	1.50	1.75
Haw River, N. C.						.25	.50	1.00	1.40	1.70
Mebane, N. C.							.40	.85	1.25	1.60
Hillsboro, N. C.								.50	1.00	1.25
Durham, N. C.									.50	.75
Morrisville, N. C.										.50

OUR COACHES OPERATED BY CAREFULLY SELECTED DRIVERS



Freshmen——

Once!



PROF:—"How much time did you spend on this lesson?"
FROSH:—"One hour,—railroad time."
PROF:—"What do you mean railroad time?"
FROSH:—"One hour, counting stops and delays."

VASELINE

A Tale of Broadway

(Apologies to Longfellow)

This is the age of Jazz. The laughing fools and chorus girls,
Covered with rouge, no garments at all, indistinct in the moonlight,
Stand like vampires French, with voices light and bewitching,
Stand like Sirens of Crete, with hair that covers their bosoms.
Loud from the crowded cafes, the drink-ridden would-be orchestra
Screeches, and in accents unbearable, answers the wail of the traffic.

(To be continued).

ORATOR: And if coeducation were abolished in colleges, what would follow? What would follow, I say?

CHAPEL AUDIENCE, (in unison): We would, sir, we would!

LITERALLY SPEAKING

LADY, (eating baked shad): How do you like piscatorial foods?

GENTLEMAN, (eating steak): Immensely! And how do you like the pastorals?

REVISION NO. 999,999

I thank whatever gods may be
There is no 'I' in graveyard.

"Which one is she"? asked a freshman, pointing at a group of co-eds coming in the gate just as the band started playing "Here Comes Carolina."

Bill, I saw some of your people over in mill town this afternoon.

How do you know they were my people?

One of them tried to bum a match off of me.

THE FRESHMAN
JUST FROM THE STYX

By LONGFELTON

I shipped me out 'o Fayetteville with a freshman just from the Styx,
From a place that was famous for cotton, for sand, for tobacco, and hicks;
His eyes were as blue as a bottle that Bromo Seltzer comes in,
Except the corner of one which was bloodshot from tanking the gin;
He was long and thin and gawky, and his legs had a bit of a bow,
His clothes fit him tight like a nut on a bolt,—looked like his skin you know;
His cap that was pulled to his eyebrow, had a long and narrow brim,
And I thought to myself, "you're a freshman," for I had seen many like him.

As luck would have it this freshman got a room that was just 'cross the way,
So I had a chance to see him and learn about each day;
In a day or so I went busted, not a cent did I have to my name,
And my check was a week to its coming, so my purse was terribly lame;
I needed a five spot badly and didn't know what to do,
For boys with jack for the lending were far between and few;
But in the midst of my grouching that down-home freshman came in,
And simply upon the asking he forked out a five with a grin.

Then one day I flunked on a quiz, and felt sort o' down and out,
It seemed like I'd busted the course, so I was all on a pout;
I cussed and fretted and fumed, and stomped all about on the floor.
Began to think it was useless to work and to sweat anymore,
When into my room comes this freshman with the same old grin on his face
Say's he, —"Aw, buck up and bear it, you make this a heluva place;
There's plenty more quizzes to pass on, so turn that frown to a smile,
For although you flunk 'em and flunk 'em, this grumpiness isn't worth while."

Later on my girl went and kicked me, as all other girls will do
Who say they'll always be faithful, and always be loving and true;
So I began over my cussin', and raised all manner of hell,
'Til that freshman invaded my room and here's what he had to tell:
"Don't bother about that female, she's just a kid, nothing more,
A collection of bones and of muscle, there's been many like her before;
So forget her and cease to worry, just strike her off your mind,
You'll see there are hundreds about you exactly her type and her kind.

So I took his advice as usual, and forgot the girl for a while,
But I sat one night sort o' lonesome for a word or a letter or smile;
Then he enters my room just a-joking, says, "Bob, come on cross the hall,
I just got a box from the home folks, and I simply can't eat it all."
So I hobbled across the hallway to his pickles and chicken and cake,
He told me there it was for me, what I wanted I simply must take;
So soon I forgot my worry—try once and see if you can,
The thing that's better than woman is a friend that's a cordial man.

And all the time he was learning the things they don't teach in books—
How to get along with the fellows and improve in his bearing and looks;
Adaption is what you call it and he adapted him well
To surroundings and to companions, and I as one of them tell—
That the fellow who helped me through college and acted always a friend,
Who cleared up my blues and my grouches, and stuck with me to the end
Is the man whom I take off my hat to,—this fellow who showed me some tricks,
He's the one I thought such a freshman,—that blue-eyed MAN from the Styx.

Pair O' Sights

Mary had a little lamb
Who kissed her on the shoulder;
And every where that Mary went
That lamb was sure to hold 'er.

But this was all the lambkin did,
"I love you, maid," he told 'er;
"That may be so", the young thing said,
"But be a little bolder."

Co-ed, (to drug clerk): Do you keep Mum?

D. C.: Sure, go ahead and tell it.

"Didja ever hear the one about the dirty window?"

"Naw!"

"You couldn't see through it anyway."

"Is Babara fast?"

"Fast? Why her mother won't even let her accompany a young man on the piano unless she is well chaperoned."

THAT FIRST NIGHT

Friend (the morning after): How did you sleep last night?

Frosh: Fine until the floor slid out from under my bed.

"Does it ever rain at Carolina?"

"Seldom. In fact, only about eight days out of the week."

Aged old negro calls at hospital and asks to see his friend who has been operated upon.

Nurse: Your friend is convalescing.

Negro: Well I'll wait 'till he gets through; I ain't in much of a hurry.

Stude: Doc, I've got to have something for insomnia. I haven't been able to sleep at all lately.

Bystander: Try sitting down in front of one of your text-books for a few minutes.

Freshman (joyously): Boys, I got a letter from my woman today.

Soph (contempously): You did. Where's she cooking now?

Marriage licenses are to jump from one dollar per to three dollars in Virginia. Lots of swains and dames are jumping from the front parlor to the court house.

New Testament for Apocrypha of

THE FRESHMAN BIBLE

By Count Abu-Beke Von Bethman Hollweg Smith

TIPS TO FRESHMEN

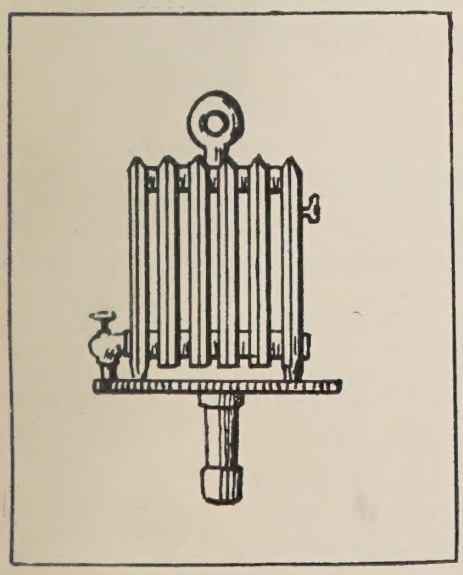
In packing your trunk, to leave for college, you would probably want to know what to bring with you. We would suggest the following in the clothes line:

2 Suits (Union)
2 Pears (Socks, green)
1 Trunk (Bathing)
1 Jersey (Cow?)
0 Towels (supplied by roommate)

The following articles will be found useful from time to time:

1 Piano
1 Pair Rubber boots
1 Radiator
1 Dog tent

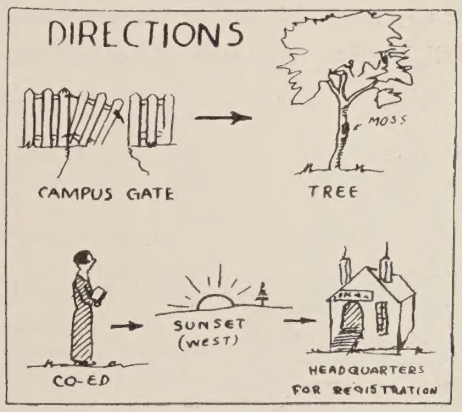
There is one other thing you should attend to before leaving home; be sure to get up on your family history, so you can answer all the questions on the registration card. Photographs of your ancestors will be greatly appreciated by the university, as they serve as an index to your future.



1924 model of radiator key to be worn on watch chain.

REGISTRATION

Follow these instructions and refer to the map: When you come into the campus gate you will see a tree. Walk to this tree and examine it carefully to see which side the moss is growing on; this will be the north side. Now proceed in a northerly direction. After proceeding a hundred yards, you will see a co-ed; such a sight will probably be enough to cause you to lose your direction. You will have to sit down and wait for the sun to set, so as to determine which way the west lies. Proceed in a straight line eastward until you come to a building. This is the registration headquarters which you will, no doubt, find closed. Pitch your tent and wait until morning.



(The Map)

There are a few things you should attend to when you pay your University bill. Be sure to get your bath ticket from the treasurer. In order to be good, this ticket will have to be signed by the Registrar, countersigned by the President, and bear the University seal. As soon as cold weather sets in you should get your radiator key (see illustration).

You will probably want to avail yourself of the library. The process of getting a book out is extremely simple. The first thing required is a physical examination; this is held at the gymnasium. After the examination has been completed you should go to the second floor of the library where your photograph will be taken and your finger prints indexed. After these records have been taken, you may get any book you desire, merely by buying it from the publishers.

UNIVERSITY BATH TICKET
ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO TEN BATHS. ONLY ONE ISSUED PER STUDENT EACH QUARTER.
REGISTRAR
PRESIDENT
GOOD ON SATURDAY ONLY

Cut of bath ticket furnished to all students by University.

LAUNDRY REGULATIONS

Sometime or other in your college career you will have to send some clothes to the laundry. If such should ever happen, you must be careful to go by the regulations set down by the Dean of the Laundry:

1. Be sure to put your bath ticket number on the laundry slip.

2. List the size of your sox and number of holes in each. (Reduced rates on especially holy sox).

3. List size, color, and make of collars and shirts.

4. List age, height, color of eyes, and color of hair.

5. Ed. or Co-ed?

NOTE: All clothes mangled whether specified or not.

COPPER:—"There's no swimming allowed in this pond."
EVA:—"Oh but why didn't you tell me about it before I undressed?"
COPPER:—"Well, I reckon there ain't no law agin that."

FOR BENEFIT OF DUMB-BELLS

Do you ever gamble?

Sure, you chase me.

The point here is tied up in the parody on the word "gamble." The word "gamble" means to wager. In pronunciation it resembles very much the word "gambol" which means to skip or leap about in a frolic. The second person to speak in the joke evidently got the meanings mixed up.

BIG: What is a polygon?

BEN: A dead parrot.

Here the point to be remembered is that Ben who is evidently ignorant of geometrical figures tries to define a word by its sound. "Polygon" sounds to him as if it were spelled polly gone. And he reasons if polly is gone, he must be dead.

I hear you "busted" History 2.

No, that's all.

The second person thought that the first meant this: "I hear you 'busted' History also." The '2' refers to the name of the course.

IRATE FROSH: Hey, how long will I have to wait for a shave?

BARBER, (coolly): About two years son.

The Irate Frosh must have gotten the Barber's goat by being so impatient, so the Barber got it back on him by very cleverly reminding his customer of his youthfulness. He could have taken the Frosh's statement another way of course.

Didn't I meet you in Boston last year?

I've never been to Boston.

Neither have I, so it must have been two other people.

The point in this joke is simply a double case of mistaken identity.

In vain my words, my lady?
In vain my amorous letter?
Then will I find another dame
With whom my line works better.

THE COST OF CAROLINA LIFE

By Dutch

The catalogue issued by this institution for the edification of prospective victims states in no uncertain terms that the expenses of life at Carolina may frequently be reduced to $300 per year. Lest this seem too obscure as an abstract statement, the "Buccaneer" deems it expedient to elucidate in detail, and suggest to the incoming freshman class the manner in which this information may be rendered truthful and unique in the catalogue.

In the first place the tuition at Carolina amounts to $60. a year. To come within the proposed limit this item must be dispensed with. It is easily done by obtaining what is known as a scholarship. If you are a preacher's son, it is yours by divine right and with benefit of clergy; but if you are a mere mortal you may procure one from the Y. M. C. A.

The average room rent is about $75. a term. Avoidance of this needless expense is best accomplished by storing your trunk and belongings in the Aboretum and sleeping in the organ loft of the Episcopal church.

Books and class room expenses may cost as much as $60. a year; but the wise student may eliminate this item by signing for purchases made at the Book-exchange, and paying for them later from the proceeds of his profit-sharing tickets which can be cashed every fifth Saturday at meal hours.

The cost of board is perhaps the largest single expense in the average college account. It usually amounts to about $275. This can be materially reduced by accepting the numerous invitations which you will receive from the members of the faculty to breakfast, lunch and dine with them. They are always delighted to entertain student guests, and most of them have a score or so every day. This provender may be supplemented by a judicious indulgence in caviar and ortolan sandwiches which may be obtained at any of Chapel Hill's leading drug emporiums and charged to some friend's account. By adopting these suggestions the student should be able to live on sumptious fare at an incidental cost of not more than $13. a year.

Library fines are practically the only unavoidable expense at Carolina. These amount to $37 a year, and must be paid if you are working for a degree. If, however, you are working for an education and not for a parchment, no attention need be payed to the library.

The problem presented by the Laundry is easily solved. It is only necessary to claim that you lose every third package and value it at, say, $20. The Laundry will immediately make you a cheque for this amount and out of it you can pay for the two previous weeks and have $.17 left for your trouble.

To the student who intends to join any of the numerous organizations at the University, we suggest that he have himself made Treasurer of the most prosperous of the organizations which he sees fit to join, and out of its treasurery pay the assessments, fines, dues, etc. which are demanded by his other organizations.

Pressing club bills need not be considered. It is not the custom of the students to wear pressed clothes; neither should clothes be cleaned save after week-end dances. Toilet articles may be borrowed from friends, and any true friend is more than glad to have you use his razor while he is at Chapel.

There is a matriculation fee and a publications fee which together amount to about $42.; but due to the activities of the Graham Memorial these can be avoided by the use of a pass-word which may be learned at the registrar's office.

This takes care of most of the expenses of life at Carolina, whether being endured for a degree or an education. A few remaining items are outlined below, the cost of which when added to the estimated $13 for board makes the total mentioned in the catalogue.

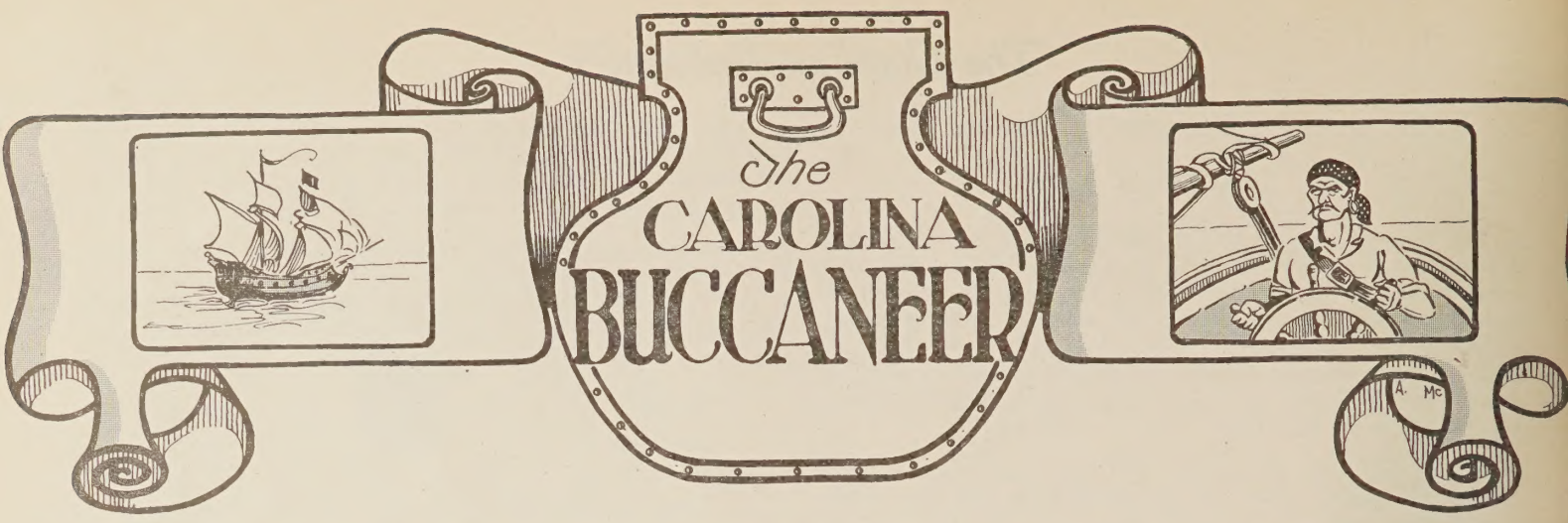
Board	$13.00
Pickwick	45.00
Y. M. C. A.	.15
Trips to Durham	98.00
Cigarettes	44.00*
Gold watch-charms for athletes	99.85
Total	$300.00

*The cigarette item may be cut considerably by "bumming" and the difference applied to the Athletic Watch Charm Fund.

I wrote four poems to my lady's eyes
And four to my lady's hair.
I wrote four poems to my lady's legs;
My lady gave me the air.

PROF:—(rapping on desk) "Order gentlemen, order!"

STUDENT:—(just awakening) "Egg sandwich and cup of coffee."



VOL. II. SEPTEMBER, 1924 NO. 1

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To Twenty Eight

BUCCANEER has thrown away its cap, has grabbed some paint and a brush, has gathered a paddle or two, has begun to disregard everything; for it has reached that stage of imbecility where it is known as a sophomore.

We heard a fairly witty vaudeville gag not long back. The blackface said that his vest *felt* red and was told that he couldn't tell color by its feeling, whereupon he replied by asking, "Did you ever feel blue?" Oh, youthful members of the class of twenty-eight (they foolishly call you men now), you look green, you act green, you cause us to have a greenish taste in our mouths and a greenish odor in our nostrils, you make us feel green,—whether our eyes tell us or not, you *are* green.

At this time the verdancy of the calendar year, displayed by the spring and summer months, has begun to disappear, but another type of verdancy attracts our attention. The fall is the springtime of the college year; the whole campus becomes green with freshmen, with their clothes, their remarks, their brogue, their actions, their walk, their everything. Besides this all members of all other classes are trying to show their advancement to higher classes, and they thereby heighten the color of the collegiate foliage. Last year's freshmen try to be sophs, former sophs attempt to act as juniors, and newborn seniors try to appear as grownups. ("Even as you and I.") So do not become troubled, you representatives of the youngest class,—you are uncouth and unpolished, but the whole campus at this time is in a somewhat awkward position. We may pass a few licks at you, and tell you that the Y. M. C. A. is the best boarding house in town; but all the time we are wishing you the best of luck; not because we are particularly in love with you, but because our so dear Alma Mater, whom you, too, will learn to revere and denounce, needs you, needs your money, and the advertising you give it with your pins and belts.

Then look at these weary, red-eyed college professors,—you are a great help to them, do you realize it?—green is very restful. You are a great aid to everyone, to the janitors, to the merchants, to the bus drivers,—to everyone. No one could do without you,—what, pray tell us, could we call this number of The Buccaneer were it not for you?

Legs and Other Things of Note

THE above subject has little to do with the matter at hand, but there had to be some means by which we could cause any one who might happen to turn these pages, to read what the policy of the present editorial staff is. Two questions usually arise when a college comic is concerned, these being questions of originality and cleanliness. So as The Buccaneer sets sail for its second, after the first short but successful cruise, it will open its log to all interested.

To make ourselves clear in one respect in one sentence, —we simply do not want anything which is not original, which even smacks of unoriginality, or which seems in the least to be counterfeit. Old ideas cleverly reworked are acceptable, the use of old forms with new ideas is permitted, but nothing is desired which will cause one to think, "Well, I've read or seen or heard this somewhere." If you can't write try out for the football team, or the band, or anything else except The Buccaneer staff. On the other hand some of this spurious element of college literature may curse our pages, because it is impossible to have read and seen everything. And, too, if any reader should become aware of the fact that there is a counterfeiter aboard, The Buccaneer, while having a rank and bloody crew, would thank this reader for notification of the existence of said impostor, whereupon the latter would be forced to walk the plank.

As to cleanliness! Would you be willing to have your name signed to the material you submit? Would you be willing to send the issue containing this material to your mother or girl or sister? Ask yourself these questions before your material is handed to this magazine, and if the answer which arises in you is negative, decorate your trunk with the copy. But Buccaneer understands, too, that some persons are so thoroughly narrow-minded that criticism along this line comes from their lips upon the reading of "Alice in Wonderland;" and that, furthermore, other persons have such vulgar inclinations that nothing seems thoroughly clean to them. These, when there is no dirt, create dirt. We advise that matter pertaining to regions of the patella downward, and from the transpyloric plane upward, with two exceptions, is acceptable.

To Continue

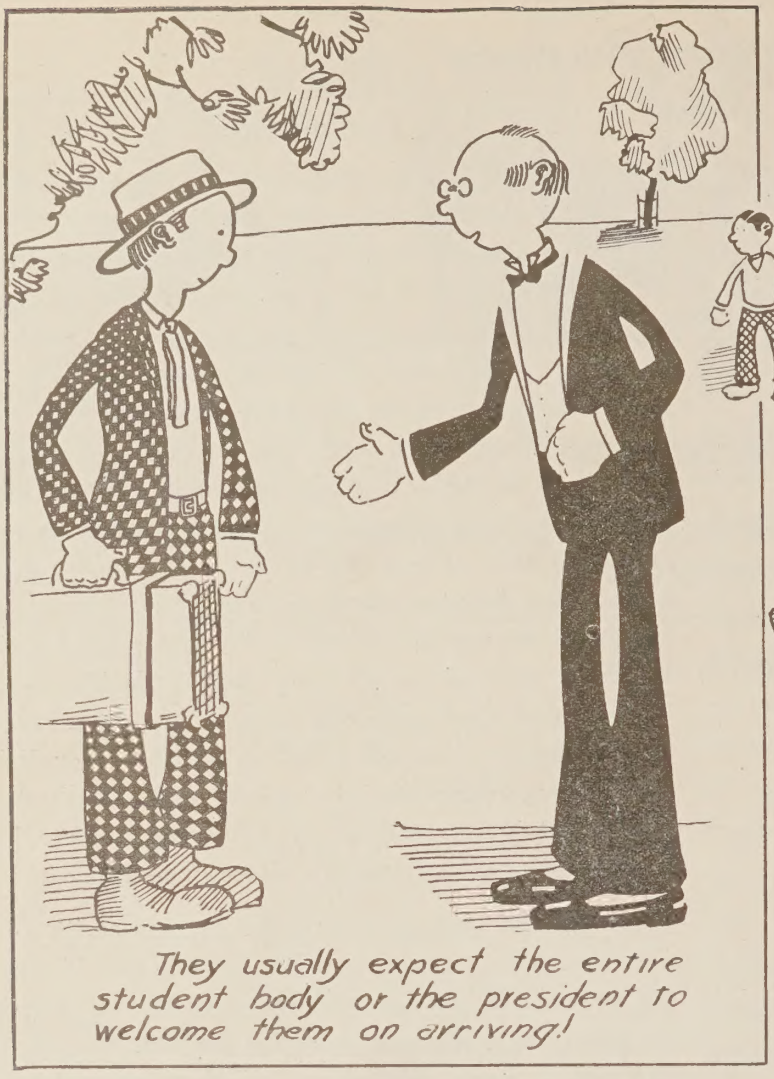
MOST college comics call themselves such and at the same time deal, for the most part, with things utterly foreign to any educational institution. Every comic has high ideals, most of which flatten themselves; and one of ours is to make this magazine treat largely of colleges, college activities, college students both in and out of school, professors, classes, buildings, ideals, yells, songs, and the like. At the same time there will be a tendency toward localization which must be overcome altogether. Subject matter of manuscript should be of such nature that it will apply not only to "our own dear, and wonderful university," but to practically all institutions of higher education. For instance, the public at large doesn't know whether the Booloo Club is the most revered organization on the campus or not, nor does it know whether Davie Hall is the library or dining-hall. At the same time the general reader understands (supposedly) that there are the "freshest freshmen," and that there is such a thing as a biology department.

Buccaneer hopes also to murder every one with words, and to confiscate everything with expressions. If you are not struck at in this issue and are sensitive, you run a better chance by jumping overboard; for your turn is next. Of course it expects a few blows in return, especially from those who criticize and do not contribute; but it has withstood blows before, can certainly repay them, and—what is a scar or two, anyway?

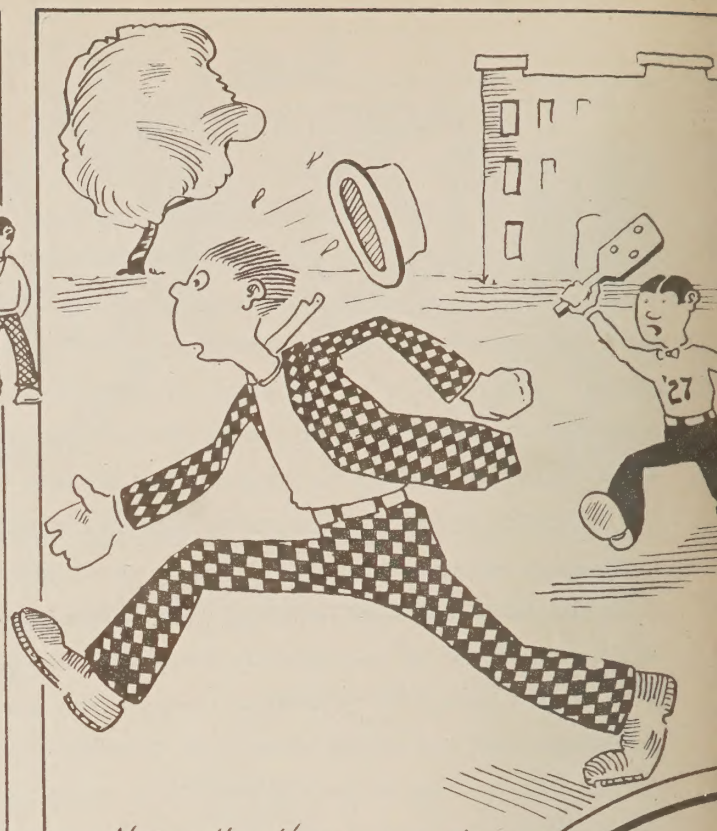
For Contributor's Benefit

THERE are many places vacant on both the literary and the art staff; if an exceptionally good writer or cartoonist would show up, a place could be created for him. This comic is not under the control of any group of men other than those making up our board; all capable men run an equal chance with us. Contributions are welcomed, and it is hoped that they come up to the standards set forth in the few preceding paragraphs. Material for TOBACCO NUMBER must be in by September 25th, and for the PIRATE NUMBER by October 25th. All copy should be typewritten and submitted to the Editor, or mailed to Box 831, Chapel Hill, N. C.

S. S. S.—Meaning sweat, smell, and smile.



They usually expect the entire student body or the president to welcome them on arriving!



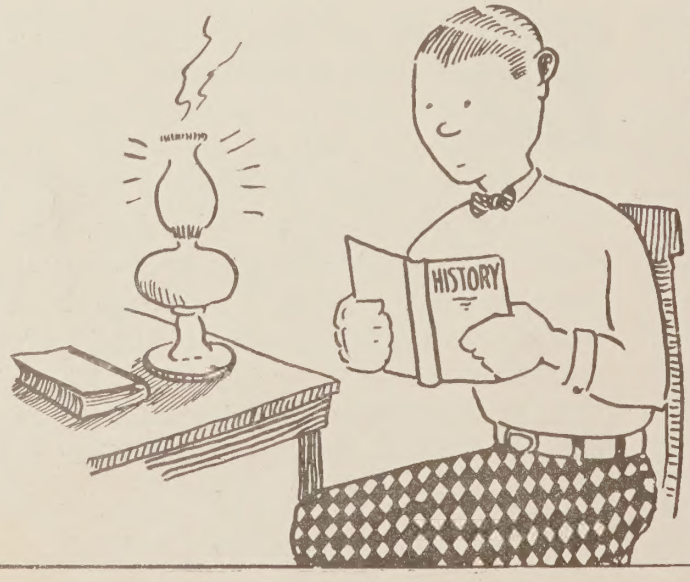
Naturally they expect to be "rushed" by the dreaded "Sophs."

WHAT

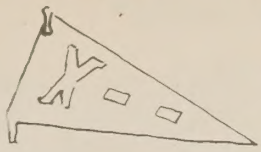
The Pipe

F

They always expect to study hard and surprise the folks at home.



And surely they'll e "rushed" by all he Frats!



EXPECT

ot a Frosh

T

If they've ever seen a football game they can't help but expect to be the hero of the "Fresh" team!

They are always fooled when they expect to meet up with pretty co-eds on the Campus.

They actually expect to write home at least once a week.

WHY BARNUM SAID IT

"Let's hie us home," said I to my companion. "There isn't a freshman left on whom we can dump this last season ticket for chapel attendance. Why the few freshmen we haven't sold radiator keep and shower bath tickets and all the other privileges to don't even believe in Santa Claus!"

Just then the dulcet voice of a stripling caught my ear. He sang:

"How in heaven's name
Can the old folks ascertain
That it isn't going to rain any more?"

"Hold!" screamed I. "Now we can sell that last ticket."

Every elevator has its ups and downs.

Little Nell was so dumb she thought Caruso was born in the Singer building.

"Why do you call your children peas, beans, corn and tomatoes?"

"So I can holler 'soup' and they'll all come home."

He: Did she get much silver for wedding presents?

She: Yes, she got one hundred spoons. Three were marked "Sterling" and ninety-seven were marked "Pullman."

1: Why is a bad trait of character like a picture?

2: I don't know, why?

1: They're both po-traits.

CASH DOWN!

Frosh (to doctor): "I just swallowed a dime."

Doc: "Was it good?"

Frosh: "Yes."

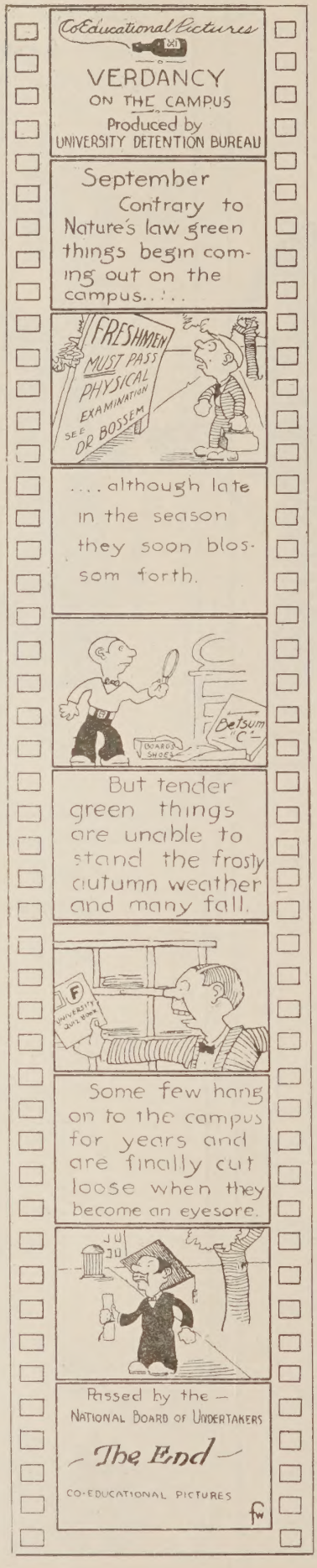
Doc: "Well, it'll pass all right."

Have you heard the one about the dirty shirt?

Naw!

Well, that's one on you.

"The drinks are on me," said the soda clerk as he spilt the "dopes."


Co-Educational Pictures
VERDANCY
ON THE CAMPUS
Produced by
UNIVERSITY DETENTION BUREAU
September
Contrary to Nature's law green things begin coming out on the campus.....
FRESHMEN MUST PASS PHYSICAL EXAMINATION SEE DR BOSSEM
....although late in the season they soon blossom forth.
Betsum "C"
But tender green things are unable to stand the frosty autumn weather and many fall.
F
Some few hang on to the campus for years and are finally cut loose when they become an eyesore.
Passed by the —
National Board of Undertakers
The End
CO-EDUCATIONAL PICTURES

SALESMANSHIP

Salesmanship is the art of putting off on somebody else something you don't want yourself, and taking away money with you as a bonus for helping yourself.

There have been great salesmen in the world's history.

For instance, there is that guy who sold a chorus girl a dress.

Another fellow, very enterprising, sold a pair of garters to a girl who "rolled her own."

One man, a magazine agent, went to the poorhouse and took a half dozen subscriptions for "Success" Magazine.

One very exceptional salesman sold a corset at a college hop.

One very, very exceptional salesman sold a blind man a monicle.

It is not, however, a test of salesmanship to sell anything to freshmen.

Two popular yells:

Football—
Hey, George!
Touchdown.

Summer School—
Ah, Bo!
Retum.

Prof. (latin): Conjugate verb "to shine."

Pea Green (to class mate): "What is it?"

Old Stude: "D—n if I know."

Pea Green: "Damfino, damfinare, damfinavi, damfinatus."

THE COLLEGE YEAR

(As it should be in the Catalogue)

The College Year is divided into three parts, the first of which is the Fall, the second the Doom and the third the Annihilation, of approximately twelve weeks each, and a summer quarter for the retrieving of lost courses. There is a Thanksgiving recess of seven days, a Christmas recess of approximately two weeks, and an Easter recess of seven days. These recesses have been set aside by the University fathers, who in their infinite wisdom, thus delude the silly students into thinking that they are having a holiday whereas the professors are propitiously afforded opportunity to pile a week's work upon the poor student's back for every day thus donated.

TEARS

Falling, glistening pearls of grief,
Kissing skin so fair.
Mingled with my woe, relief,
For they show you care.

THE BOY: Pa can't keep Ma at home.

THE MAN: What's he going to do about it?

THE BOY: Take the man in as a boarder.

MEN OF LETTERS

Homo viridis to his *amicus:*

Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
Send me $10,
And I'll owe you.

The *amicus* to the *homo viridis:*

Roses are red,
Poesies are pink.
I'll send you $10,
I don't think.

"How do you get that way," inquired the little boy of the big fat lady who stepped off the scales.

"Have your fare ready," suggested the customer to the manager of the cafeteria.

First Freshman: "Say, where are the shower baths?"

Second Ditto: "I don't know; I've only been here three weeks myself."

THE LEDGEND OF HACEED B. BROWN

Haceed B. Brown was a poor but deserving country boy. He attended the Cognac High School for four years, and had distinguished himself there as an orator, having participated in the statewide debate held by the Contention Department of the University.

Time came for the commencement exercises at Cognac. The big address was made by the honorable D. Gree Grabber, a graduate student at the University, who was sent out by the Contention Department. But the best part of the program was the oration of Cognac's best student, Haceed B. Brown. The speech, "America, the Home of the Free", won the Si Perkins medal, which is awarded to the best graduating speaker of the high school.

The University speaker inspired into the soul of our rural hero the desire to enter the University and become famous. Arrangements being made, he entered the University in the fall.

His first year in college was taken up with study and work. He devoted much time to the pursuit of his studies. He held a position in the University co-operative boarding house for college gentlemen. Following the advice of his freshman handbook, Haceed joined the literary society, and went out for the freshman debate. He won great fame by making an alternate's place.

During his freshman year he went down to the gym to witness one or two of the week-end dances held there. Timidly he watched the merry terpsichoreans from a secluded place in the gallery. This marked the beginning of a great life for Cognac's pride. He took dancing lessons and began to smoke cigs. He gave up his debating activities and also his studies.

x x x x x x

(four years later)

Item from the Cognac *Dispatch:*

Local folks will be glad to learn that Haceed B. Brown, who finished at the University law school last spring will teach in the Cognac High School next year. He will instruct agriculture.

He dislikes musical comedies
With all their display of figures;
But he is a man with all that.
The explanation is given
That he grows tired of figures
In his work which is that of
A public accountant.

A ZOOLOGICAL DIALOGUE

Young Latin Prof. (teaching class of freshmen):

"Mr. Wolf, read the next passage."

Mr. Wolf: "I am unprepared, sir."

"As usual. Mr. Fox, then, read the next passage."

"I am unprepared, too."

"Uh, huh. Well, Mr. Lamb, can you read it?"

"I am afraid I can't sir."

"I am, too. Let me tell you, Wolf, and Fox, and Lamb, I would predict a failure on this course, except for the fact that I am a member of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals."

Bot. Prof: What animal nearest approaches man?

Frosh: The bed-bug, sir!

Our idea of a freshman: The guy who rooms with a Scotchman and a Jew and trys to borrow money from both.

THIS FREELESS COUNTRY

What crime is Jack charged with?

He's accused of going to bed with the sun.

The (angrily): I'm going down and make that cobbler fix this shoe again for nothing.

Acquaintance: If it's done for you it'll be for nothing.

STUDENT COUNCILMAN:—"What are those felows doing in the next room?"

VOICE OF 28:—"I think they are talking about getting married."

STUDE. COUNCILMAN:—"How do you know?"

V. OF 2:—Why, I heard one of them say he'd raise one and another said he'd raise two.

HARRY: What's to hinder us going to the clubhouse together Mary?

MARY: Not a thing, Harry, except I'm not going.

Aged and bent old agriculturist, approaching prosperous-looking but verdant college frosh: "Can't you help me out a little? I lost a hoss las' year some time back an' I'm tryin' to get enough money to buy me anoder."

Sympathetically the frosh replies: "I'm sorry but I ain't got any money, but I will help you find your horse."

"This is food for reflection," said the billy-goat as he ate the looking-glass.

Traveling Salesman: "Is the buyer in?"
Clerk: "No, he is out for dinner."
T. S.: "Will he be back after dinner?"
Clerk: "Nope, that's what he went after."

Baseball term: "Out at Home."

English Prof: Define the word "hypocrite."

Soph: A hypocrite is a freshman who comes down here from off a farm where he has heard nothing but hoot-owls hoot and bull frogs bull all his life, and the first time he hears a whip-poor-will singing he yells out "Hey, you fellows, stop that blamed whistling so I can sleep."

"When I get out of this place I'm gonna have a hot time," said the convict who was serving a life term.

We were reading our morning paper the other day and came across the following headline which puzzled us very much:

"FATHER OF FIFTEEN, MOTHER OF SIXTEEN"

We were very much relieved upon reading the article to learn that the fifteen and the sixteen referred to age rather than children.

"Line's busy," announced the hangman as he started on his latest job.

"Is this the feed store? Well send around a bale of hay."

"Who is it for?" questioned the clerk on the other end of the line.

"Don't get fresh," yelled the hired man, "it's for the horse."

"I'm out with you," said the first stude to his pal as they were both ejected from the theatre.

"It is all over, now," said the freshman after the sophs had painted him green.

MATRICULATION BLANK

Every Man Who Attempts to Have His or Its Name Printed as a Member of the BUCCANEER Staff Must Fill Out the Following Blank Upon Receipt of Application, and Mail Same to the Editor of This Magazine.

1. Name (First, last, and always).....
2. Name of great-great uncle.....
3. Why? .....
4. Hometown address (Automobile license number will do).....
5. Married? ..... If so, why? .....
6. Children? .....
   Age, color, and experience.....
7. Where educated? .....
   Do you consider this an education?.....
8. Have you ever played cricket? .....
9. Other athletic records .....
10. Church membership .....
11. Average Sunday collection .....
12. Why do you smoke? .....
13. Would you really walk a mile for one, or do they actually satisfy? .....
14. Do you raise your hand when desiring to answer a question on class? .....
15. What is a question on class? .....
16. Who? (This is important). .....
17. What newspaper fired you? .....
18. Place of college existence .....
19. Whose hat have you borrowed? .....
20. Why should you fill out this blank? .....
21. Is there much difference between this and the blank you are required to fill out when you register? .....

STUDENT: I think my ticket blew out the window.

CONDUCTOR: Don't try to fool me!

STUDENT: But it did.

CONDUCTOR: Maybe so, but don't try to tell me you were thinking.

NAME:—"Why don't they have more railroad switches?"

LESS:—"All engines have a tender behind."

Classification of Class

Freshmen, whether they know it or not, are easily recognized; and upon recognition the great majority of them are placed in one of two classes.

Representatives of the one class enter the campus with the idea that the president will meet them at the gate; and, after a cordial handshake and interview, will detail porters to convey their baggage to its nine-months resting place. This is not because of a feeling of self-importance, but because of ignorance. Then, upon arrival, they find that their expectations were false,—there is no president at the gate, no porter cares for their bag. Their highest hopes splatter into nothing on the walk during the first few steps as collegiate infants; they are lost in the immensity of the place, and find that their insignificance is the most outstanding feature of college. So in addition to an ignorance which is evident, theirs is a meekness which alone would label a first-year man. These have no idea that anyone thinks them other than beginners, and surely not even the lowest orders, the sophomores and janitors, can mistake them; they usually do not. However, a few of this class of freshmen are so destitute of intelligence that they are ignorant of the fact that they are green; so they proceed to make their verdancy prominent, and the length of time served here fully known.

Then there is the other type,—the men-of-the-world freshmen. They fail to see that the president did not meet them, until the beginning of their junior year, and this seldom comes. These are the men who go to the extremes in style, who brag of the parties they have pulled, who talk as if they know and have had intimate relations with nearly every girl in the State, who begin the year by "cussin' out" the first prof on the first class, who see no advantage in associating with any except a chosen few, who—well, these and other actions and attitudes declare their inferiority, not superiority.

Be not deceived; if you are a freshman everybody knows it, and if you are not included in this "everybody" the "everybody" considers you nobody.

EXTRACTING THE RADICAL ROOT—AS IT SEEMS TO THE AVERAGE FRESHMAN

PREHISTORIC VERSE

My right foot is a lazy thing,
It will not dance a step
Until the band begins to jazz,
And play with all its pep.

I have to help it up the steps
When I get in a car,
But it can always find the rail
When I go in a bar.

ONE LAB. COURSE YOU SHOULD TAKE:

Astronomy lab. with a class of co-eds. You will learn a lot about everything except stars. Extra lab. fee will be charged on moonlight nights.

One consolation for the professors: they don't have to sit up late at night making out their income tax reports.

New definition of a cynic: the guy who disagrees with the theory of evolution because he thinks it insults the ape.

College student got shipped because he took too many books from the Library. College students get shipped sometimes because they don't take any books from the library. It's a great life if you don't weaken.

"Two bad," said the chef as he broke the three eggs.

"THE FOUNTAIN PEN'S MISTAKE;" OR "WHY LITTLE BOYS LEAVE SCHOOL."

Willie Green, freshman, came from a big prep. school. He had a terrible line with the women, but his lines home were short and sweet—usually something like this: "Please send fifty. Your Dear Son."

Willie developed a correspondence with the unfair sex—including his mother. His father was dead, and to mamma he always wrote when short of funds.

One day Willie's girl (whom he usually addressed as "Sweet Mamma") was surprised to receive this letter:

"Dear Mamma:

I am in need of one hundred dollars to pay board, buy books, pay fees, and to pay numerous other expenses. Please send it at once.

"Lovingly, "Willie."

The same day Willie's *real* mama wondered why his letter was so long. Amazed, she read:

"My Dearest, Cutest, Own Sweet Little Mama:

"My heart has been fluctuating like oil stock under the Teapot Dome investigation ever since I received your darling, delightful, delirious, delicious, dainty, little letter. It came like a bottle of Burgundy wine falling from Heaven to a lone, thirsty, tired, worn-out wanderer in the Sahara desert. I feel like John D. Rockefeller will feel if they ever do away with the income tax; that letter was sweet nectar delivered from your own precious little lips which some day I expect to kiss.

"Too bad, sweet mama, that you had the blues. I wish that I were there so that I might chase them away with hugs and kisses like Romeo did to Juliet. We would live on hugs and kisses and let Cupid wash the dishes. I would look into your limpid, pool-like eyes and like a bird-dog I'd jump into your eyes and then crawl out on your eye-lids and dry myself on your eye-brows.

"I rave about you for 48 out of the 24 hours every day. I long to embrace your warm self, and to fondle your beautiful, queen-like bobbed tresses. I could row down life's stream with you alone as my partner and be happy ever after. With you to encourage me I would be bound to pass my French; I would feel like carrying Mount Mitchell on one shoulder and you on the other.

"Your Own Sweet Papa,
"Willie."

Willie's mother feared that his health was bad and he is now clerking in a grocery store.

SLUSH

Great wondrous, dreamy eyes,
Black or brown or blue,—
*And crossed ******
Fluffy, wind-blown hair
With curls and rings—
*And dandruff *******
Tiny tongue that speaks
A tingling, ringing string—
*Of damns ******
Ruby lips so sweet
With smiling youth—
*And rouge ******
And teeth so white,
Excepting one thin coat—
*Of yellow *******
Voices that flow from depths
Of thought and tell you—
*Nothing ******
Cheeks radiant
With fiery glow—
*Of freckles ******
Arms modelled after
Cleopatra's—
*Butcher's *******
Skin clear and soft,
Like lazy, snowy clouds—
*Or mush ******
Laughter that scampers
Through your ears—
*Like gnats ******
Forms that nature made
In blissful times
*Of ignorance *****
Silken hose that cling
And look so smooth—
*In ads ******
Huge wads of gum
Great plates of cod-fish balls
Shapeless piles of nothing
Perfume, powder, sweat,
Neckers of the campus gods,
Co-Eds!

She is long. Slim. Slender. Such graceful lines. Very pleasing to the eye. Such beautiful color. The perfection in harmony. So charming. Simply stunning. And stylish, too. Can't be equalled for style. And fast. More than a mile a minute. Makes you dizzy to even think of her speed. Always ready for a good time. Just you and her out on a country road. Oh boy. Any man would be proud to own her. And she's quiet with all her speed. The faster, the more silence. But gee, she's expensive. Cost me a pretty sum. Certainly costs a lot when it's time to retire. You see I use balloon tires on my super-six.

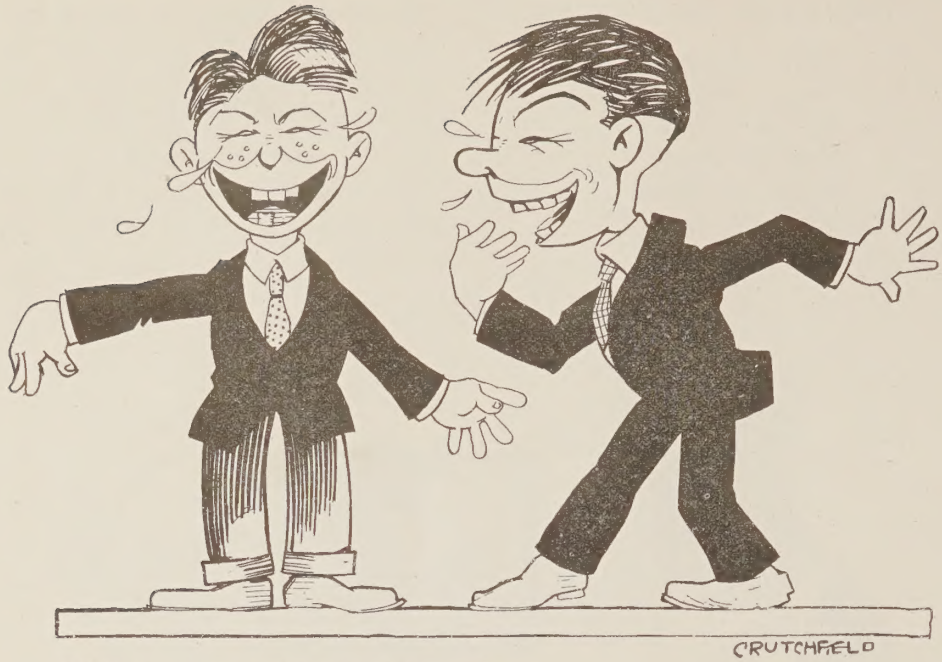
SOME MORE FREE VERSE

Meat and drink,
Dance and sing,
It used to be.
Meet and drink,
Dance and drink,
Always drink,
It is now.

Beauty and brains never go together. That's why the same women don't use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Roth's Memory Course.

"You are in my grip now," said the college boy as he slipped the flask into his valise.

TIM: Where did you get the picture?
TOM: Bought it yesterday at Poulon's.
TIM: But I didn't know you were artistic.
TOM: I wasn't, I was drunk.



GREEN: I lost my breath this morning.
BROWN: Did you, where did you find it?
GREEN: In the gymnasium, that's where I lost it.

PASTE THESE ON YOUR WALL

(Author's note: The author was prompted to write the following out of his compassion for all dumb animals and the desire to save the new men from as much discomfiture and embarrassment as possible).

Dedicated to the belief that all men are created free and equal, and that some will do by merely being told.

1. If, after alighting from the Carrboro Limited, there is no one to meet you, telephone the president and he will immediately dispatch the City Pound Wagon to bring you in.

3. Owing to the limited number of men the fraternities can accommodate, all freshmen desiring to join fraternities should go to the frat they wish to join and make their $5.00 deposit as soon after arrival as possible. Not knowing this in time has kept much good frat material out of fraternities until their Sophomore year.

3. Don't allow yourself to be led away from Swain Hall. Swain Hall has the most comfortable troughs in town.

4. Due to the fact that most freshmen are conditioned on the catalogue, it is advisable that they pass that condition off as quickly as possible. It is best that they take it under some senior before the dean drags them in and gives it to them. A Senior will make it easier and give you a better mark.

5. All buildings are first made into large Halls and later cut up into class rooms at the students desire. If you find a Hall where you would like to have classes, advise your dean at once and he will have you a class room sectioned off immediately. Not cutting up a Hall into class rooms when it is built saves money in case the students don't like the location and it has to be torn away. Memorial Hall is a possible example of this. The reason that it still stands is probably the fact that the roof might fall on someone after the walls were removed.

(Note: The above does not apply to halls in dormitories.)

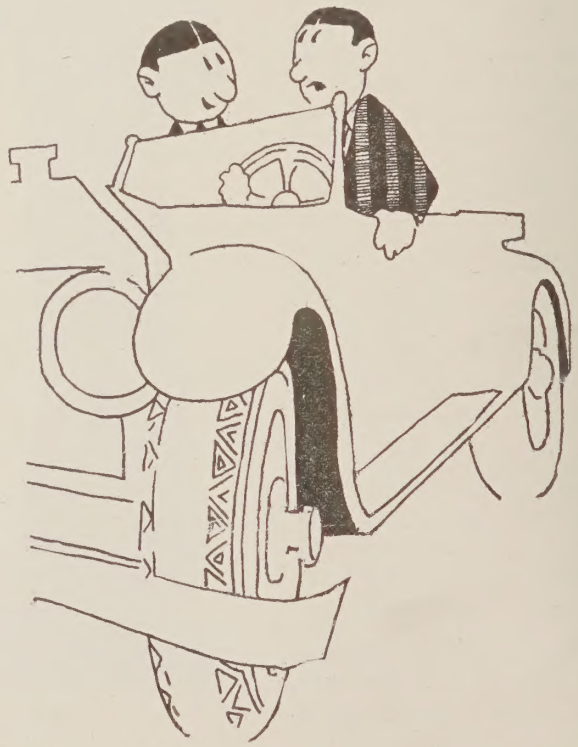
6. Secure your "Pick" tickets from the treasurer's office. They were paid for in your debating fee.

7. If you value your life, never go near the Biology building as Biology professors are continually on the lookout for the "missing link."

8. Secure your chapel seats from the Y. M. C. A. at reduced prices. The "Y" is doing you a real favor to you in selling them so cheaply, and you should patronize it.

9. Don't let such signs as "School Ahead, Go Slow", cause you to be late to an 8:30 class. The prof. had rather pay your fine than have his class awakened by your abrupt entrance.

10. All freshmen desiring 'campus courses' should register with the "Dean of Transportation."



DRUNK: "Say, I wancha to be careful. Firsh thing ya know you'll have us in a ditch."

DRUNKER: "Me? Why, I always tho't you was drivin'."

INSEPARABLE

A Successful Year

A Pleasant Place to Eat

The University Cafeteria

RIDE WITH

Ernest & Dewey

Headquarters at

THOMPSON'S SMOKE SHOP

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"Honest to Goodness I'm Glad"

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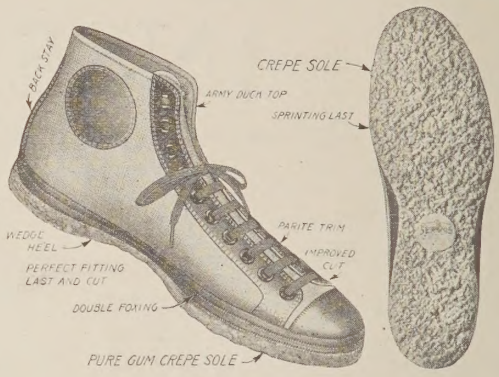
Student Supplies and Athletic Goods



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Phone 300 CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

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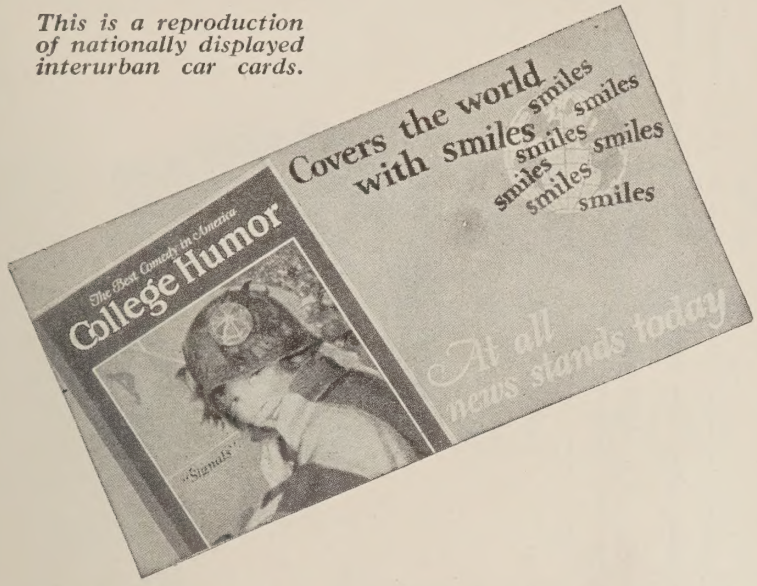

DEAN AVERY, *Editor,*
"The Pelican,"
University of California.
Says: "The PELICAN has always regarded COLLEGE HUMOR as the most worthy magazine representing the college comics and is, as ever, behind you, shoulder and all. You may look to us at any time for our utmost co-operation."

HARRY J. TAYLOR, *Editor,*
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Says: "We appreciate your service to us. Your diversified advertising and material, by its nature, approaches our alumni and independent readers in a way which we could not hope to achieve in our own pages."

LAURENCE A. DUNN, *Bus. Mgr.,*
"Colorado Dodo,"
University of Colorado.
Says: "We believe you have done more than any other publication can ever do for all of the college comics of the country."

College Humor

What it is
What it does

IT is exactly what its name indicates—**College Humor**—*your* humor. When it is advertised in street cars and PRINTER'S INK; when it is broadcasted by radio and whenever **College Humor** is read it popularizes your comic.

IT is read by approximately 3,000,000 people each issue and focuses the attention of everybody on the college comics.

PAGE 79 of the Autumn Issue now on sale (the cover is reproduced at your left) tells you of the considerate policies of ***College Humor.*** We now maintain a College Comic Service Dept.

THE three letters at your left speak for themselves—for us—for you.

The college comic is popularized, advertised and helped nationally by

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Chicago, Ill.

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Money and Midnight

Money, as the origin of evil, has been cussed and discussed throughout all ages. However, granting the worship of dollars is deplorable, a healthy respect for money is both wise and necessary.

Gooch's is kept open during the midnight hours in order to help you cultivate this respect for money. While we have no canaries singing serenades in willow cages, the atmosphere and setting of this Cafe is distinctively "Carolina."

Further respect for "the coin of the realm" may be shown through the use of "money-saving" meal tickets. For a five-dollar bill you get a five-dollar ticket plus .50 in cash. For a ten dollar bill, ten dollars in tickets plus $1.50 in cash. Hundreds use this system.

College Inn

In Connection With

QUALITY ~ SERVICE
GOOCH'S CAFE
SINCE 1903

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

Craftbuilt Printing

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

CRAFTBUILT

Christian & King Printing Company

Craftbuilt Printing

212 NORTH CORCORAN STREET
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

A DRUG STORE

AND ALL THAT IT MEANS

Friends: To enjoy with you your pleasures, to help you in sickness. *Friends,* who have worked long to bring before you the very latest of the little articles and necessities, which go only with the most modern drug stores.. . . . . .
WE KEEP THE FAITH.

Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors

TO YOU ALL WE OFFER A

Friendly Greeting

Sutton & Alderman's
Druggists
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
Sutton's Main Street Pharmacy
DURHAM, N. C.

Par
THE ARISTOCRAT OF
ARROW
COLLARS
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., MAKERS.

THE CAROLINA

Buccaneer

TWO-BITS

"PREFERRED BY THREE GENERATIONS"

DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

Joe Gish learns about women from

MILLICENT
the Professor's Daughter

The illustrations to the east and west show Millicent before and after. Before is when, as Professor Crichenning's daughter, her life interest centers in the Hegel boys.

After is when, as current flame of Joe Gish, Esq., she is seeing more of the world. Also, as you will note by the Paris gown, the world is seeing more of Millicent. My reputation as a discoverer was considerably increased by Milly's success with the stags at eve. But the real credit belongs to *Vanity Fair*. When I first saw Millicent I knew that some Spartan remedy was needed. So I parted with my last two dollars and sent her a subscription . . .

To my delight, she emerged from the doldrums immediately. She replaced tangents with tangoes. She learned to ignite a dinner party. She can now tell a tennis racquet from other noises. I am receiving cordial invitations from Millicent and A grades from her father.

Joe Gish

10 issues for $2

VANITY FAIR

TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN

Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Vanity Fair:

One of my Profs is in immediate danger of flunking me. A little attention judiciously distributed to his daughter Miriam may save the day. For TWO DOLLARS enclosed send me TEN ISSUES of Vanity Fair.

Name, etc. .....

.....

.....

Illustrations copyright by Vanity Fair

PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

Found
After 50 Years

AFTER fifty years of pipe-making, Charatan of London proudly presents the GORDON UNDERBOAR—the perfect pipe.

Made of choice Algerian Bruyere, sun-ripened for many years, flush-mounted with a hand-cut, highest-quality Vulcanite stem, the GORDON UNDERBOAR is an achievement in beauty alone.

Yet Charatan has not stopped there, for he has perfected the most efficient self-cleaner known today. The illustration shows how the cleaner goes completely under the bowl, eliminating any chance of a bad-tasting "slug." Every trace of nicotine and moisture is removed when the stem is withdrawn, assuring you of a cool, clean, sweet smoke at all times.

GORDON UNDERBOAR is sold and unconditionally guaranteed against burning thru or cracking, by

Sutton & Alderman

Samuel Gordon
95 Madison Ave., New York
Sole American Distributer

GORDON
Underboar

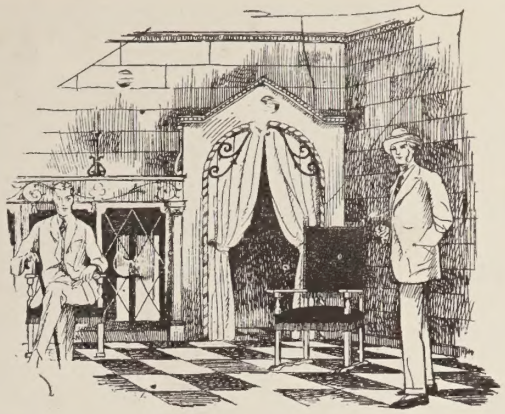
I have just had a break with a sweetheart of mine
And I'm feeling pretty blue.
We had gone together for six whole years,
But, at last, thank God, I'm thru.

She was slender and white as a wraith from the moon,
With a skin like satin fine;
She would come to my lips at my faintest desire,
One kiss—and on nectar I'd dine.

I carried her with me—six years, as I've said,
The happiest years I have known;
She was ready to cheer me up, day or night,
But I'm thru and I'm going ahead—on my own!

Though I loved her I found she was harming me, too,
My angel! my sweetheart! my pet!
You surely must know her, she's one of the best;
For her name is—Cigarette.

—Bison.



The "Greenleaf Shop"

Is a new development within the Greentree Store—it provides a complete answer to the question of those who would keep ahead in the modes for men.

Within its portals you will find new and smart ideas in abundance. When in Richmond take the time to inspect the *Greenleaf Shop*, you will be enthused and pleased.

Meyer Greentree

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Just as You Always Feel

More self-assured if you know you are well dressed, so will your letters improve when your stationery suits your individuality. It helps a lot to know that your stationery is correct.

Old Hampshire Stationery

possesses a quiet dignity that makes it the choice of the discriminating.

Sold by R. W. FOISTER

Fine Stationery Department HAMPSHIRE PAPER CO.
SO. HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

You Will Want to See

—on—

November 1—John Barrymore in *Beau Brummel*
November 5—Gloria Swanson in *Manhandled*
November 7—Paramount's *Wanderer of the Wasteland*
November 12—*Enemies of the Woman*
November 17—*Little Old New York*
November 20—Paramount's *Feet of Clay*
November 21—*The Sea Hawk*

—AT—

PICKWICK THEATRE

"Almost a Part of Carolina"

The
BANK OF CHAPEL HILL

Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County

Capital	$25,000.00
Surplus	$50,000.00

M. C. S. Noble, *President* R. L. Strowd, *Vice-President*
M. E. Hogan, *Cashier*

INQUISITIVE LADY (on a visit to a battleship): "And did they put those rocks way to the bottom of the ocean to build that breakwater?"

ASSURING GOB: "No, madam; they left two inches so that the fish could swim through."

—Chaparral.

1ST STUDE—"What kind of a cigarette are you smoking?"
2ND STUDE—"Robinson Crusoe."
1ST STUDE—"Go on, there ain't no such kind."
2ND STUDE—"Well Robinson Crusoe was a castaway, wasn't he?"—*Bison.*

Freshmen, Sophomores Juniors and Seniors

To you all we offer a special invitation to inspect our stock of Men's Suits, Overcoats, Hats, Shoes, Knickers, Extra Pants, and a Complete Line of Gents' Furnishings.

JACK LIPMAN

Next door to the Pickwick

Get your Slickers for $5.50

For Carolina Students

WE OFFER AN EXCLUSIVE DISPLAY OF ENGLISH MERCHANDISE, PURCHASED IN ENGLAND BY MR. EPSTEIN FOR OUR COLLEGE TRADE

Showing at

SUTTON & ALDERMAN'S

November 6, 7 and 8

Epstein's
Rocky Mount
N.C.

An Englishman heard an owl for the first time.

"What was that?" he asked.

"An owl," was the reply.

"My deah fellah, I know that, but what was 'owling?"

—*Black & Blue Jay.*

"Thish match won't light."

"Washa madda with it?"

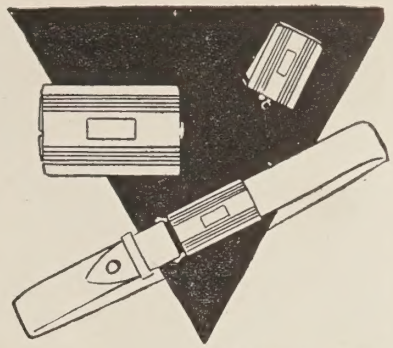
"I dunno—it lit alright a minute ago."—*Jack o'Lantern.*

WE OFFER THE BEST BUS EQUIPMENT ON THE HILL

For Your Convenience

JORDANS - *Telephone 167*

HEADQUARTERS GOOCH'S CAFE



©VANITY FAIR

Under the heading of useful jewellry for men comes cigarette cases, match safes, belt buckles, watches and watch chains, key rings and collar pins. As far as possible, these things should match, or be chosen so that they are harmonious one with the other. Many of these are made in a matching design, as for example, the flat silver cigarette case, match safe, and belt buckle, illustrated above, which are the happy invention of some of the manufacturers who make such articles of silver, gold, platinum or a combination of the three. The flat silver cigarette case, traced in "engine-turned" stripes with a small square for initials or a monogram, is what style dictates to-day. It is in much better taste than if the match safe, fastened to the end of the watch chain, the belt buckle and the cigarette case were not of the same design and metal. Sets of this kind have the advantage of being in good taste, yet inexpensive. And since the well turned out man is the result of a knowledge in matters of dress combined with instinctive good taste, it can be readily understood that he need not be an extravagant man or even a man of considerable means. A watch should be simple in design, but good in quality. If the design be right, it may be in silver or white gold instead of the more luxurious platinum, for it is the taste that counts. In whatever metals a man's jewellry is wrought, it should always be simple in design—that is one of the first rules. The second rule is that rings should be worn on the little finger of the left hand, and third, but most important, is that tie pins should never be worn fastened in the shirt front under a bow tie.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write the "Well Dressed Man," care the Carolina Buccaneer, and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

KEEPING PACE *with* CAROLINA

FOR THE SECOND TIME IN THREE YEARS WE HAVE DOUBLED OUR CAPACITY.

WE ARE NOW THE LARGEST COMMERCIAL CAFETERIA IN THE ENTIRE SOUTH.

The
UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA

"And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke"

"Howcome yo' calls yo' auto 'DICE', Sam?"
"I calls her 'DICE', boy, 'cause she shakes, rattles, and rolls."

THE SWEETHEART OF?

Proem.

Every old frat has a sweetheart song,
And mine is among the list;
With my sweet mama the song seems wrong—
Please write me a tune to this:

She has late dates with and A. T. O.
After she's told me to roam.
A Theta Chi takes her to a show
And a Delta brings her home.

She wears a star for a Sigma Nu,
A heart for an S. P. E.,
And a Phi Gam's diamond comes to view
When a Phi Gam's there to see.

The line she shoots to a Zeta Psi
She got from an S. A. E.;
Then if it works on a Sigma Chi
She tries it again on me.

She "just loves to dance" with a Beta—
"His eyes! Oh I just could die!"
She adores a Phi Delta Theta
Until a K. A. comes by.

She will cuddle and coo with a Pika;
She holds a Kappa Sig's hand.
A dear Chi Phi falls for her
And she thinks he's "simply grand."

Every "sweet" frat man that she has met
Now adorns her boudoir wall,
And she hasn't found a frat man yet
That won't do his little "fall".

She rides at night with a D. K. E.
Down any dark road he'll choose;
Though she swears that she is true to me,
I've got the fraternity blues.

Although I'm not sure which way is up
Or where I fit in the whirl—
I love her: so here's a cup
And I toast my Pan Hellenic Girl.

FRIEND PIPE.

LONGFELTON.

When you need a bit of comfort, and are out of sorts and blue,
And the world seems like it's turning wrong for aggravating you;
When you think, and all your thinking seems to count for nought at all,
And you work, and all workings seem so slight it does appall;
When you do about and hustle, yet you never make the grade;
When you strive for all you're worth, and results forever fade;
Then's' the place to rest a while, for then the time is ripe
To get your old contented, uncomplaining, friendly pipe.

If you're standing on the corner, not a man you know in sight,
And not a single thing to do except to stand and fight
An everlasting lonesomeness, an ever present hope
For something great to happen while you stand around and mope;
If you're lacking entertainment, and the lack will not be filled;
If you're wishing for excitement, and the wish will not be stilled;
Then I'm telling you it's proper, and you'll get right off the gripe
By the simple act of lighting your philosophizing pipe.

If everything is noise, and your nerves are strung too tight;
If a pin fall makes you jump, and a rustle gives you fright;
And if in that condition all is in a move and stir,
And you are in the middle of this never ending whir;;
If the autos and the street cars seem to shriek at you for fun,
And the newsies vie with venders to put you on a run;
Then get you out tobacco, for you'll find that you can wipe
Away most any trouble, with a nerve caressing pipe.

If anything's gone wrong with you, you've always got one friend
That'll ease most any heart ache, and give your trials end,
That'll make you see most clearly the things you could not see,
And make you understand a lot the things that are and be;
This friend will never cross you, never fail you, never turn,
Never stick you, never snub you; but with eagerness will burn
When you fill it up and light it, for it knows the time is ripe
To offer you its service, does this satisfying pipe.

"Some day I'll be rich," said the dog as he picked up the scent.

"MATTERS OF COARSENESS"

Mrs. Annie McPherson was at home Wednesday night of this week to a number of friends who were there to help her give her husband a surprise party on the occurrence of his 42nd anniversity. The guests, twelve in number, came early and stayed late. Gus Hoffman won the prize for men. The women's prize was prevented in being given due to the fact that Miss Amarildo Evans, the local school teacher, when the announcement was made that the contest would be decided in favor of the one who pinned the donkey's tail nearest the spot where it belonged, in an effort to give her some clue as to the exact nearabouts of its location, attempted to tear a small slit on the side of the large piece of cloth on which the donkey was painted, and instead of a small slit she tore the cloth beyond the location of the caudal appendage. This is a delicate subject, but we feel that our readers should have their curiosity satisfied. The cake had a prank played on it and the guests were further disappointed. Little Johnnie McPherson, seven-year-old son of the guest of honor, it was afterwards learned, placed 42 small fire-crackers on the cake instead of candles as he was told to do, and when they were lighted the cake was blown to flour and all the guests excited. Miss Evans lost her wig, and if anybody has seen it will they please return it to her at the school house tomorrow as she is going to church in Oakdale Sunday and will need it there.

FRED: "You look good enough to eat."
WINIFRED: "Suppose we run down to Child's then."

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS AD?

We do not ask you to smoke our brand of cigars. We are sure that there are many superior brands on the market today. Of course we admit that sticks, rags, and rope is to be found mixed with the tobacco that we use. We assure you that smoking is an injurious habit. On our word of honor, use of the weed is certain to stunt your growth and lead to tuberculosis. But if you are determined to smoke, we insist that you try all the other brands of cigars as you will probably find some one of them which appeals more strongly to your taste than ours, the Woodsap Cigar.

TOBACCO WORMS.

Tobacco worms are as expensive to the growers of tobacco as the boll weevil is to the growers of cotton. By following these instructions carefully the tobacco worm can easily be destroyed:

Remedy Number One.

When the worm first makes his appearance buy several pounds of iron fillings. By using a pepper-box sprinkle thinly over the young plants. One day later the worms have eaten the filings, and can be attracted by driving a large magnet through the field.

Remedy Number Two.

Slowly seize the worm between the thumb and forefinger, and gently drop him (or her) into a glass tumbler. Eat garlic, or onions, and blow breath into glass. Keep this up a few minutes and the worm will die of suffocation.

Remedy Number Three.

Run a large steam rolled over the field.

Remedy Number Four.

Quit growing tobacco.

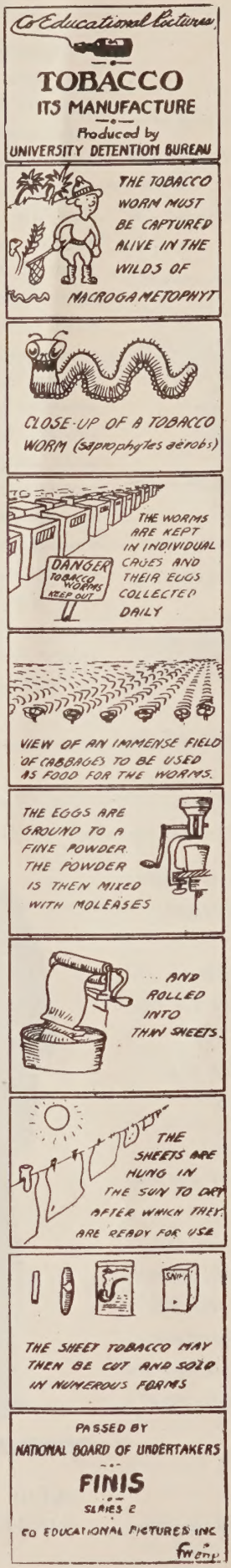
THEN HE FEINTED.

John Doe: Sir, did you put my poem in?

Editor of Something: Yes.

J. D.: Accept this cigar as my thanks. On the first page I suppose?

E. of S.: Lord no, in the waste—basket.


Ed Educational Pictures
TOBACCO
ITS MANUFACTURE
Produced by
UNIVERSITY DETENTION BUREAU
THE TOBACCO WORM MUST BE CAPTURED ALIVE IN THE WILDS OF MACROGAMETOPHYT
CLOSE-UP OF A TOBACCO WORM (saprophytes aerobs)
DANGER TOBACCO WORMS KEEP OUT
THE WORMS ARE KEPT IN INDIVIDUAL CAGES AND THEIR EGGS COLLECTED DAILY
VIEW OF AN IMMENSE FIELD OF CABBAGES TO BE USED AS FOOD FOR THE WORMS.
THE EGGS ARE GROUND TO A FINE POWDER. THE POWDER IS THEN MIXED WITH MOLEASES
AND ROLLED INTO THAN SHEETS
THE SHEETS ARE HUNG IN THE SUN TO DRY AFTER WHICH THEY ARE READY FOR USE
THE SHEET TOBACCO MAY THEN BE CUT AND SOLD IN NUMEROUS FORMS
PASSED BY
NATIONAL BOARD OF UNDERTAKERS
FINIS
SERIES E
ED EDUCATIONAL PICTURES INC.

THE HARMFULNESS OF TOBACCO.

Tobacco is harmful in any form, almost, especially when smoked or chewed.

When smoked, the fumes are taken into the lungs. The walls of the lungs are very thin. The smoke passes through these walls. It surrounds the heart so that it cannot tell which way to beat. This often causes heart failure and corns on the little toe of the right foot. It also causes stomach aches.

Few people realize what is put into a cigarette or they would not smoke it. In many factories horse hairs and chicken feathers are used when the tobacco runs out. From this fact it may be seen that smoking is very injurious to chickens and mules.

When tobacco is chewed, the mouth is so full that a tooth is often misplaced. This causes toothache. This causes swallowing to stop and the necessity for constant expectorations. Sometimes all the worms are not removed from chewing tobacco. Chewing is also very injurious to the T*th*. The grinding will wear out a set of T*th* very quickly.

You should not use tobacco at all because it is an evil and that is the devil minus the *d*.

Editors note: This paper was submitted by a member of the class of '28. It represents his views on the use of that most terrible narcotics, tobacco, and is herewith printed (without revision) so that it may be seen by all parents who send their sons to this college and serve as a warning to other college communities.

Prof: Tell me, Miss Jones, whot do you think of the Turkish Atrocities?

Co-Ed: Sir! I'll have you to understand that I'm one of the few girls who still refrain from smoking.

No, Freshie, Vacuum Cleaners are not used for cleaning Vacuums.

1st Frosh: Are you going to the Freshman Smoker?

2nd Frosh: I'm sorry, but I don't smoke.

NOT SO GOOD AFTER ALL.

"Speaking of something good, Sam, you can hardly beat this: a background of peaches touched off with some real, cold cream, and a big lump of sugar right in the middle. Oh boy!

"Yeah, Bill, but the rouge and talc kinda spoil it, doncher think?"

High school boy, on winning debate: "Poor Webster! How would he feel now?"

In spite of his skill at horseshoes, he could never ring her.

That prof. looks like he's stumped, what's he trying to do?

He ought to be, he's attempting to fill out a freshman matriculation card.

SLIP: What's your sentiments on tobacco prohibition?

SLOP: O, let it come it won't affect anything.

SLIP: How's that?

SLOP: Why cigarettes could still contain 1-2 of 1 per cent of tobacco, which would be more than most of them contain now.

There she stood in the pale moon light. I could see that she was beautiful. She had such a wonderful profile. Her luxuriant hair was being gently caressed by the southern breeze. As she stood there the pallor of her face formed a perfect contrast to the silken blackness of her vesture. The moon beams seemed to be the connecting linkage between this world and another. As I moved closer, I perceived a gentle but positive motion of her swan-like throat. Again, and I perceived a yet more noticeable movement of her elegant chin. Her lips were moving quietly. I paused to think. Perhaps she was thinking of a far distant lover. Or maybe of a home beyond the picturesque mountain peaks. While I was pausing thus, the movement of her lips became more violent. Her chin began to move faster. What could it be?? Now I realized it all. She drew from her pocket a small object, tore off the paper and put another piece of gum into her mouth.

TED: "That girl has a wonderful light in her face."

TESS: "Yes, I've noticed she's lantern-jawed."

VERY CLASSIC THOUGHTS ON TOBACCO PROHIBITION.

"I love fools' experiments."

Darwin.

"If you have tears prepare to shed them now."

Shakespeare.

"Earth a failure, God-forsaken, ante-room of hell."

Kingsley.

"The law is an ass, an idiot."

Dickens.

"Lean, hungry, savage anti-everything."

Holmes.

"The remedy is worse than the disease."

Bacon.

"O judgment thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason."

Shakespeare.

"O piteous spectable."

Shakespeare.

"We will be revenged."

Shakespeare.

NEWS ITEMS FROM FAR AND WIDE.

Baltimore, October 114.—Three operations were made upon I. W. Smith, of this city, in an effort to locate a collar button which the unfortunate man had swallowed. Mr. Smith will have to purchase another collar button.

Rural Hill, Iowa, October 13.—A woman near here gave her husband morphine to cure him of chewing tobacco. It cured him completely. She is now busily engaged doing her own plowing.

Flagstead, Arkansas, October 8.—The jury on the Robbins murder case returned the following verdict here today, "The prisoner is guilty and must be hanged. We hope that it will serve as a warning to him."

Plumtree, Kentucky, October 19.—A book agent took refuge under a haystack during a thunder storm and the lightning struck him on the cheek, glanced off and killed a mule two hundred yards away.

TUT, TUT, TUT!

I think and think,
And try to link
With pen and ink
This sketch with something suitable;
No thoughts arise
That advertise,
Or symbolize
Your countenance inscrutable.

The cut is made,
Engraver paid,
Egyptian maid;
But artist never hinted
At joke or pun,
Or any fun
That we could run,
But still you must be printed.

You do not thrill,
You count for nil,
No passions fill
The one you were committed;
But it has cost,—
This cut embossed,—
And all is lost
If you should be omitted.

I like each line
In back design,
And superfine
Is dignity so reachless;
But better yet
Of all things met,—
I'll not forget,—
The fact that you are speechless.

It does appall,
There's always gall
In women all,
Because they're filled with chatter;
If those who read
Like not my greed
For silent breed,
It really doesn't matter.

FROM THE CELLAR

Editor's Note: Aunt Tabitha's cellar, a department receiving and answering inquiries, has been discontinued, but the following is printed because so many of the modern young men are in like distress.

Dear Aunt Tabitha,

Mine is a desperate case. My conscience troubles me and I want your advice. I have always spent a lot of time at house parties, but until six months ago I was never very popular. I have not very much money, and the house parties help out my finances a great deal.

I decided that I must make myself popular. I have always disliked girls, but I was always polite to them. Then six months ago I happened on a plan which has made me immensely in demand and very popular at house parties. They pair me off with celebrities and those girls who are difficult to amuse. The way it happened was, I got angry one day at an authoress who was with me at a house party and told her damn her she was a stupid little fool whom I would like to spank. She ate it up. I have followed something of the same line ever since. Some of them I tell to get the hell away from me and others I threaten to spank.

At present, one woman novelist, a Russian countess, two *vers librists,* and a diving champion are trying to get me to marry them. The novelist has divorced her husband on my account. I do not care for any of them but my conscience hurts. What would you advise me to do?

Hopefully,
I. Askewe.

Answer: Try Lena Blinkam's Vegetable Compound; it's good for all female troubles.

If ! (you) don't ?
know Anythings
About -/
Punctuation "."
then
YOU
can write;
free VERSE,

"I understand that the gym is to be equipped with wheelbarrows. Why is that?"

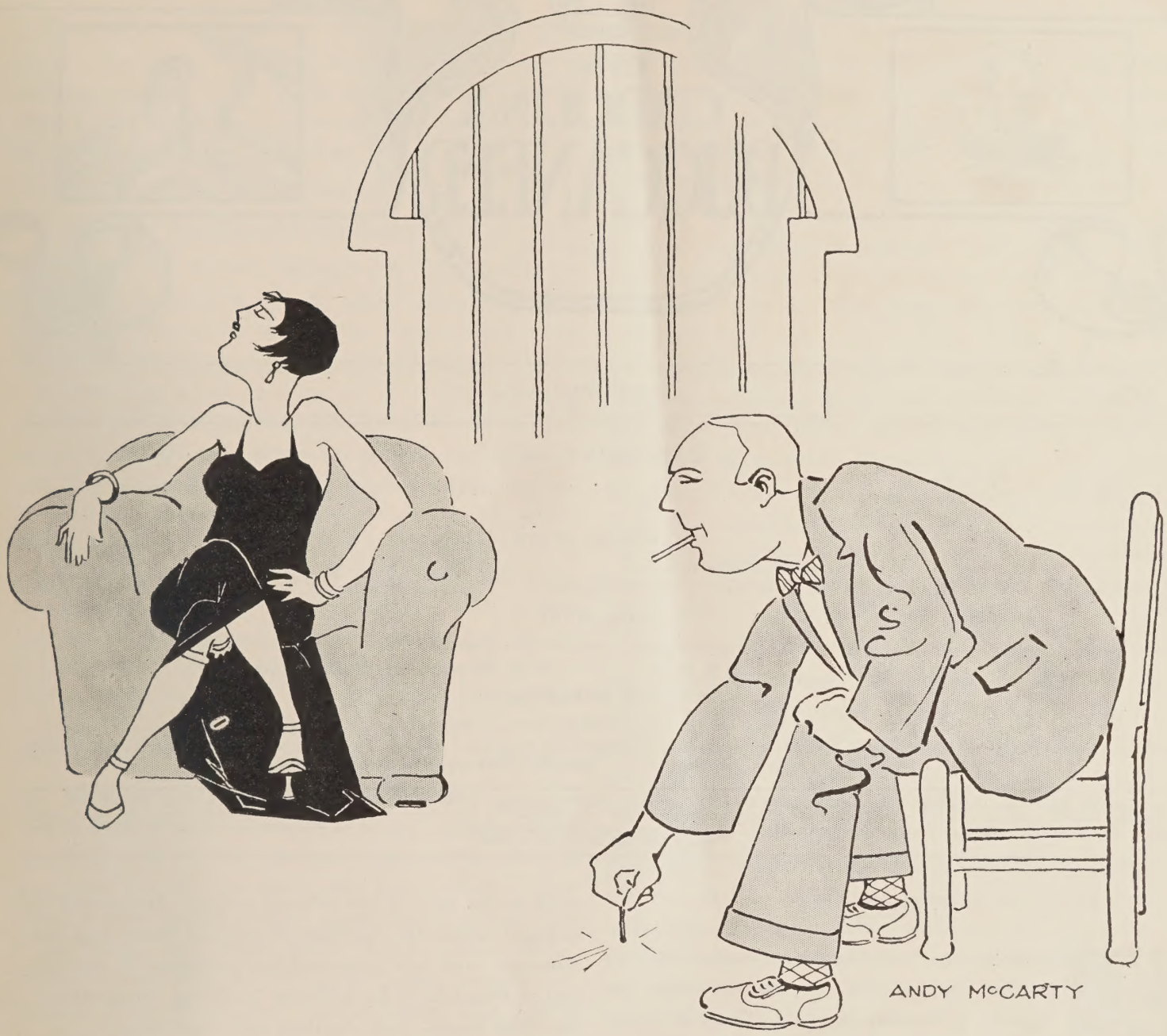
"That's to teach the incoming freshmen to walk on their hind legs."

Legislator (to chairman of committee who has looked into the needs of the University): What are your recommendations as to the most pressing needs of the University at present,—new buildings, larger faculty, or what?

Chairman of Committee: More nice lawns for the students to park their cars on.

CHAPEL ANNOUNCEMENT

Dr. Howzat, the great botanist, will give an illustrated lecture tonight on "The Green Life which Surrounds Us." Freshmen urged to attend.



LUCKY STRIKE!

THIS SHINGLING AGE.

Pa shingled the barn.
Ma shingled the back of son's pants.
And Sis shingled her hair!

IN OLD VIRGINIA.

Captain John Smith: Look here young man, I gave you two cigars and you gave me only four cigarettes in change.

Clerk: Yes, sir, you see pretzels are three cigs each now sir.

ETERNAL YOURS

Your's till:

Cafeterias begin to put salt and pepper in their salt and pepper shakers.

Math profs begin to give their classes grats.
The University treasurer smiles.
Freshmen quit calling the Y. M. C. A. the *yimcy* building.
The cheer leaders get a new yell.
Freshmen begin to haze Sophs.
The alumni quit telling about how "it uster be."

"Down with the army!" shrieked little Harold as his father held the box of soldiers over his head.

VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1924 NO. 2

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Tobacco

TOBACCO or those things connected with it, such as matches, for instance, have done, or caused, or resulted in great things of every kind. A cigar or cigarette properly cast aside has brought about the destruction of ugly, hideous structures on numerous occasions. Tobacco has caused, too, greater physical development among the youth of the country. Often small boys have been paddled because of the use of it, thus developing one portion of their anatomy. Then think what a sad wreck some of us would be did we not daily walk an exact mile for a particular brand. Think of the health promoted because of such great satisfaction produced by another brand. It has helped to fill our sanatoriums, our hospitals, and sometimes our very poorhouses.

The growth of tobacco has caused the starvation of many poor little boll weevils, and been the saving element in the lives of the tobacco worms. Its growth has brought about the building of tobacco barns and farm mansions, and has promoted the purchase of cigarettes and automobiles. In addition to filling sanatoriums it has filled banks, cash registers and cigar boxes.

Many are employed because of the existence of tobacco —for instance, the street sweeper and the sign painter. Many magazines would cease publication were it not for the weed, for, like everything else, it must be advertised. Whole sidewalks are decorated with one chew, whole lungs are made less whole. Spittoons and dirty mustaches are two noticeable results of snuff and plug tobacco. Profits derived from sales have built a large percentage of buildings; yea, it is said that one of the colleges in our own dear state was built and is constantly being improved because of the pennies coming in from the sale of cigarettes. And every year there is a celebration held in honor of the tobacco prince, at which time the students sing their dearly loved song, and professors write per-

fectly good poems which live nearly ten days in the state papers. As the use of tobacco increases civilization progresses; and now to add to its greatness and bring its popularity to a climax, we have named this issue of the Buccaneer the Tobacco Number.

Collegiate Smoking

IF Sir Walter Raleigh were living today he would be a typical college man,—wide belt with buckle on the side, floppy, tight-seated trousers and all; for no man has taken complete advantage of his educational opportunities until he has donned said decorations; and we know from history that Mr. Raleigh took advantage of such opportunities, and that personally he was of a decorative turn of mind. He would be different in one respect: namely, his quality and quantity of courteousness. It seems that this is no longer in the curriculum. But this is not the fault of the male, for women invite equality and then kick because they get it. If a woman dislikes to get her feet muddy, she had better stay at home on a rainy day; because no man is foolish enough to ruin a perfectly good raincoat to prevent some feminine foot becoming spotted. And who can blame men when women's feet have usually been in a worse place than an ordinary mudpuddle.

Sir Walter was probably the first college man among the white race who ever smoked, being nearly drowned because of this some few years after leaving Oxford. And since the introduction of smoking among college men look what changes have taken place! Little Johnny Hines, barely sixteen, smokes; Professor Crump, seventy-two, smokes; Mack Staube, left tackle, smokes when not in training; Gerald Warren, of literary talent, smokes; Sam Somebody, debater, smokes. Ah, indeed, one is now not a college man unless one smokes,—so think the young upstarts. Anything will do,—cigarette, cigar, pipe,—anything, just so it burns and gives off visible fumes.

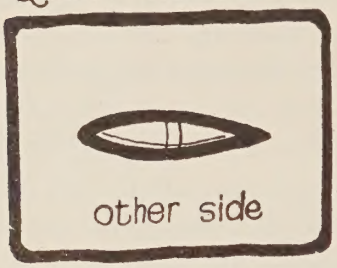
In line of pipes the puffers usually resort to one of two extremes. The first and most popular has a long, thin stem and an effeminate bowl, and is discarded for a new one as soon as a decent cake is formed. The other is the kind made famous in pictures of Yale and Harvard students of former days,—doubly curved, thick stems, with a heavy bowl which rests on the owner's chin. This type is handed down from generation to generation, and is smoked when one wishes to rid oneself of a tiresome roommate.

Cigars are not seen so often, but in a few cases are much more effective,—so think the smokers. All types of these are used,—long ones, short ones, plump ones, slim ones, black, yellow, brown, or mulatto ones, Cuban, Porto Rican, or Alaskan. The best smokers slap the dusky fire leaves in one corner of their mouth and chew and spit as they inhale. The mere novices clinch their means of expression of manhood tightly between their eight incisor teeth, their lips, formed as if to whistle, caressing it lightly. These gulp and grow pale as they pretend to gain joy from smoking. When a breath of air is absolutely necessary the cigar is grasped at its exact middle between the first and second stiffened fingers, and removed from the lips as if it were giving off hydrogen sulfide and tasted of magnesium sulfate. It's peculiar, too, but all cigar smokers place themselves outside the class of mere novices, whether the cigar in question be their first or thousandth. But a cigar's a cigar, and demonstrates ability, and gives distinction (as well as a sick stomach) so why bother as to methods?

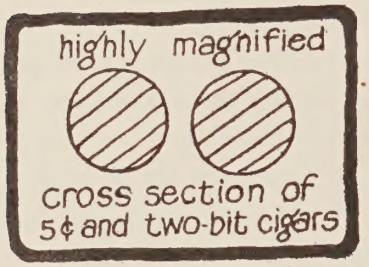
Then finally there are those things smoked more than the other two together,—the cigarettes,—those delicate, slender, white grave-diggers, alike except for the box they come in and the name decorating the side of each. There are said to be numerous kinds and there are apparently numerous ways of smoking. Some are Turkish, some Virginian, some plain-tipped, others cork-tipped, some are high priced, others cheap, some are satisfactory, others different, and so on endlessly; one man inhales and smokes easily through long practice, another puffs and blows in an awkward manner, ambitious but inexperienced. After all, cigarettes are all alike,—a bit of tobacco wrapped within a bit of paper; and after all, smoking is all alike,—a process of drawing within one's mouth the bluish white gas, and ridding one's self of same.

It seems that college men could not dispense with smoking in one form or other. They at least have not done without it since the custom was begun by Raleigh. Nor should they, if they care to smoke, and if they harm no one with their pastime. Some had better practice before the mirror for awhile, a not uncommon habit in other things, lest they make a public fool of themselves; then before going before strangers who might possibly ridicule, it is best that they ask a close friend, as they would in case of halitosis, if they smoke presentably. Trample on your stubs, men, and blow out your matches, and humanity will continue to thrive regardless of what the critics may say.

Tobacco was invented when Queen Elizabeth

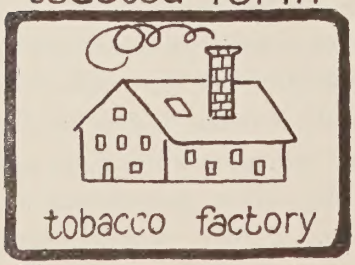


saw a butt- on the mall and decided to take up smoking!



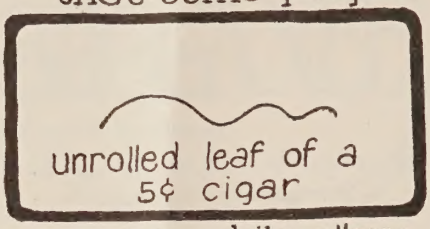
since then we smoke in roasted

fried and even toasted form

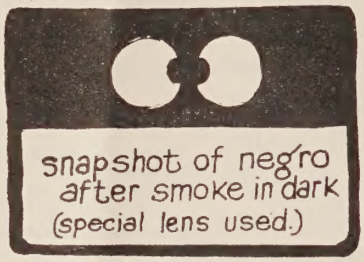


In north carolina

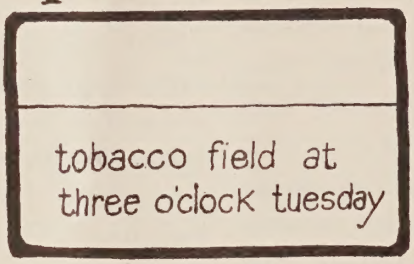
we also grow corn - and cotton it is estimated that some people



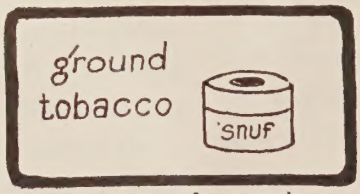
smoke while others merely own fords and some even



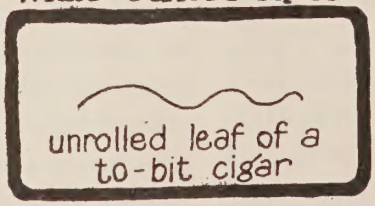
do both. Tobacco is used



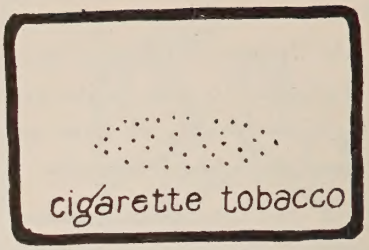
in pipes and also for making cigarettes



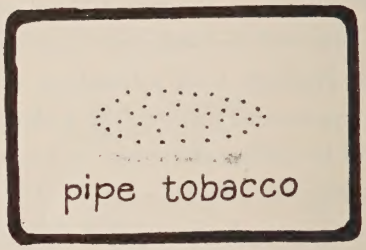
some chew it while others dip it



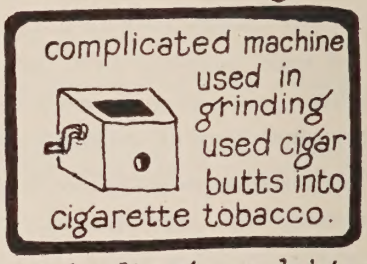
but it's all tobacco !!!



The nasty weed is very satisfying and serves as a prime source



of profit for the world's advertising -



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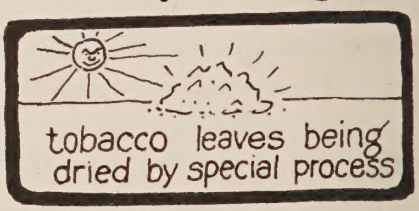
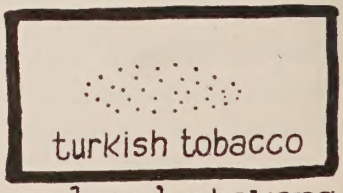


also profit for doctors



and undertakers etc.

C.A. McCARTY + G.A. CARDWELL
*we accept MR. Fdc's apologies *

THE GROWTH OF THE WEED.

Different kinds of tobacco produce different crops. For convenience sake we illustrate with one kind, namely, cigarette tobacco.

In late winter, the farmer fertilizes his acres, be they few or many, with the ordinary fertilizer which is mostly sand labeled as having a certain percentage of carbonate of potash. Then about April he sends his children, raised for the purpose, to the field, telling them to look for doodle bugs. The little, innocent children, thinking doodle bugs to be there, search for them until the entire field is covered with small holes. The farmer then gets several packages or cartons, or cases, depending upon the size of the field, of the best grade of cigarettes he can buy, depending on the size of the bank account. These he drops in the holes, the process being known as the sowing of tobacco, and being carried out by means of a saxophone such as bricklayers use in directing traffic. The cigarette tobacco seed must then be covered, and the planter waiting until nightfall falls turns loose a dozen or two lightning bugs trained to stay in his own territory. After this, he sends his children out to catch the bugs, and their running about upon the ground which was so lately disturbed in the search of doodle bugs, now causes the little depressions to be filled.

The planting is complete, but after a few days the plants begin to thrust their heads above the surface; and, to let the farmer know of their existence, chirp out, "I satisfy," or "You'd walk a block for me." At this stage cultivation is necessary. The planter encourages fishing by his offsprings, describing the sport to them and telling them that enormous quantities of earthworms may be found in the tobacco field, which worms they may have for the digging, providing they do not dig up the young plants growing there. So the offsprings dig, and cuss, and cultivate. Soon they no longer believe there are worms in the field, and fishing ceases to appeal to them; so this method of cultivation is brought to an end. But ploughing is necessary about this time, and a repetition of same is advisable at intervals of two or three weeks. This ploughing is done with a corn sheller such as the one used at hog killing time.

Tobacco worms and cutworms are enemies to the plants, so these must be got rid of in some way. Usually signs are posted about the plantation, saying that the cutworms have made evil statements about the tobacco worms, which are injurious to the latter's characters. The tobacco worm, being very hot tempered, immediately declares war upon the cutworms; in this war practically all of both factions are destroyed. Sometimes paris green is used. This is a powder which upon being inhaled by the worms causes them to think themselves in Paris at which place they feel so green that they die for envy of the Apaches. The plants may be diseased; for instance they may have sore skin, the cure for which is Hoodbury's Soap. Other diseases like the wilt are taken care of after the tobacco is gathered. After being gathered it is placed in barns where it is cured.

When tobacco has reached the heighth of about five feet it blooms. Following this blooming period the young cigarettes appear as fruit. Ordinarily, the farmer allows these to grow until they are about four inches long. He, with the aid of colored folks and baskets, plucks the little things, and stores them in a tobacco barn until they are cured of whatever disease they have contracted, or until prices rise. When a few gallons of gas are necessary, he hooks up the old mare, and carries the cigarette tobacco to a market. Here the raw cigarettes are packed in hogsheads obtained from the butcher and shipped to a factory.

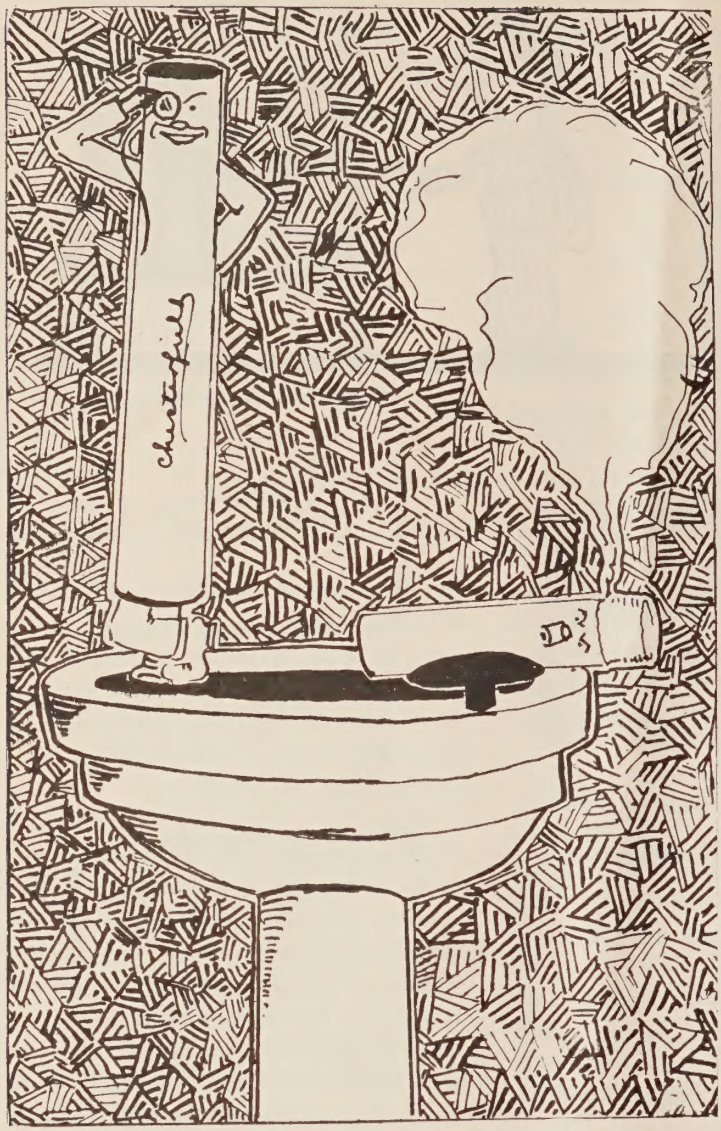
At the factory the raw cigarettes are cut to a standard size, stamped, and put up in variously labeled packages. The retailer, consumer, and garbage can complete the story of cigarette tobacco.

In case of cigar tobacco the process is similar, except that cigars are used as seed, which accounts for the fact that cigars are more expensive than cigarettes, cigar seed being costlier. Plug tobacco is grown by planting cuts from seed plugs. The growth and cultivation are similar, but in this case the plants increase rapidly in size, and become as large as trees. The bark is stripped off, and cut into plugs. No fruit of any importance appears on the plug tobacco tree. Snuff is obtained by boiling the leaves of any of the tobacco plants, and distilling the supernatant fluid. After the distillate stands for awhile, crystals appear which are snuff.

College men are usually ignorant of such everyday matters; so it was thought best to explain one of them at this appropriate time, especially since the men are so eager to grasp an opportunity to learn a new thing.

"Put out the light, Bill."
"Why, Joe?"
"So if the lamp falls on the floor it won't break."

No, Mabel, Garibaldi was no kin to Archibaldi. (Henderson.)



CIGARETTE: "Hey, watcht doing down there?"
DUCK: "I was left here by a flapper."
CIGARETTE: "That's what you get for fooling with a woman."

As she lay langurously upon the divan, and gazed through narrowed lids upon the lovely curves of her body, she realized that she was beautiful, a lure for men. Had not the janitor just called up and said, "Miss, is the flat hot enuf fer you?"

There are two classes of people which we can't tell apart. Collegiate youths, and traveling clothes salesmen of Hebraic origin. And that's the honesttogods truth.

The victim had been slightly worsted in his attempt to buck a flying automobile. A friend, seeing the accident, ran up and, helping the injured man to his feet, told him to keep mum and he might get some damages.

"Damages, H—l," retorted the victim, "What I want is repairs!"

ANOTHER NOVEL

A man, a sky,
A mountain high,
A lane,
Some trees, some grass,
A youth, a lass,
A train,
A smile and sighs
And drooping eyes,
A kiss;
An arm, a waist,
A hug in haste,
And bliss.
A church, and aisle
And flowers; the style
Beside,
And vow, a band,
A bridegroom and
A bride.
A tenement
Top floor, cheap rent,
A scowl;
Ten children gay
Who love to play
And howl.

"Where you been?"
"To the cemetery."
"Anyone dead?"
"Yeh, all of them!"

Good liquor makes you see double and feel single.

A self-help student attired in knickers, golf hose, sport oxfords, white shirt, and bow tie had just begun work in a professor's yard, when an old darkey who was passing exclaimed, "Um, he mus' be one ob dese here spote model wo'kmen."

"What is the difference between a drunk man and a crazy man?"

"A drunk man has no sense, while a crazy man has too much sense to get drunk."

"Gadzooks, Animalcular, yon dizzy dear is beckoning me."
"Out on thee, Chondrostean, the high sign of the frilly frail is meant for me."
And while they argued, another taxi driver got the fare.

"How old is that flapper?"
"In her early nicoteens."

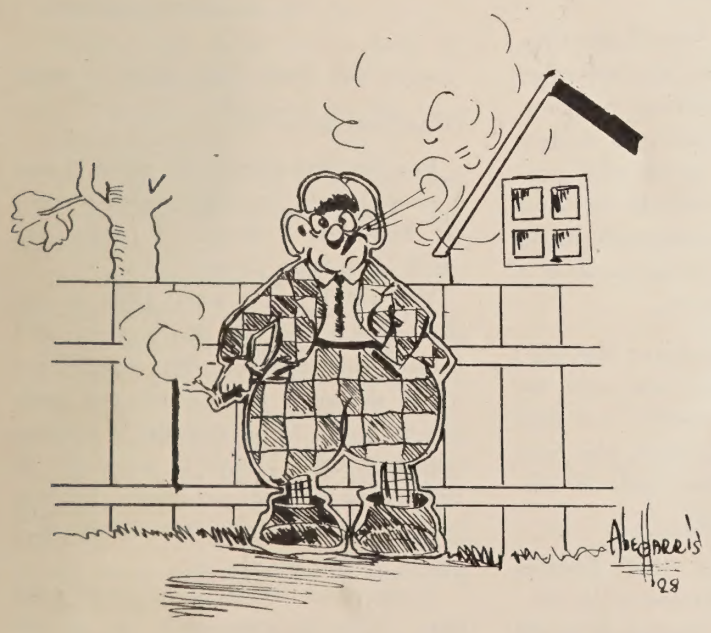
—*Life.*

FANTASTIC FABLE OF FOOLISHNESS

Flashy Freddy Foster, free and forty,
Founder of Farmville's finest footery,
Fell for flippant Fanny Ferris,
Foolish flapper of fifteen.
Flirtatious Fanny flopped for Freddy,
Flattered by his fluent flow.
Feeling funny, frisky, flustered,
Fred and Fanny found a Friar,
Fondly formed a family.

Fred and Fanny fled to Frisco,
Fearing Fanny's family's fury.
Fanny's father, foreseeing folly,
Followed fast the fugitives.
For a fortnight flagrant failure
Followed Fanny's father's footsteps.
Forced to fare forth from Frisco,
Father flagged a freight for Farmville,
Foiled, fatigued, and furious.

Fred and Fanny, fed-up on Frisco,
Followed a fleeting flight of fancy,
Flew forthwith to Florida.
Freddy found the far-famed fountain,
Failed not his fleshy form to fill.
Feeling fit he found a fortune
Fixing Foster's French-Fried Fritters.
Fifty full-moons found four fresh Fosters,
Frances, Frederick, Flora, Frank.



This is the fellow who walked up to a telephone, stuck his pencil into the mouthpiece, and turned the crank in an effort to sharpen the point. One can tell by the expression on his face (?) that this is the first time he ever shot goldfish.

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make."

It has been reported that a student has sued the University Laundry. The student bases his claim on the fact that the laundry has broken several of his shirts. The defense will attempt to prove that the breakage was unavoidable, since the shirts were very stiff as a result of long use and much accumulated dust. The fact that the student received a laundry refund of $6.00 is also considered important evidence for the defense.

HE: I'm some traveller. Last week I went to Boston by music.

SHE: To Boston by music?

HE: Yes, via Lynn!

"I stayed with my date till one o'clock last night."
"Late hours are bad for one."
"Yes, but they're fine for two."

EX.: I didn't need a bit of coal last winter.

WIE.: How did you keep your house warm?

EX.: Had a blanket mortgage on it.

"I got tight last night," remarks the spare tire.

When chiggers grow large as elephants,
And whales no larger than fleas,
Then women will cease to talk,
And camels will roost in trees.

"Darling," he exclaimed, "You are the only girl in the world that I would ever agree to marry."

"Oh," she murmured. "I'm so sorry for you."

"Why," he asked in surprise.

"Because," she whispered, "they say that a bachelor leads such a miserable life."

"BOOTLEGGING, 1924 STYLE."

New York City, April 24, 1944.

Mr. Buck Neer,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dear Buck:

The good old days of 1924 are no more. The forty-sixth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which outlawed tobacco, is having a devastating effect on this little burg, which in the days gone by was known as Gay Gotham.

Yes, they have outlawed dancing, and automobile riding on moonlight nights, and now tobacco has gone the way of Good Old King Booze.

I understand the next amendment they are considering is to be known as the Anti-Everything Amendment. It is rumored here that a New York Congressman is considering the introduction of a law prohibiting laughter. Sponsors of this sad measure declare that laughter is now practically non-existent, anyway, and that the sad rites for mirth, humor and a good time, might as well be expressed in the form of a Constitutional Amendment.

Good-bye booze; good-bye dancing; so long moonlight rides; and now, tobacco, the King who presided over Bull Sessions in our college days, has been laid to rest with all other early twentieth century dissipations.

If it were not for that Federal Amendment which gives one a life sentence for committing suicide, I would put an end to it all.

Yours despondently,

A. Marooned Goodtimer.

New York City, May 16, 1946.

Mr. Buck Neer,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dear Buck:

If it were not that they have passed a national law giving a ten year sentence for profanity, I would be tempted to say "damn." It is against the law to laugh in New York city now. Any one seen smiling is immediately hailed before a Justice of the Peace, and warnings are forewith administered that the culprits are to keep the peace *solemnly*.

Inspectors are seen everywhere; I don't believe it will be long before we will have bootleg tobacco runners.

Things are not as sad as they might be. I discern some faint gleams of hope. I noticed a man who walked up a back alley the other night. I followed him to see if he was on the look-out for some cigarettes. When we got to the end of the alley, I slipped behind a doorway, and the man looked around to see if any one was watching him. Perceiving that no one was around, he broke out into a hearty laugh. It was pitiful! 'Twas the first chuckle I have heard in eighteen months.

Yours despondently,

A. Marooned Goodtimer.

"New York City, April 4, 1949.

Dear Old Buck:

For the first time in 20 years, I had a whoppin' old time last night; a regular hell-buster, Buck. I wish you could have been along.

You see I met a swell little chorus girl—that is one who was a chorus girl before they passed the amendment which outlawed the theatre and gave 'em 20 years for presenting a musical comedy show. I used to know her in 1924. She was real sad lookin', but had kept her good looks remarkably well for a woman of 55.

I suggested that we have a real good time. Hire an automobile and go out in the country, and tell a couple of jokes, for instance. But she protests, and told me that one fellow—evidently a man whose spirit has not been crushed

by the times—was giving a dance in the midst of the city.

"Horrors!" I exclaimed. "A dance! It's against the law to dance."

"Don't worry, kid", she replied. "This is a bootleg dance. Hire a car and I'll take you to it."

"All right," I agreed, and before you could say John W. Davis we were off for the dance.

She told me to park the car at a large house, in a swell residential district. The house was situated at the intersection of two streets; it was completely dark; I could hear no strains of dance music and was completely puzzled.

"Surely," I said, "the dance is not being held here. There's a lot of cars about, but nobody seem to be doing anything."

"Follow me," the girl whispered in my ear.

So we went in. We went through two or three, twisting, dark corridors, and then reached a large ball room, in the rear of the house, which we entered by a secret entrance.

But the spectacle, for a time, amused me. Couples were dancing on the floor; an orchestra was playing just as in the good old days, but I couldn't hear a sound of music.

"They've got silent music now, in order to dodge the dance law inspectors," the girl whispered in my ear. I nodded my head.

"We'll have to go out in the hall and get some special dance shoes," she continued.

"Special dance shoes. Why I got on dancing pumps," I explained.

"That won't do now, you know. We can't make any noise," she whispered. "These are a special kind of shoes, pumped up with air like an automobile tire, so the dance inspectors won't hear the patter of our feet."

So we put on the shoes. I took her in my arms, and we went off waltzing to the silent music.

We danced awhile, and then strolled out into the hall. Some old men and women were out there petting for all they were worth, but the young people just looked at each other funny-like, as if they wondered what it was all about. It got my goat.

"Say, how come the old ones is doing the petting and the young ones look so solemn?" I asked my partner in an awe-inspired tone.

"Well, you see, the law against such parties was passed before they had a chance to get in much practice. They pet so crudely, that they hate to show off their awkwardness in public."

We were silent for a few moments. Then I looked around funny at a girl about 70 years old, who was leaning her chin on a man's shoulder, evidently vamping him. But her actions just got

Plucked eyebrow and crimson lip,
A swig or two from someone's hip,
Earrings long and perfumed throat,
Some poor fool to play the goat,
A cigarette and that's enough
For hard boiled Rose to strut her stuff.

"THEY'RE TOASTED"

me. She was holding her two fingers, right next to her thumb, on her right hand, as if she was smoking a cigarette, and every now and then she opened her mouth and blew at the air, but I couldn't see any smoke.

Finally, I asks:

"What's that woman doin'?"

My pardner laughed. "Say, you are ignorant", she said. "She's smoking a cigarette."

"Nix. I'm not drunk yet", I answered, "where is the cig, anyhow?"

"Oh, they make invisible, smokeless cigarettes now, you know. You buy 'em from bootleggers. She's just smoking one of those invisible cigarettes."

Well that was some experience, I tell you. I am now working on a chemical formula which I hope will enable me to manufacture some invisible Climax chewin' tobacco.

Hurrah for the Forty-sixth Amendment!

Yours in glee,

A. Marooned Goodtimer.

HOW TO ROLL A CIGARETTE.

The roll call is first signalled by your desire for a cigarette. Tobacco and paper are used. The bag is held firmly in your right hand with the mouth protruding upward. Hold the paper in your left hand between your right thumb and your left little finger, and manipulate the same so it form a little semicircle. Some authorities say that the paper should form a V-shaped trough. , though Emily Post prefers the former formation. Use your own judgment about this for you must always keep in mind the fact that you are rolling your own. Pour enough tobacco for the cigarette and then deftly slip the paper beneath it. Caution here. Tobacco should be put on one side of the paper only. After you have poured the tobacco from the bag for the fourth time, you are ready to start the rolling process. Grasp the various corners of the paper and oscillate it gently with uniform motion so that the tobacco will be evenly distributed among the other ingredients. Fold in the east side and roll forward so as to form a tube, at the same time retaining as much of the tobacco as possible. Weeks of practice will enable you to perform this very cleverly, but as a necessary precaution for the beginner the little finger may be inserted in one end as a gauge. Moisten one edge of the paper and seal, twisting one end in a left to right motion. Take from your match box a match and light the Chesterfield you have just extracted from the box. The anti-cigarette league of America has heartily endorsed this method.

LAUGHING SAM: "Go get one of Mr. Brown's chickens; he won't shoot a cullud man."

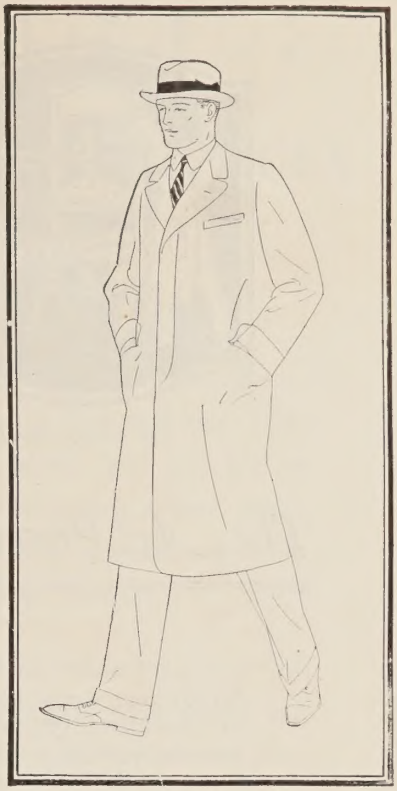
TERRIBLE TOM: "I ain't takin' no chances, nigger, he might be color blind."

ATTENTION IS INVITED TO THE ENLARGED FACILITIES ASSOCIATED WITH THE NEW FINCHLEY ESTABLISHMENT IN FIFTH AVENUE. CLOTHES AND ACCESSORIES, DEVELOPED EXPRESSLY FOR COLLEGE MEN, HAVE BEEN ARRANGED IN LARGE AND UNCOMMON ASSORTMENTS ON A FLOOR GIVEN OVER TO COLLEGE SERVICE.

CLOTHES
HATS ~ SHOES
HABERDASHERY

FINCHLEY

Fifth Avenue at 46th St.
NEW YORK



Durable Durham Hosiery

For Men, Women and Children

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

Silks, Cottons and Woolens

Durham Hosiery Mills

Durham, North Carolina

JUST HUMAN

That is all this bank is—JUST HUMAN

It is owned, managed and operated by human beings for the benefit of human beings and for the purpose of increasing the sum of human happiness

THE FIDELITY BANK

DURHAM AND WEST DURHAM, N. C.

Resources Over Seven Million Dollars

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

Craftbuilt Printing

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

Christian & King Printing Company

Craftbuilt Printing

212 NORTH CORCORAN STREET
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Broadway Better Clothes

"The Style and Quality is What Counts"

BROADWAY TAILORING COMPANY

Showing at

SUTTON & ALDERMAN'S
DRUG STORE

November 3rd, 4th and 5th

JNO. N. PAUL, *Representative*

RIDE WITH

ERNEST & DEWEY

Headquarters at

THOMPSON'S SMOKE SHOP

THOMPSON'S SMOKE SHOP

LEARN HERE FOOTBALL
DOPE and SCORES

First impressions are vital. Observant young men know that Wallach's are first with the new styles while they are new.

WALLACH BROTHERS
New York

HOW TO TIE A BOW TIE ON A TUXEDO COLLAR.

Hold the tie in your left hand and the collar in your right. Slip your neck in the collar and run the left hand end of the tie over the right with the left hand, steadying the right end with the other hand. Then drop both ends, catching the left hand, steadying the right end with the other hand. Then drop both ends, catching the left end with the right hand and the right end with the left hand. Reverse hands and pick up the loose end with the nearest hand. Pull this end through the loop with the unengaged hand and squeeze. This ties the bow. As a finishing touch, disentangle the hands.

—*Flamingo.*

"Did the patient survive that dangerous operation?"

"Splendidly; more than two hours."

—*Meggendorfer Blatter* (Munich)

ANNA: Really, Belle, I don't know what to give Bob for Christmas.

BELLE: Why don't you give him a good book?

ANNA: Oh, he has a book.

—*Punch Bowl.*

Delightful . . . Remembrances

Think back and try to comprehend or picture your first real kiss. You alone know about how you felt on this great occassion—but many know and will long remember their first waffles at *Gooch's* . . . . . .

You remember something that you at some past time, have eaten that was so good that when put into the mouth it just melted away . . .

"*Eating*" is the wrong word when talking about our waffles—you put them in the mouth and they "*Go*"

They are always best at—

College Inn

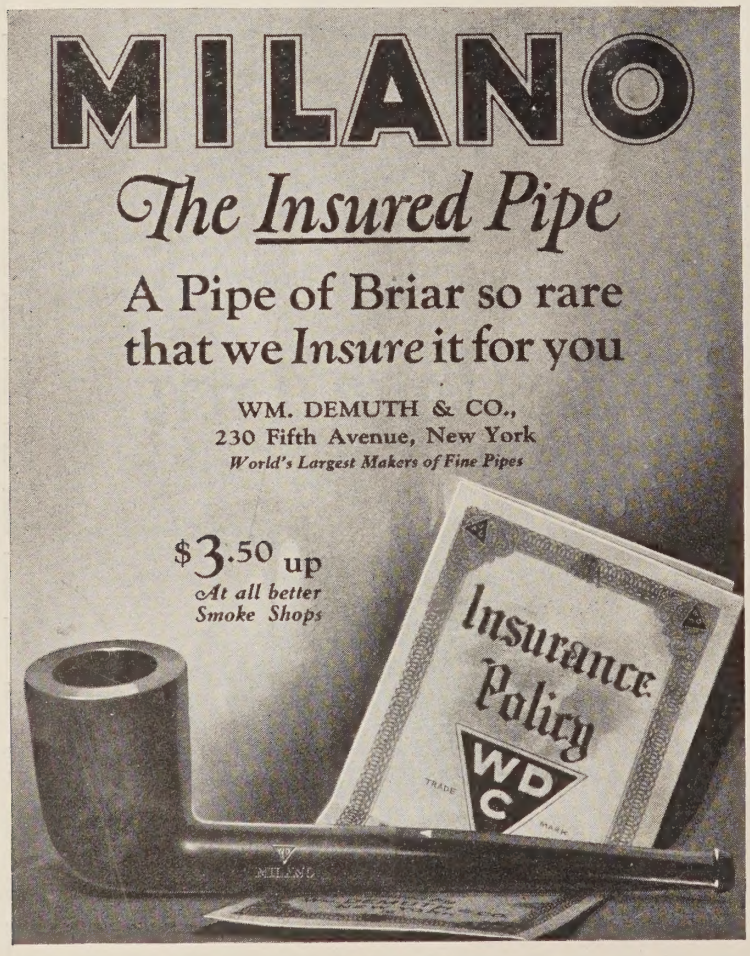
and

QUALITY ~ SERVICE
GOOCH'S CAFE
SINCE 1903

LIPSCOMB-GATTIS COMPANY

At this store you will find a complete line of things College Men wear

Manhattan Shirts | *Society Brand Clothes*



HE KNOWS

MRS. NEWBRIDE: "Well, Henry, if anything goes wrong, I will always be able to keep the wolf away from the door by singing."

MR. NEWBRIDE: "There isn't the slightest doubt of that, dear."

—Lemon Punch.

FIRST: "That woman who just passed; do you know her?"

SECOND: "No, I haven't the honor."

FIRST: "Perhaps not the honor, but have you the pleasure?"

—Medley.

PAT: "Say, Mike, we can't go down thot path!"

MIKE: "And why not?"

PAT: "Sure, thot soign over there says 'For Pedestrians Only,' and we both be Oirishmen."

—Tiger.

Nigger, I'se got me a job now, but me brudder's got a better job than I'se got.

What am the professun ob yo' brudder, nigger?

Oh, he's got a good job, he has. He's got charge ob the shoe department down at the Palace Barber Shop.

The new CORONA FOUR

A STANDARD four-bank typewriter with all the sturdiness and capacity of a hundred dollar office machine—yet portable.

It's light to the touch, quiet to the ear, a delight to the eye. Every time-saving feature is there, from self-spacing carriage return to 12-yard self-reversing ribbon.

Mail the coupon below and let us tell you the whole story of this new Corona.

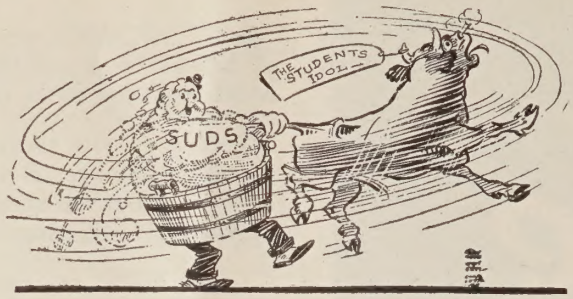
CORONA TYPEWRITER CO. Inc.
MAIN ST; GROTON, NEW YORK

Please send me full information about CORONA FOUR and the address of the nearest CORONA Store . . . . . .

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



It's a "*Joke*" To Be Appreciated

You may think it's "funny" to read some of the "bones" pulled—but think of the "stuff" you pull when you fail to do three things—for your own good—namely:

Write your Registration Number - Give address and room number correctly
List each article you send to the laundry.

Then rave because your bundle does not come back on time—"Ye Gods" was simple, are you?—Come through

LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT, U. N. C.

Warrens

3425 WALNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Showing at

SUTTON & ALDERMAN

on November 12th and 13th

Featuring

Mackenzie Cassimers . . .	$35.00
Tuxedo Coat and Trousers . .	40.00

Authentic Styles

JACK CUNNINGHAM
Representative

FARCE

Me and Maw and Paw came to town last year an' as we was trapesin down the main street Paw he saw somethin' bright in the middle o' the road. Paw says it looked like a quarter to him and run out ter pick it up an' just as he was a-stoopin' ter pick it up a big truck run over an kilt him. Maw and me just laffed and laffed cause it warn't no quarter, it was jist a tin cap off a pop bottle.

—Blue Baboon.

SHE: "Do you and your roommate get along well together?"

HE (thinking of a request for a fiver which wasn't granted): "Well, he's the closest friend I have."

—Chanticleer.

"I used to think this movie queen wonderful."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, but that was before her picture was in an advertisement telling that she uses the soap my father manufactures."

—Juggler.

I knew a doctor whose name was Peck;
He fell in a well and broke his neck.
It served him right for he should have known
To tend to the sick and let the well alone.

Every day one million people read the street-car cards reproduced above

facts—

Three hundred thousand people, mostly college graduates and recognized business people will buy the December (Holiday) issue. On sale November 6th.

Our readers tell us that an average of more than 13 persons read each copy of College Humor purchased.

Nearly Four Million will see Your "Best" in College Humor

Your College Comic is part of your education

THE success of your comic depends on you.

You can express your own ideas and originality through your comic.

YOUR best efforts, when accepted by your editor, will later appear in

College Humor

where millions will become your followers.

OURS is the joyous task—that of gathering the freshest and most buoyant humor for which collegiate minds are responsible.

Our hope is to make each issue a standard of comparison.
For this reason we have given to the material
a title of full meaning—

"The Best Comedy— **College Humor** —In America"

CHICAGO

GERALD: "How long is it since you were abroad?"

JULIA: "Three Husbands ago."

—*Life.*

LAST YEAR'S ROOMIE: Why don't you come over to the house and see us?

JOE COLLEGE: I'm afraid I'd see so much of my stuff I'd be homesick.

—*Blue Baboon.*

ANOTHER PARADOX

Things which happen in the dark generally make the lightest reading matter.

—*Punch Bowl.*

FORESIGHT

APPLICANT—"Will the manager see me before I go out?"

OFFICE BOY: "No, he saw you before you came in."

—*Punch Bowl.*

FAFFER HODGE: "Mind, I ain't saying as you do water your milk. All I says is you ought to thatch your cows, 'cos they must be letting the rain in!"

—*The London Mail.*

LUXENBERG

CLOTHES FOR THE COLLEGE MAN

The SACK SUIT

(*Two and three button*)

CUT with that conservatism carefully dressed men demand, and tailored in appropriate, rich patterns that stamp them as distinctive.

32^{50} *to* 42^{50}

NAT LUXENBERG & BROS.

841 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Showing at THOMPSON'S SMOKE SHOP
November 18 and 19

Our style memo. book sent free on request

Schloss Tailoring Co.

Showing at

Thompson's Smoke Shop

November. 5-6-10-11

Get That Thanksgiving Suit

Suits
Top Coats
Overcoats
Knickers

Stetson Tailor

Exclusive Styles

FOR

Exclusive Men and Young Men

SHOWING AT

SUTTON & ALDERMAN'S

November 14th and 15th

"NATIONALLY KNOWN
JUSTLY FAMOUS"

We Don't Cobble, We Rebuild
You've Tried the Rest, Now Try the Best

Modern Electric Shoe Shop

and

Shine Parlor

Next Door to Pickwick Theatre

UNDERTAKER: Jones is certainly in a bad hole.

SMYTHE: Yes? How so?

UNDERTAKER: We buried him yesterday.

—Yale Record.

ROBIN: Some of the trustees are working to raise the tuition.

HOOD: They have nothing on me.

—Purple Parrot.

"Is she singing that in the key of C?" asked Howard Coy, as he left the College of Music.

"Sounds like H," grunted his companion.

—Wampus.

GOOD CIGAR!

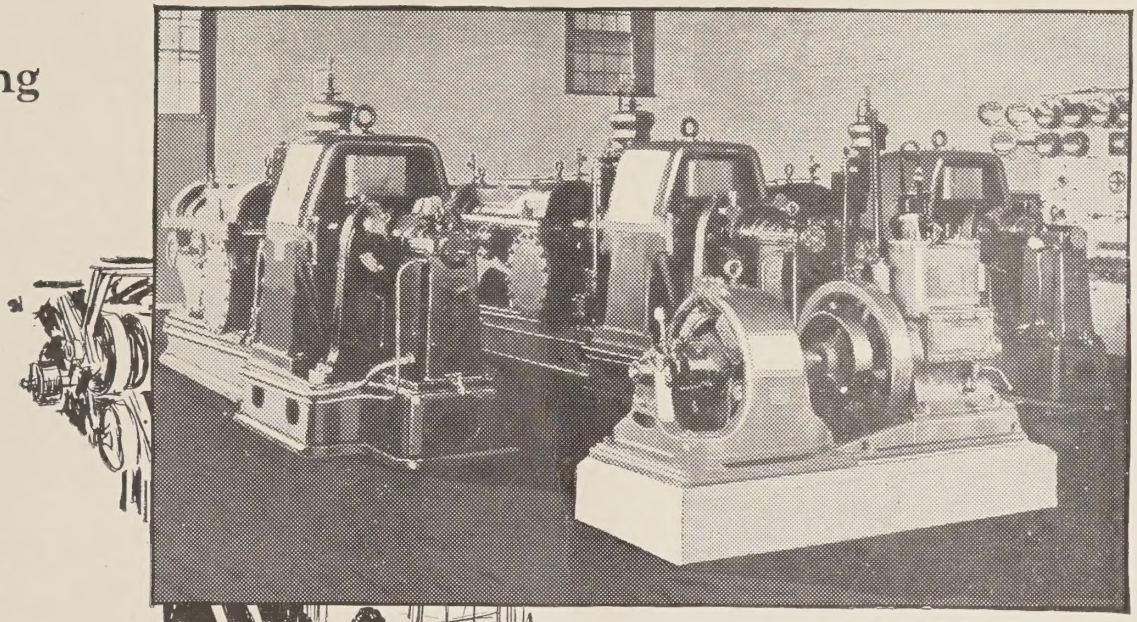
Faker (shouting): Three down, a good cigar; four down, a nickel!

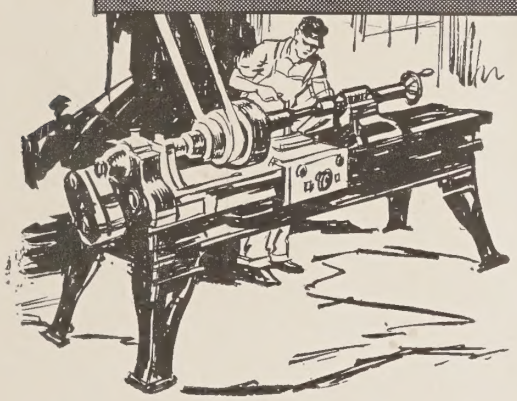
A FABLE

The King was playing tennis. He missed a ball. "Somebody kick me," cried his majesty in high wrath, and sixteen courtiers were killed in the rush, for 'twas no mean offense to disobey his highness in those days.

The Great Engineering Achievement of 1899

What Engineering Owes to Initiative





PRIOR to 1899 the works of the Westinghouse Airbrake Company was operated by reciprocating engines distributed in various parts of the plant. While this source of power was inefficient in many respects, it was the best known commercial motive force of the day.

By 1899, however, remarkable developments had been made in the design and construction of steam turbines and electric generating equipment. Called to the attention of the Airbrake officials, it was decided to give the new machines a chance, and three Westinghouse Steam Turbines were installed without delay. This was the first large installation of its kind, anywhere.

Daddy of All Large Commercial Turbines Began Operation at Wilmerding

It required *initiative* to take this step—someone had to be first. And, as in all important pioneering achievements, there was much skepticism as to results. However, the new units quickly proved their practicability. Although of only 400 K. W. capacity they proved much more efficient and economical than the old reciprocating engines. Their economy was particularly conspicuous because by careful test they showed a fuel saving of approximately 36 per cent.

Steam turbine development thus received its first real impetus in 1899, the Wilmerding, Pa., performance definitely establishing this electrical unit as a *better* method of turning the wheels of industry.

Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY

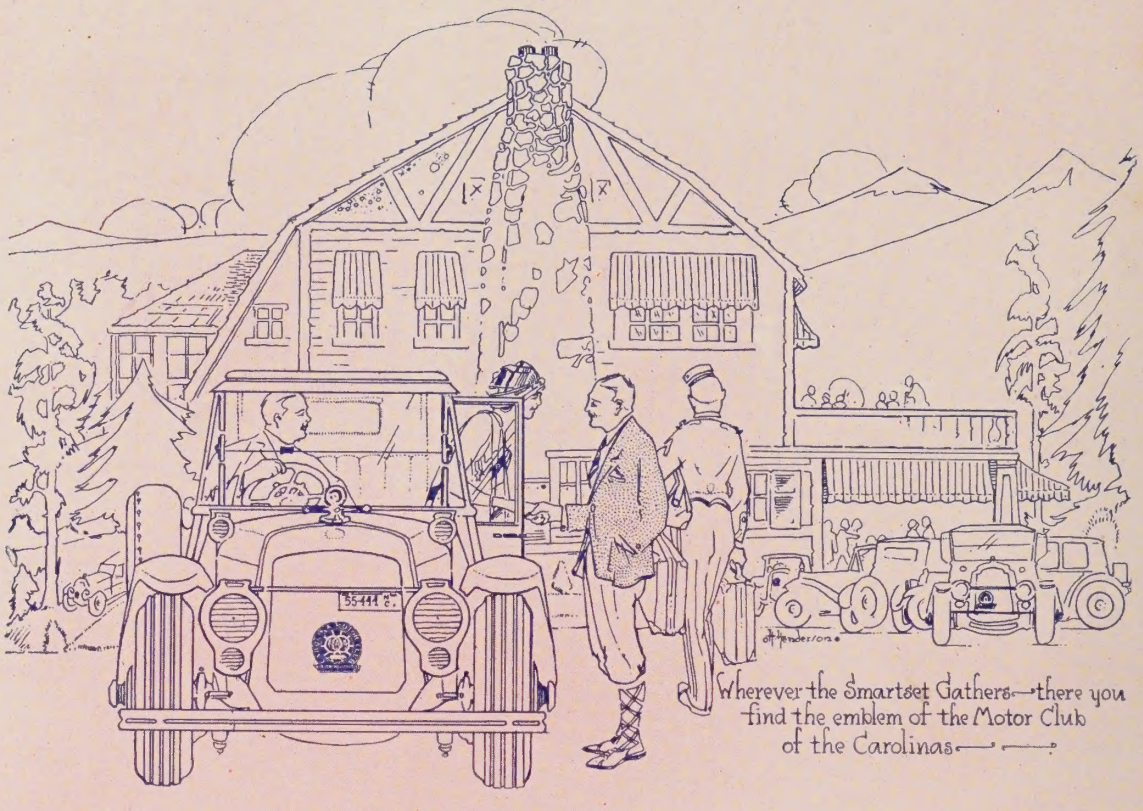
Toasting brings out the hidden
flavor of the world's finest tobaccos.
A combination millions can't resist.

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

The Carolina Buccaneer

Pirate NUMBER 25¢



Wherever the Smartset Gathers—there you find the emblem of the Motor Club of the Carolinas

Give It For Christmas
Buy It For Yourself

REPRESENTS AN INVESTMENT WORTH MANY TIMES THE NOMINAL COST. IS DISTINCTIVE—WORTH WHILE . . . . . .

Is It Worth It? Ask a Member!

THE CAROLINA MOTOR CLUB, Inc.

BRANCHES IN 60 CAROLINA CITIES

This Emblen Is:

- —fighting speed traps
- —recovering stolen cars
- —furnishing emergency road service
- —advertising the Carolinas
- —furnishing police bond for members
- —official representative of the AAA
- —providing legal assistance
- —attempting to decrease accidents
- —favoring new legislation
- —furnishing road information to 400 tourists daily.

CLIP THE COUPON

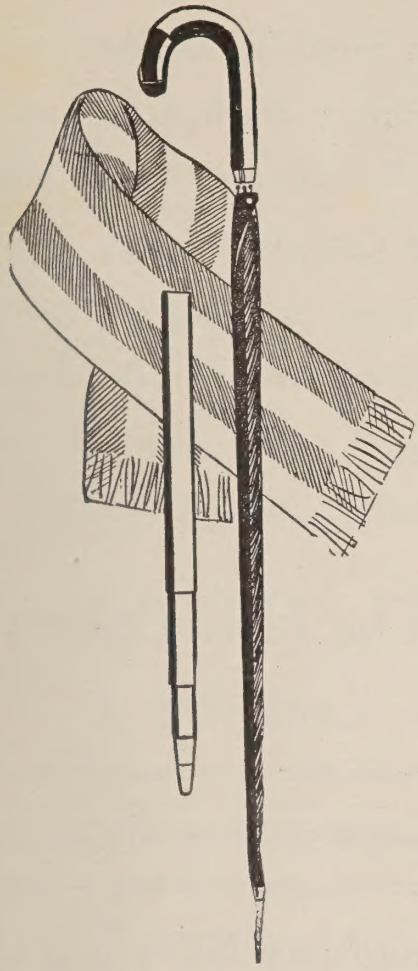
THE CAROLINA MOTOR CLUB, Inc.
Greensboro, N. C.

Without obligation to me, please send me literature explaining the services of the Carolina Motor Club together with attractive Christmas gift offer.

Name .....

Address .....

With the first 25 applications for membership received answering this advertisement we are giving a copy of our new 250 page AUTOMOBILE TOUR BOOK.



Novelties which are both smart and practical always achieve immediate popularity with the well dressed man. One of the most recent of these is the umbrella stick, which, on first appearance, is nothing more or less than a smart looking stick made in sections resembling the usual bamboo walking stick. Just below the crook, this stick is hollow, and when the sections are telescoped into a neat bundle, no longer than the ordinary lead pencil, which can be tucked away into the side pocket of an overcoat, the lucky possessor has an umbrella ready for an unexpected shower, meanwhile having had the use of it as a stout walking stick. It is the traveler's boon and the business man's constant protector. So cleverly contrived is this walking stick and umbrella combination that no one, who is not initiated in its mechanism, would ever suspect the hidden surprise. In addition to this most recent novelty, it is high time to consider the other winter accessories such as mufflers and gloves. *Vanity Fair* wishes to note that the smartly dressed man this year will wear wool and cashmere mufflers in stripes and plain colours for the day, and white crêpe or white knitted silk mufflers for the evening. His gloves for day wear should be of the slip-on variety in mocha or dark grey buck, and for evening the same style of glove in white buckskin or chamois for the street.

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

Craftbuilt Printing

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

Christian & King Printing Company

Craftbuilt Printing

212 NORTH CORCORAN STREET
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Spend Six Enjoyable Hours

—on—

December 4—Harold Lloyd in *Hot Water*
December 5—*Wine*, A Jewel Special
December 8—Gloria Swanson in *Her Love Story*
December 9—A First National Special, *Sundown*
December 10—Norma Talmadge in *Secrets*
December 16—Eric Stronheim Production, *Greed*

—AT—

PICKWICK THEATRE

"Almost a Part of Carolina"

Raisin Bread, *Wednesday and Sat.*
Rye Bread, *Wednesday and Sat.*
Fresh Rolls Every Day at *8:30 and 3*
Coffee, Cake, *Wednesday and Sat.*

Parker House Rolls on Order

Plain, Boston Brown, French and Rye Bread

The Hill Bakery

Phone 20

Durable Durham Hosiery

For Men, Women and Children

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

Silks, Cottons and Woolens

Durham Hosiery Mills

Durham, North Carolina

"Broadway Better Clothes"

None as Good at a Lower
Few as Good at Same
None Better at Any . . .

PRICE

BROADWAY TAILORING COMPANY

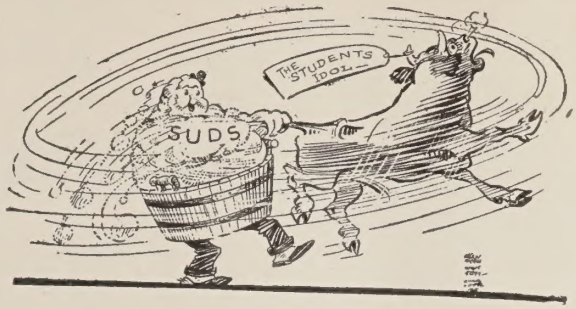
Showing at Sutton & Alderman's Drug Store
December 1st, 2nd and 3rd
JNO. N. PAUL, *Representative*

The Best Bus Equipment On The Hill
The Best Bus Service On The Hill

RIDE WITH

JORDANS - *Telephone 167*

HEADQUARTERS GOOCH'S CAFE



PIRATES PIRATES

In ye olden days tore the buttons from your clothes

Of the modern day sew buttons on your clothes

THAT'S US!

LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT, U. N. C.

BETWEEN MEALS

WIFE: "I can't find my last year's bathing suit."

HUSBAND: "Probably a moth ate it."—*Life.*

"I played my first game this morning—did it in 65."

"Good Heavens!"

"Oh, I did better than that on my second hole."—*Stone Mill.*

SURE THING!

"I beg your pardon," said the girl timidly, "would you care to help the Working Girl's Home?"

"Sure thing," said the State Street ornament, briskly, "Where are they?"—*Gargoyle.*

Perhaps it was just the power of suggestion, but anyway the Yell Leader shouted at the girls' rooting section: "Now go to it, girls, show 'em you're Blue and Gold supporters."—*Pelican.*

DON'T STOP

SHE—Why did you let go of the wheel?

HE—I just wanted to see if I had a flat tire.

SHE—Oh! You mean thing.—*Puppet.*

"I am indebted to you for all I know."

PROF.: "Oh, don't mention such a mere trifle."—*Virginia Reel.*

Stetson Tailor

Exclusive Styles

FOR

Exclusive Men and Young Men

SHOWING AT

SUTTON & ALDERMAN'S

December 6th, 13th and 15th

"NATIONALLY KNOWN
JUSTLY FAMOUS"

C_2 K means—

"Curious to Know." We—Sutton & Alderman, *Druggist*—often wonder if we give just the kind of service that you desire.

DO WE?

We are curious to know whether—in your estimation—the little things that all of us hold so dear, are attended to as you desire, such for instance as mailing "her" a cedar chest filled with Hollingsworth's Hobby.

DROP IN—

SUTTON & ALDERMAN, *Druggist*

Warrens

3425 WALNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Showing at

SUTTON & ALDERMAN

December 11th and 12th

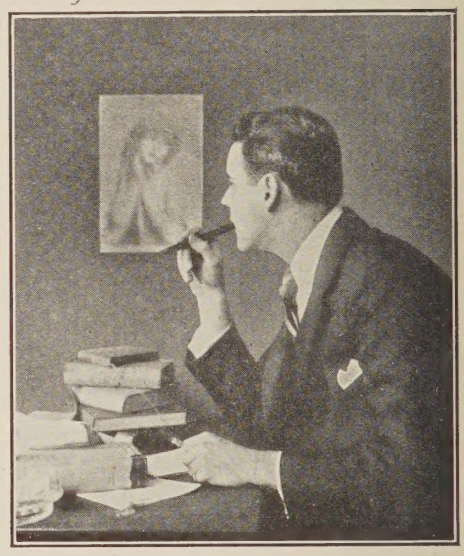
Featuring

Mackenzie Cassimers . . .	$35.00
Tuxedo Coat and Trousers . .	40.00

Authentic Styles

JACK CUNNINGHAM
Representative

On Your Desk



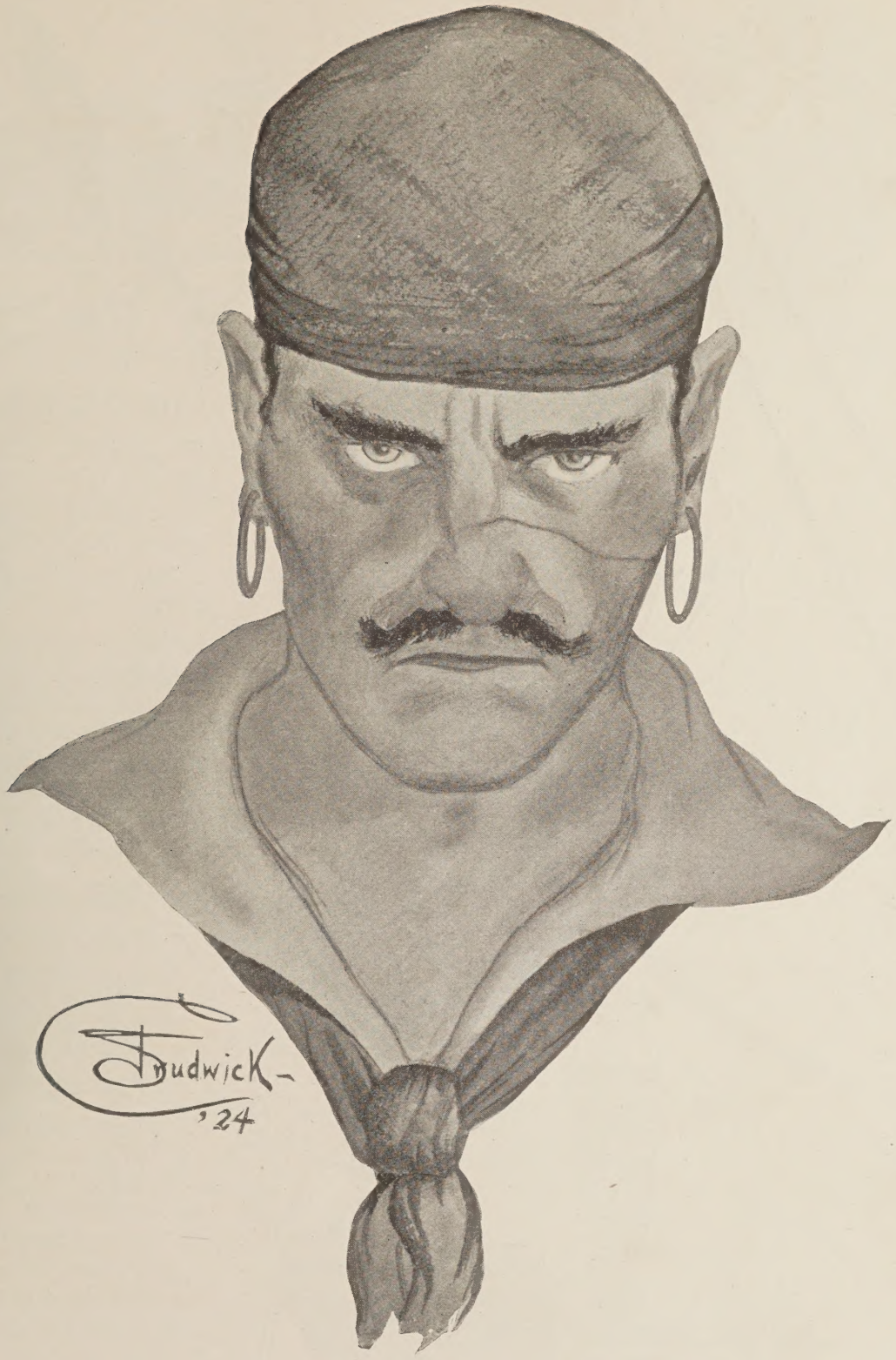
YOU SHOULD HAVE A BOX OF

Old Hampshire Stationery

DIE STAMPED WITH THE COLLEGE SEAL . . . . . BUY IT PLAIN OR DIE STAMPED FROM

R. W. FOISTER

Fine Stationery Department HAMPSHIRE PAPER CO.
SO. HADLEY FALLS, MASS.


Trudwick
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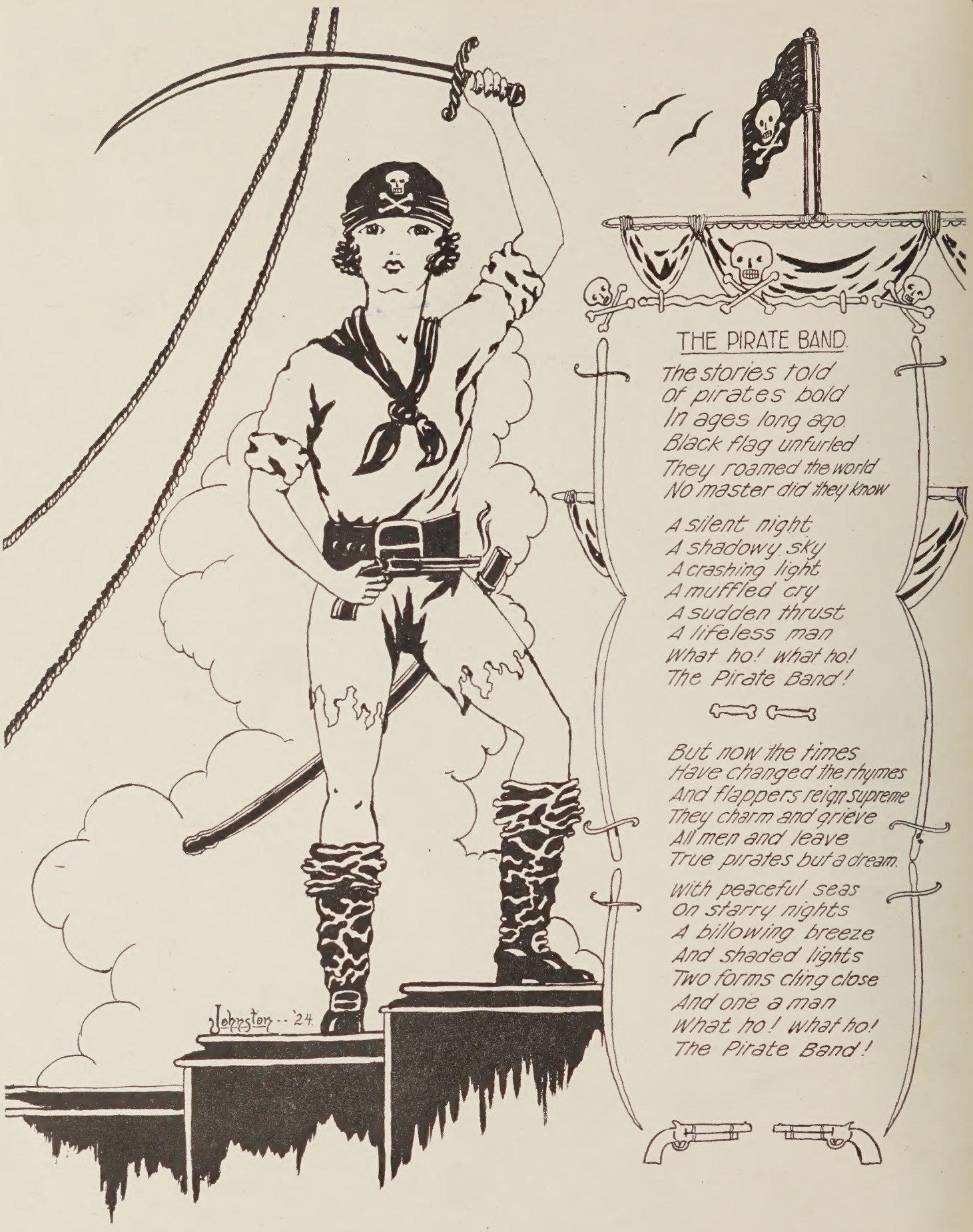


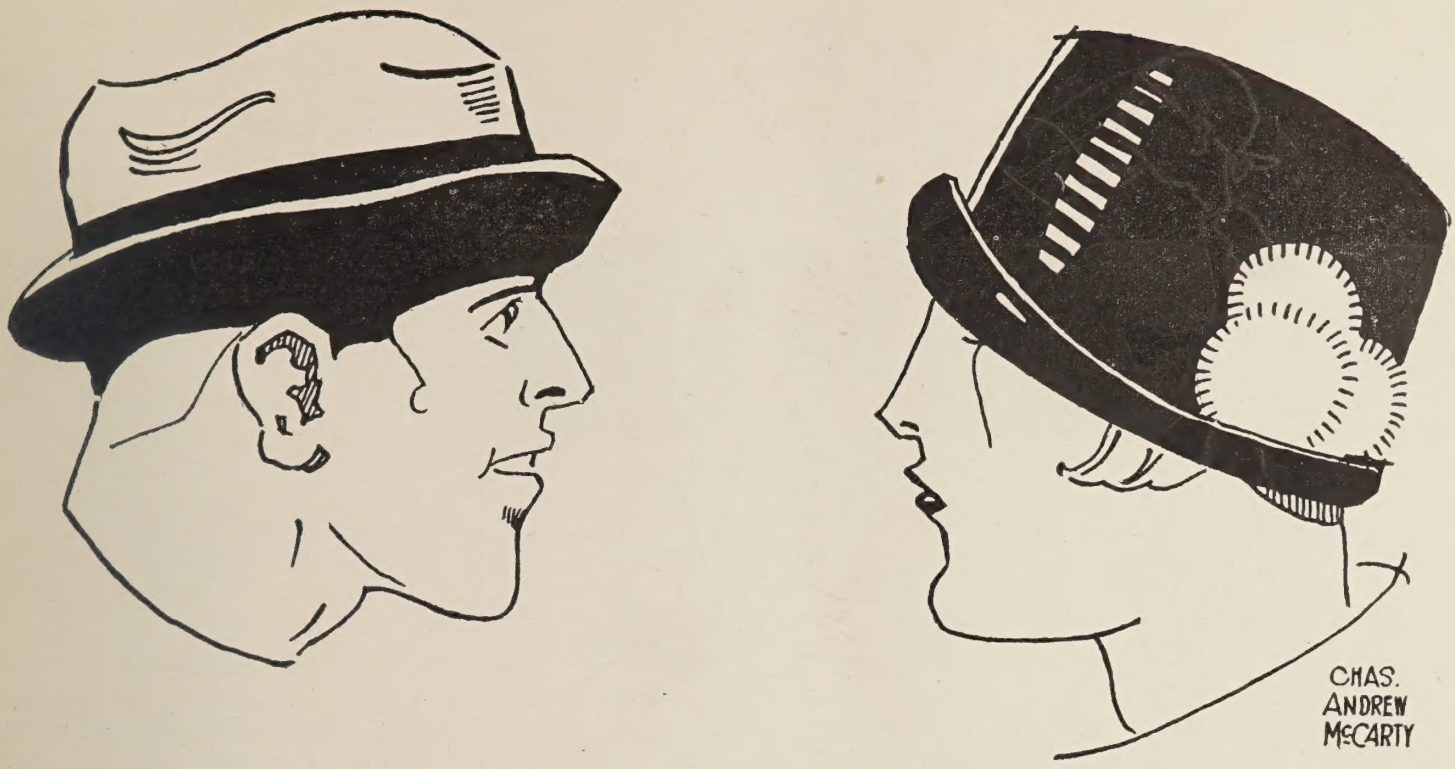
THE PIRATE BAND.

The stories told
of pirates bold
In ages long ago.
Black flag unfurled
They roamed the world
No master did they know

A silent night
A shadowy sky
A crashing light
A muffled cry
A sudden thrust
A lifeless man
What ho! what ho!
The Pirate Band!

But now the times
Have changed the rhymes
And flappers reign supreme
They charm and grieve
All men and leave
True pirates but a dream.

With peaceful seas
On starry nights
A billowing breeze
And shaded lights
Two forms cling close
And one a man
What ho! what ho!
The Pirate Band!



HE: "Why does that man always refer to you as his baby girl?"

SHE: "Oh, I don't know, I s'pose it's because I keep him up so late at night."

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE BUCCANEER.

The Student Body: "Rotten." (Its usual criticism).
The Faculty: "Old stuff."
The Staff: "Damn good!"
The Presidents of Neighboring Girl's Colleges: "Absolutely indecent, our girls shall not read it."
The Girls: "Fine." "Cute." "Gorgeous." "Grand."
The Revivalist: "Filthy, unclean, born of the devil."
The Devil: "It's not mine."
The *Tar Heel* Critic: "Lacks originality, full of misprints, too many ads, too much reading matter, too many cuts, too little of everything, the product of amateurs, vulgar and suggestive; but on the whole good."
The Puritan: "Cover too *risqué*."
The Newsdealer: "Cover not snappy enough."
The Printer: "It's not our fault."
College Humor: "We congratulate you on your success."
Other Comics: "Ours is better."
The Contributor: "My stuff was better than this they used."
A Wee, Small Voice: "Room for improvement!"
Ourselves: "What's the use?"

No darling, when he said you were an N. A. he didn't mean that you were nice and attractive.

The heighth of painlessness is a splinter in a wooden leg.

The latest and most musical blank verse poem was found the other day in the diary of I. M. Sappho. It goes like this:

"..... .....
....
....
...."

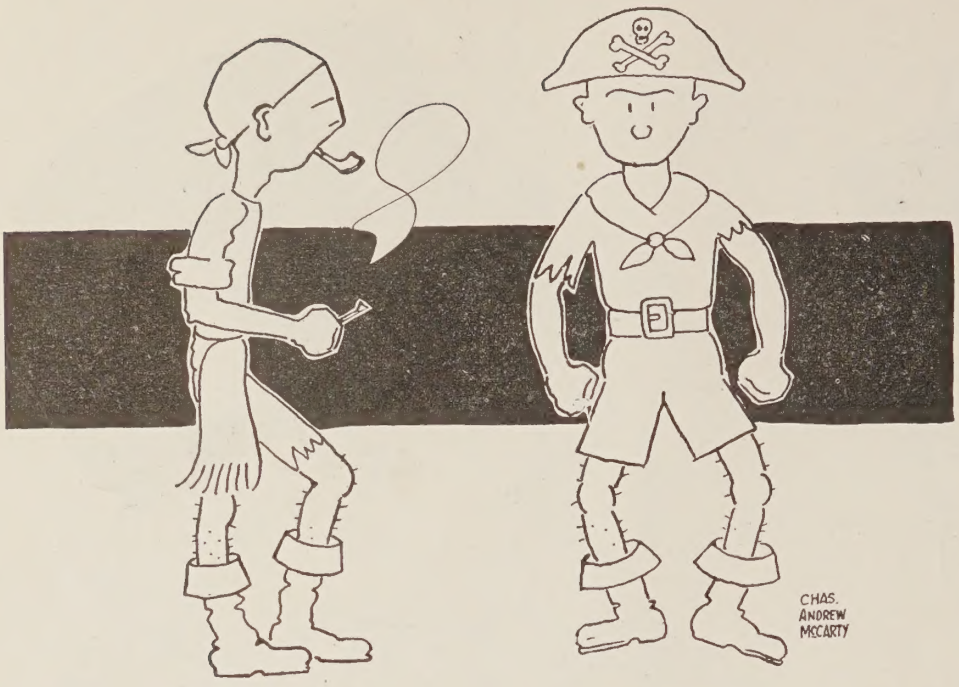
A sock on the foot is worth two in the eye .

Sir Gallahad: Squire come hither, anon.
Squire: Aye, aye, lord?
Sir G.: Go yonder and fetch me that acetylene torch. I have a bedbug under my shirt.

Queer critters are women to deal with
The first man found that to his cost;
And I reckon it's just through a woman
The last man on earth will be lost.

He passed by her window in the moonlight
Her shade was not pulled low,
He saw on the wall her shadow
As she stood stripping, stripping, stripping
Tobacco.

She: I'd just go wild on a yacht."
He: "How would you act on a motor boat?"—*Squib.*



HORACE: "Why have you given up smoking?"
HARD BOILED: "I consider it effeminate."

AN EX-PIRATE'S DIARY

Jan. 1. Swore off.
2. Caught cold.
3. Bad cough,
Was told
Rock and Rye
'D knock it high
Er'n a kite
Friend and I
Sat all night
Good and tight.
4. Painted town
Rosy Red.
5. Broken down,
Large head,
Aching sore,
Don't think
I'll ever drink
Any more.

PROF.: "Where do we find the most inferior grade of tobacco in this state?"
STUDENT: "Search me."

STUDE: Gimme a pack of CAMELS.
GREEN CLERK: Large or small.

IT GRIPES US!

To go on a hot date and find that she has just fallen in love and reformed.

To start on a ride with a girl and have to pay her car fare home.

To catch a date and have six boys drop in during the evening.

To date a girl whose mother is deaf but who sees better than any six women.

To get interested and have bed time called at 10:30.

To date a girl who says she will and then find out that she won't.

To fall for a girl, write her, and get no answer.

To have a sweet mama accept our frat pin when we haven't any.

A matron feels secure in her charm when she is asked by the boys to chaperone a house party. She knows it is all over when she is asked by the girls to take charge of things.

It's about as hard to make a deaf man understand you as it is to catch the attention of a cross-eyed woman.

Teacher: What did Caesar say when Brutus stabbed him?
Boy: Et tu—Ouch!

THE INEBRIATE: Cam, I'll knock th' *'EL* outta yu' if yu' burn my finger.

CHECKER: "What's the matter with your ears? I don't believe you've washed them in a week!"
PLAIN: "I've been listening to smutty jokes."

TO FIND THE TREASURE:

Be sure to land on the north side of the island between the second and third palm trees. After walking around for a while, with careful scrutiny, you have the possibility of seeing a sign. This sign will direct you to the third palm tree. This being reached, turn westward forty paces. Here another sign points out an old stump. Walk around this stump the number of times you've bit twice on the same joke. Now, if you are fortunate enough to see a buzzard over the top of a sixth sign-post, rush in the direction his little toe points. Here, if it rained the day before, eight feet beneath you in a bed of rock you will find an untold,——congratulations, my friend, your patience is your treasure!!!

How The Pirates Got Their Names

Captain Kidd

Captain Kidd got his name on the fourth of April, 1843. It happened this way: After a hard days battle, he had captured three Spanish gallons (boat-loads) of liquor. He was seated in his cabin when the results of the day's fight were reported to him by the remaining half of the first mate. After sampling the liquor, the captain arose and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Hot dog, that's the goat's child, all right." And the crew as one man roared out, "Three sneers for Captain Kid." (The other "d" was added by d-grees.)

Stede Bonnet

Stede Bonnet was another famous pirate. He began life as an inventor; his greatest invention was the horse's hat. He was so disappointed when he heard a horse (not knowing it was a mule) exclaim, "Hee-haw," when it saw itself in the mirror in one of his hats, that he decided to go to sea. When the men of his crew heard of this incident, they named their leader Horses Hatt. After a visit to Paris, however, they became more refined and from then on called their captain Stede Bonnet.

Sir Henry Morgan

No finer name was ever chosen for a pirate, from a psychological point of view, than Henry Morgan. What names have a closer association with money than Henry Morgan—unless it be John D.? So Henry was baptized Henry Ford John Pierpont Morgan.

Teach, or Blackbeard

Before Teach became a pirate, he was a college professor. (Hence the name Teach.) He went crazy teaching high finance, searching for the truth, and trying to make both ends meet. (The truth is that teaching high finance is seldom effective in making both ends meet.)

Teach was noted for his taking ways. (He soon took unto himself many of the pirate customs, several wives, and a lot of things that belonged to other people.) He was a natural blonde (yellow hair and red eyelashes) but he was by no means misnamed when he was called Blackbeard. Here is the story: The whole ship was celebrating the end of a particularly perfect day in true pirate fashion—plank-walking, throat-cutting, and all those other playful little jokes were in order. The climax of the celebration was reached when the cook and the first mate found a bottle of ink in one of their prisoners' grips (very tight—cook, first mate, and grip). They waited until the captain turned his head the other way (so he couldn't see who it was); and then threw the contents of the bottle into his face. As it was a time honored custom among pirates never to wash, Teach's beard remained black until the day of his death.

VOL. II. DECEMBER, 1924 NO. 3

ROSTER OF THE BUCCANEER

CHIEF OFFICERS

R. L. Felton, Jr. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Skipper*
Chas. W. Gold, Jr. - - - - - - - - - - - - *Custodian of the Booty*
Charles Andrew McCarty - - - - - - - - - - - *Chief Chartsman*

THE CREW

G. A. Cardwell, Jr., *First Mate* C. T. Smith, *Second Mate*
H. N. Parker T. B. Freeman W. S. McIver E. R. Patterson Spencer Murphy J. M. Saunders W. K. Fowler

CHARTSMEN

Fred S. Wright, *Assistant Chartsman*
J. S. Starr Eugene Erwin W. B. Peters

BLOOD DRAWERS

John C. Finley, *Assistant Custodian* Finley T. White, *Head Cutthroat* Norman Cooper, Ludwig Lauerhauss, *Little Cutthroats*
John D. Ross, *Helmsman* Phil R. Whitley, *Assistant Helmsman*

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Ask Us Not of Mournful Numbers

SOMETIME in the spring of 1924 a new college comic was begun, and—this is it. From several hundred suggested names (some of which were exceedingly dumb), the word Buccaneer was selected. The large number of suggestions came due to the fact that a prize was offered; and, by the way, was given. On the last day some few went so far with their optimism as to wire (telegraph) their proposals for an appellation. Furthermore, the local post-office went to some trouble in stamping special delivery letters with "Delivery Attempted."

One of the reasons that Buccaneer was selected was because no magazine at this university had as yet been so called. Another reason was that no magazine labelled thatly had yet appeared anywhere. But the last, the real, and the most important cause for the selection was that the committee in charge felt that the pirates of the North Carolina coasts should be honored in some way, because they represented an honest race.

Furthermore, the name is particularly appropriate (we're bragging now) in that a college comic, especially this one, is a carefree, irresponsible, don't-give-a-damn, devil-may-take-you sort of a magazine.

Then it was resolved by the embryonic board that each year the third issue of this new follower of the Jolly Roger should be called the Pirate Number. So having fired a few explanatory remarks across the bow of the good ship "General Public," we permit ourselves to be boarded. (Note that we have refused to make a pun with the words "board" and "bored," another point in our favor.)

Carolina Piracy

A VITAL portion of the anatomy of the early eighteenth century consists of the tales of the murders, rampages, and other simple sports enjoyed by the pirates off the Carolina coasts. Among these seekers after sport was one far-famed dealer in seamen's vice, Blackbeard by name.

Edward Teach, or Thatch, or Finch, or maybe Smith, or Brown, was his real name; but he was called Blackbeard because he became, at birth, the possessor of blue eyes. His first act of piracy was the tying of a seventeenth century can to the tail of a still later seventeenth century dog. From that time until the spring of 1717 little is recorded concerning his development and achievements.

At this time he swiped a French ship, named it the "Queen Anne's Revenge," and went into this business seriously. He committed his depredations on land as well as on sea, not because he was inclined toward being materialistic and worldly in seeking for things having a monetary value, but because his soul craved satisfaction of this nature. He was thus not the forerunner of the modern gold-getters, but the forerunner of these murderers who commit their acts because they can no longer get a thrill out of the ordinary things of life.

Charles Town was one of the first cities to which he paid a social call. He visited there that he might obtain a medicine chest, which he did after murdering a few persons, insulting hundreds, and frightening thousands. Following this, he began to think that he had done something wrong, and surrendered to the much admired governor of North Carolina. The latter having come to the realization that the poor pirate should not work without protection, formed a partnership with him. After entering politics, Blackbeard further demonstrated his fearlessness by marrying for the fourteenth time.

Henceforth he entertained the planters of the Carolinas and Virginia. They, having no musical comedies and no football games at that time, welcomed him until his amusement grew monotonous to them. Then the planters, and the captains of ships sailing in that vicinity, appealed to the governor of Virginia for aid in suppression of the vile actor.

Because of the appeal, Lieutenant Maynard, in 1717, sailed from the James River *in two men-of-war* (the idea!) and came upon Blackbeard and his company in Ocracoke Inlet (wherever that is). Forthwith, the gentleman of the Black Flag was playfully killed; and his head, severed away from his body, allowed to act as a decoration for the bowsprit of Maynard's vessel as it sailed back into Hampton Roads.

Possibly it may be emphasized by some one that this Maynard was a Virginian. To this there will be no great objection, because Buccaneer is in part Virginian. But we do regret that our fearless lieutenant did not take the fourteen wives of Blackbeard into consideration. No wonder this man was a pirate!!

Until the time of Blackbeard the prosperity of the Carolinians enabled them to protect themselves from pirates; during this time he had a monopoly on the territory, and after this time the prosperity of the people returned to normal; so he (and the governor) seem to be the only buccaneers of importance. However, some assistants and sub-assistants were Hornigold, Bonnet, more famous in another region, and Hands. Thus do we give in part a summary of the history of the Carolina coast brotherhood.

They're Here

IT is the current opinion among most folks that pirates existed only in the olden days, but the idea is false. They're here, on this campus, and nearly every other campus; not just one or two, but whole crews of them.

They sail not in ships, but in stripped-down, second-hand, so-called automobiles; except in cases where they have been particularly adept in their piracy, and have succeeded in capturing a more decent prize from a most innocent father. Their oceans are not water, but are long stretches of otherwise perfectly good country roads; while their seaports, and the places where their captures are made, are the homes of decent parents.

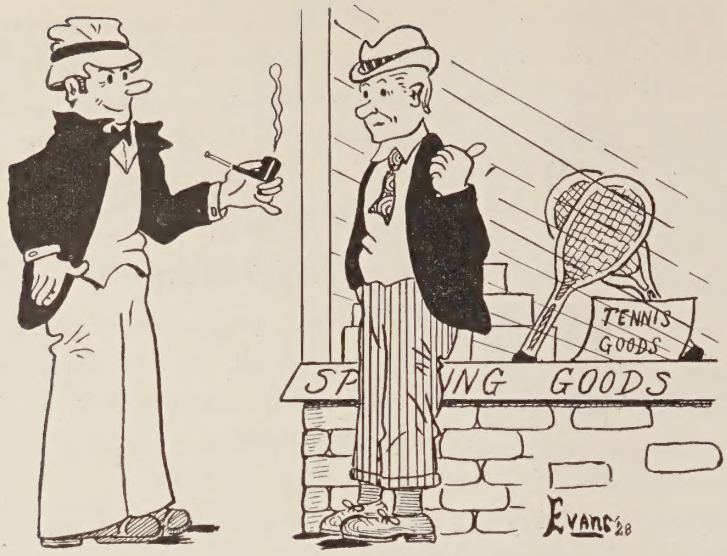
They are easily recognized, for they dress in true pirate style. The broad bottomed, more modern type of seamen's breeches has been adopted; but the wide belt, and the variously colored, glaring neck-pieces have been brought on down to these times. The dazzling sashes have evolved to even more dazzling sweaters. The pirates of days gone by spent little time with the care of their hair, but the modern treasure-seeker goes to the opposite extreme; however, the bloodshot eye still remains in some cases, and the suspicious appearance in nearly every case.

This treasure they seek is no longer iron-bound chests filled with gold, and silver, and precious jewels; but is flesh-bound chests containing the heart, and emotions, and soul of some soon-to-be-enlightened girl. In their minds these young bucks think (emphasis here), they think, we say, that this treasure is often got; for many are the tales that are told when a crew gets together. But, strange to say, such is not the case; for "the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

A bet was made with a student that he would not spend the night at the Haunted House. Late that night some of the fellows went out to see how he was getting along. No one was in sight. Four days the student turned up at the Hill.

"Where have you been?" he was asked.

"Coming back," was the reply.



He: "Say, how much would a tennis racket cost me?"

HIM: "Do you wanna steel one?"

HE: "Well, I dunno, I might get caught at it."

Yes, I was very careful. I refrained from saying dern or darn or *?"$& or '(%*¼ or you know what. Because this little girl seemed so much purer than others.

But one day I hit my finger with a hammer and said XYZPDOP and turned around and there she was! Then that afternoon I overheard her when she said, "And that infant thought he shocked me! But, Lord, child, *I've* been shocked by *experienced* shockers!"

"It's hard to get up," drowsily murmured the hod-carrier as he went about his daily work.

HE: What would you say if I kissed you?

SHE: I don't know. The speech would be extemporaneous.

MEMORY

There's a tale in the breeze today
Of the salt sea foam and the sand;
It beckons me on to the beach and the green
And away from the dry, hot land.

The furious roar of the traffic
With its grumble and chatter and grind
Is like to the roar of a rising sea
When it lashes and breaks in the wind.

The sparrows that perch on the wire
Make me think of the gulls as they wheel,
But nothing in heaven, on earth, or below
Is like sunburn and blisters that peel!

Annser: Had a hot date last night.

Kweshton: Ya did? Where?

Annser: Sitting next to the radiator. (Annser really did have a hot date because the furnace was out. He had a hot time lighting it.)

GREEN: "Did you get your Tux in time?"

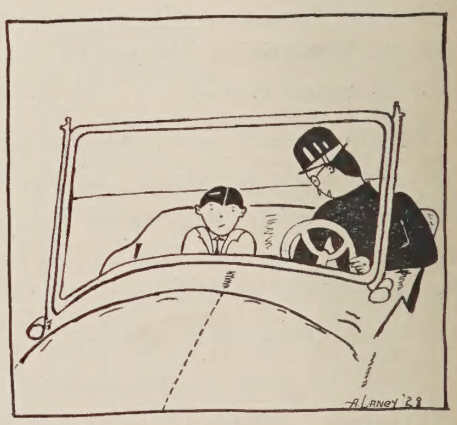
GREENER: "No, on time."

LOW FINANCE

According to the Morning-Evening, Mr. Widgets-Midgets announces that he has decided to raise the intellectual level of all the laborers in his well known Midgets factory by at least one story.

Mr. Midgets plans to present the more deserving men with Westward Bound copies of Edgar A. Best's political dramas. No charge will be made for these copies beyond the deduction of one or two month's wages. This move toward raising the loyal employees to a state of sublime highbrowism will be supplemented by courses in expository writing under the inspired leadership of that new Landburg, that man of genius, Mr. Sears Roebuk. Much of the material used in the course will be taken from Mr. Roebuk's vivid novel portraying farm life, called in an ironic way, *Catalog, Fall Number.*

A special meeting of the Senate will be called sometime in the early Awkward Ages to inform Mr. Midgets concerning the advisability of requesting Mr. Brigley to give night classes to the loyal workmen on the best ways to chew gum. It is expected that Mr. Brigley's major premise will involve the dramatic possibilities in the correct chewing of the gum. He will demonstrate how the gum may be chewed so as to express homesickness, jealousy, despair, opulence, "College Humour," dog biscuits, social tact, poetic justice, and community music.



YOUNG ONE: "What is that tick in the engine, father?"

OLD MAN: "Why that's the timer, my son."

TOOTHPICKS

The fact that this is the Pirate Number reminded me in some curious way of toothpicks. Now a great many people, even in Chapel Hill, don't know just what a toothpick is. It is high time something was done about such gross ignorance.

A toothpick, let me say, belongs to the great pick family. That is to say, it is more or less a relative of the nutpick, the pickaxe, the picador, and the Pickwick, the latter relation being especially intimate due to the prevalence of the peripatetic peanut in and about that edifice.

The toothpick, however, while it upholds the noble traditions of the family, differs from its relatives both in material structure and in usage. In the United States, for example, there are two major forms of the toothpick: the board toothpick and the quill toothpick. The former is the most commonly known and used. Its characteristic employment may be observed in the immediate vicinity of Swain Hall after any meal. This species is fashioned from the wood of the cedar tree in honor of the peculiar bird which was named after this tree. Its dimensions are usually one-thirty-second by one-sixteenth by two and four-tenths inches, though Emily Post writes that the very latest London toothpick measures two and five-tenths inches. The shaft tapers into a point at one end and into a miniature reproduction of a gargoyle at the other.

The habitat of the quill toothpick is usually the railway dining car, sometimes the right-hand coat pocket or the waistcoat pocket of a traveling salesman. As the name implies, it is made from iron filings and has a green glass bulb at one end.

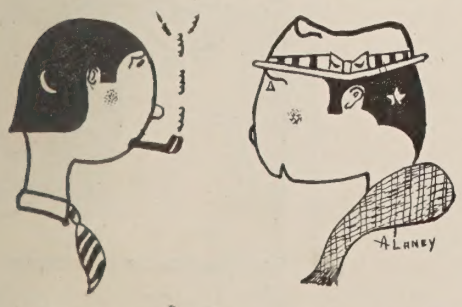
These two species, of course, are exclusive of the numerous forms of pseudo-toothpicks, such as the pin (both straight and safety), the hairpin, the penknife blade, the sharpened match, the nutpick, the horseshoe, and, in dire cases, the bar pin or fraternity pin. In the best circles the use of these forms is frowned upon.

In other parts of the world many varieties of the toothpick are in vogue. Above the Arctic circle, for instance, it is the ground-down tusk of the polar bear or the Victrola needle; in the Mexican desert the spine of the cactus plant or the Chile bean is used; in the tropics of South America certain parts of the pineapple or the porcupine quill is the usual form. The finger nail is quite generally employed in China, and in Japan elaborately carved ivory sticks are the thing. In Polynesia, I am told, the use of the toothpick is unknown.

The toothpick obviously derives its name from its use as a bookmark; as a cleaning implement, as a measuring rod, in lieu of buttons or pins, as an ear spoon, and as an asset to parlor tricks—to mention only a few of its many uses. It is, in a word, one of the fundamentals of civilization, and was the great discovery of the first century, just as the gullibility of the American public was the great discovery of the nineteenth century and the hitherto unknown qualities of the oilskin coat the great discovery of the present century.

PIED: "I've never had a rival in love."

PIPER: "You've always been in love with yourself." -



WON: "I'm a little stiff from sprinting."

TOO: "From where?"

Woman to friend: Your husband certainly is intellectual. He must know everything.

Second woman: Why no indeed. He doesn't even suspect anything!

No, Othelia, a football coach is not a vehicle.

1. Note the striking similarity between the pirate of old ----

and the gold-digger of today, especially in dress.

2. The boat that the ancient pirate rode, ove the rolling waves, diff

4. Many victims were captured to the clash of swords, but ----

now the crash of a Jazz orchestra takes its place.

GOLDD

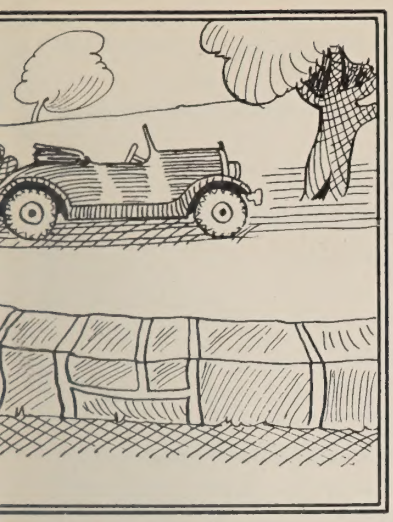
Comparing the anci

Fred

6. The ancient pirate would string up his captives with a line.

The modern one strings her captives along with a line

7. There was only one pirate that was a Kido in the old days ----



om the boat the pirate
f these days rides, under
he permanent wave.

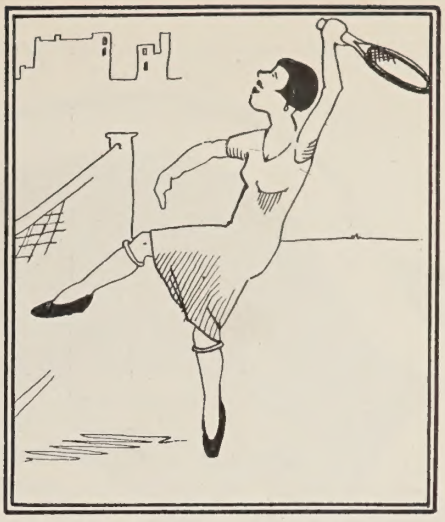
GGERS

and modern pirate.

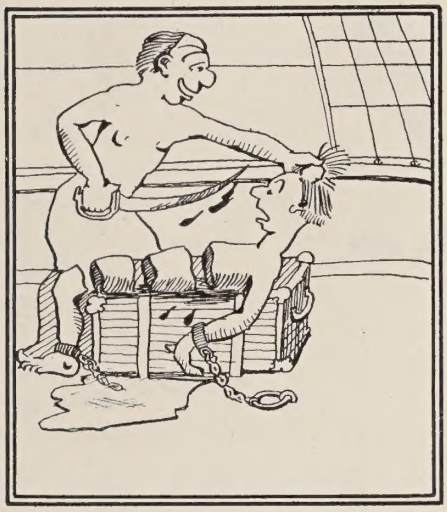
Vright

hile almost every kid
one these days.

3. The roll of the cannon was an important factor in capturing a prize, but now

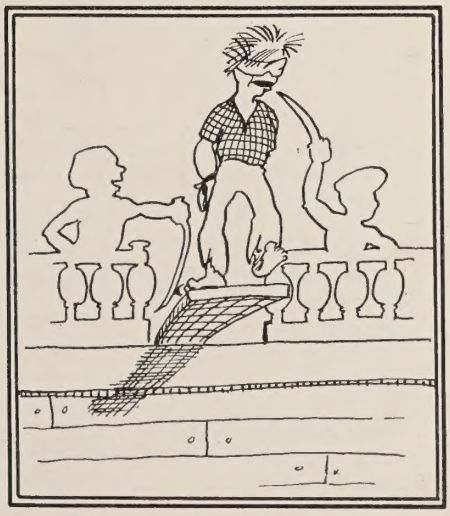


the roll of the stocking has altogether replaced it.

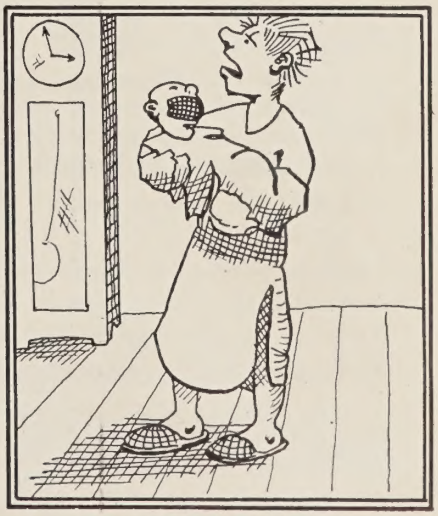


5. The drawing and quartering of victims was a common practice.

The modern pirate draws in her victims, but doesn't stop at quarters.



8. Frequently the victims were compelled to walk the plank and- - - - - - - -



they still do it these days every once in a while!

THE CAPTAIN'S KIDS

It was the tug boat "Sarah Jane"
That sailed Long Island Sound,
And Captain Kidd, its skipper bold,
Was known for miles around.

Staunch and true was Captain Kidd—
His honor was his boast.
As fine a man as ever ran
Bum liquor up the coast.

No robbery sullied his good name.
No murder had he done;
(Unless you count his Chinese cook,
And that was done in fun.)

Then one dark night in mid July
He loaded the "Sarah Jane"
With marlin spike and flintlock gun,
And sailed for the Spanish Main.

Why did he leave his honest trade
And swap it for another?
As Shakespeare said, "cherchez la femme,"
In this case 'twas his mother.

There was a girl in the big, bad town
Whom he worshipped from afar,
Her face was lovely, but her soul
Was black as a pail of tar.

Poor Captain Kidd in his innocence
Fell hard for the evil maid;
He met—believed her lying words,
And by her was betrayed.

For a while she amused herself with him—
Then, not regarding her sins,
She heartlessly up and moved away, while
He became father of twins.

His conscience hurt him terribly.
His eyes like gutters ran;
He prayed all night—then started home
To face it like a man.

The bitter snows of winter fell
As he neared his mother's farm;
Simple faith stood in each eye,
A child sat on each ram.

He held the infants carefully
And knocked as best he could;
The door swung back, and there within
His stern-faced mother stood.

Indeed that is a piteous scene
That now does lie before us;
The mother scowled, the poor man quaked,
The infants howled in chorus.

"How now?" said she in accents cold
As the wind blew freezingly.
"Why do you look so miserable,
And whence that progeny?"

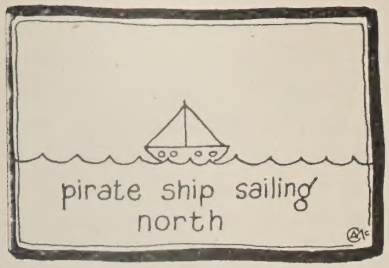
In leaps and bounds of sobbing woe
The words from him were driven.
He told his tale of mis-led love
And begged to be forgiven.

"Away, base wretch!" the mother cried,
"Away and do not linger.
How dare you be a father with
No ring upon your finger?"

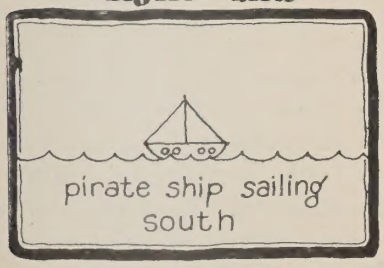
So stole he off in the dim, gray dawn,
With purpose fixed and clear,
Dropped both the twins in nearby lake
And began to buccaneer.

He plundered ships—he smoked and drank,
And led a vicious life.
Just one good thing be said for him—
He never had a wife.

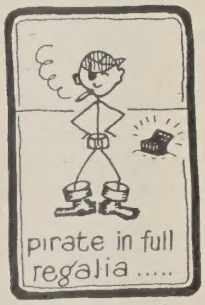
A S FOR P I R A T E S



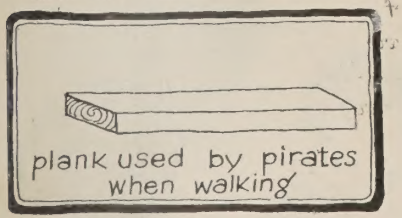
In the old days pirates used to fight and



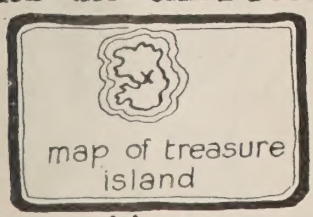
cut! most of the time they either fo't



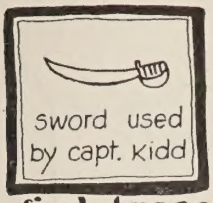
or cussed or cut their chief amuse-



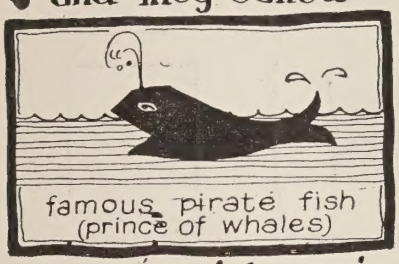
ment was sailing and the chief reason



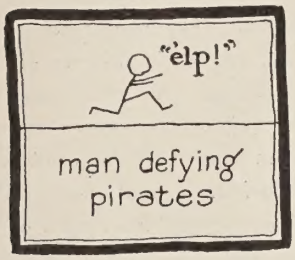
for sailing was



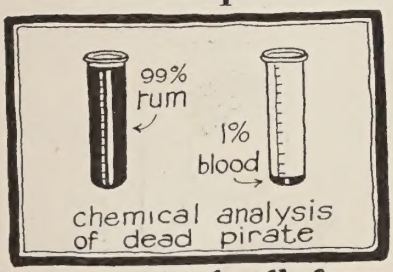
to find treasure and they sailed



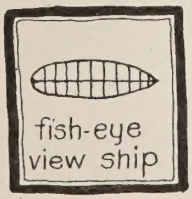
the spanish main which is a ship and

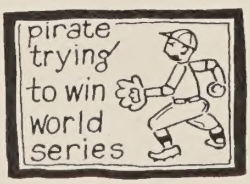


not part of a horse these ships were

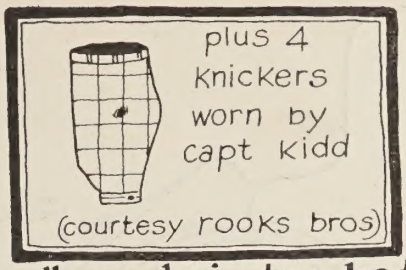


deck-o-rated all fancy and very elaborate

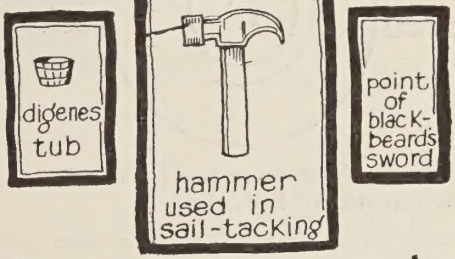




for this reason pirates are also known as b u c c a n e e r s

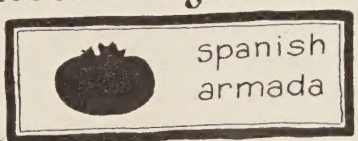


all good pirates had parrots cap't. kidd and

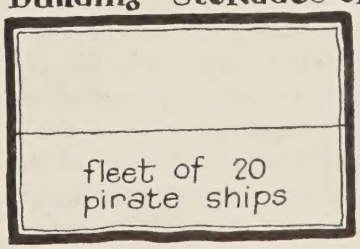


diogenes were great pirates diogenes sailed in a tub

cap't. kidd never used one pieces of eight were the

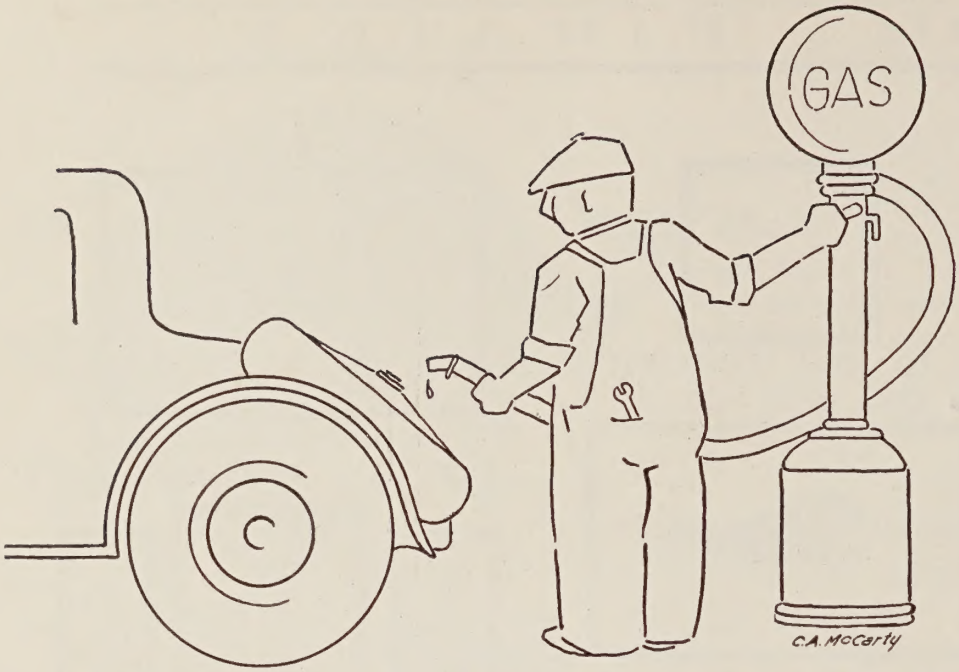


size timber used in building stokades on



"treasure island" by rob't l. stevenson

andy mccarty + guy cardwell + bob felton apoligise to mr. foe



Pirate of the Seven Seas: Chandler, Crysler, Chevrolet, Cadillac, Cole, Cleveland. (The seventh "C" is dead.)

EXTRACTS FROM CAPTAIN CROOK'S LOG

BEING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP CASE O' SCOTCH

July 4, 1821. Amidst great celebration and firing of fire-crackers, occasioned, no doubt, by the departure of our good ship, we weighed anchor (which, by the way, weighed several pounds too little) and steamed out of the harbor under full sail into the great open space (where men are many). We set our compass needle to the north and proceeded in the same direction.

July 24, 1821. We are evidently somewhere near New York City; a fleet of small boats has appeared off the port side; the bootleggers are at work. After a slight set-to with two of the boats, we captured enough rum to keep the crew properly soused throughout the voyage.

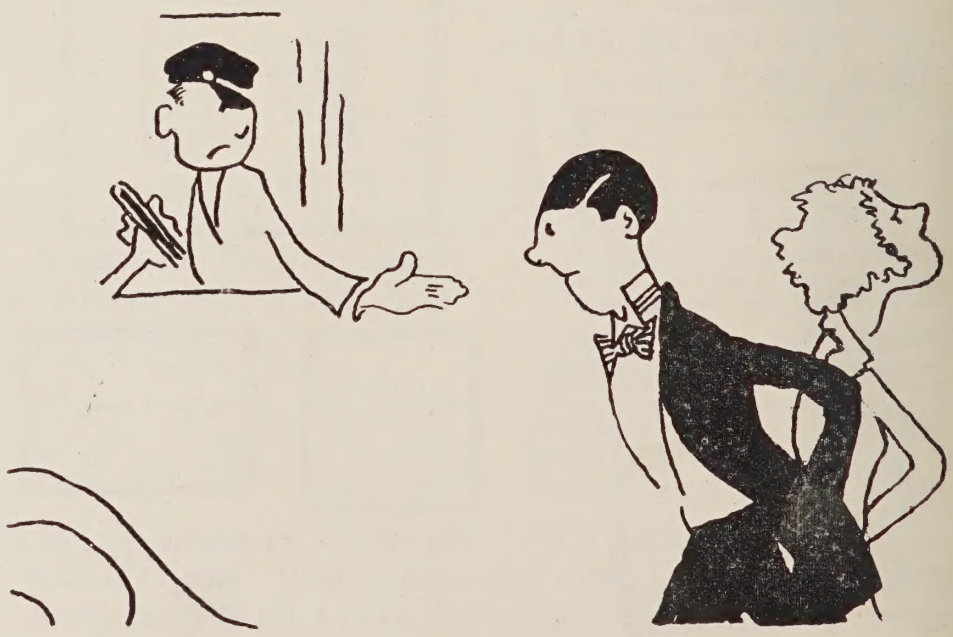
July 28, 1821. The wind has died down considerably and the sea has become calmer—evidently the refining influence of Boston. We have posted a very strict watch so as to avoid running aground on Plymouth Rock as the Pilgrims in the Mayflower did.

August 10, 1821. Today we sighted our first iceburg. As the cook said that fresh vegetables were running low, three members of the crew were dispatched to it in a small boat. They returned shortly with five crates of iceburg lettuce and a bushel of dandelion greens.

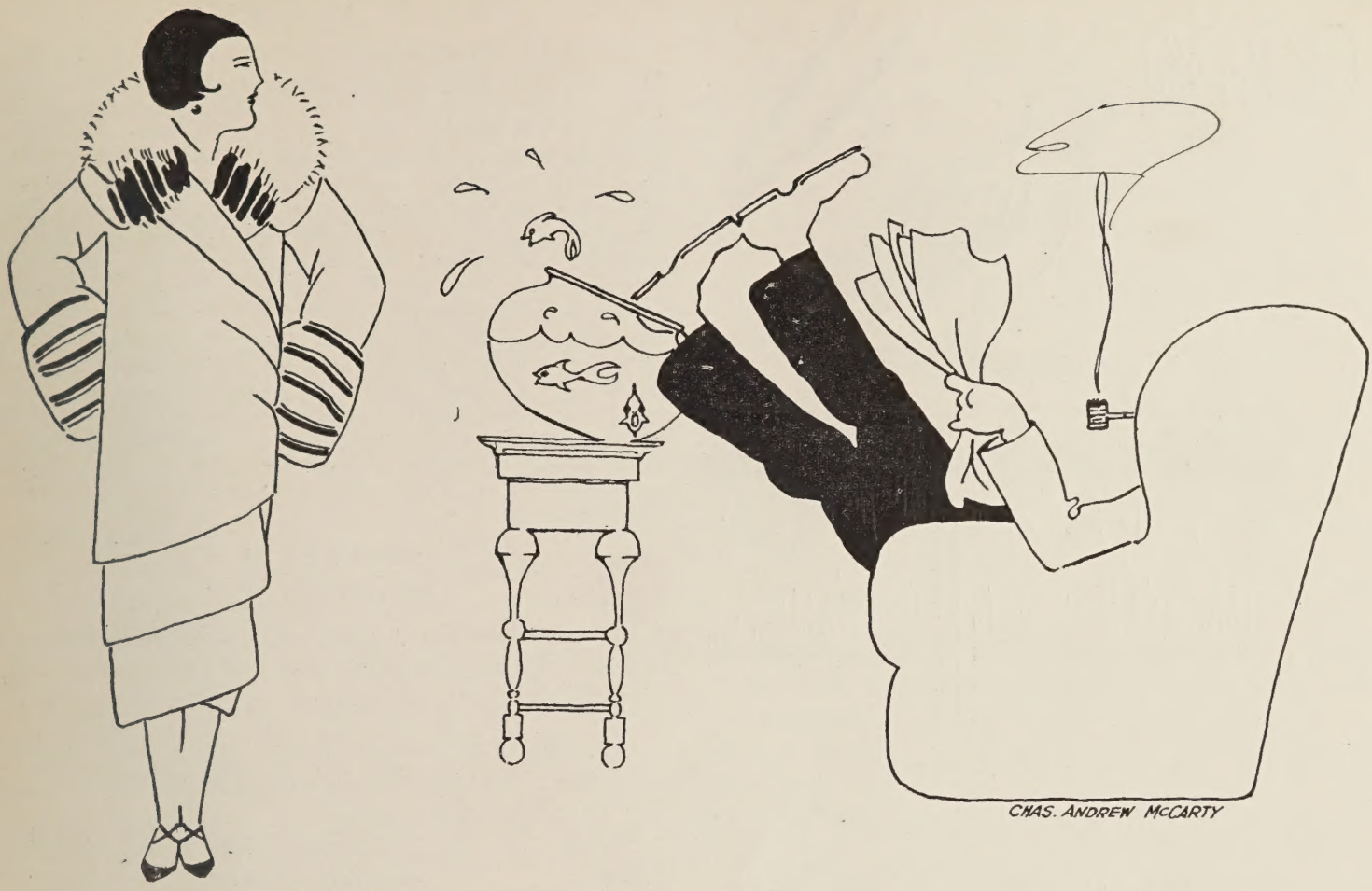
August, 1821. Today we thought we had sighted the North Pole. Closer investigation, however, proved it to be only the pole of an Eskimo barber shop. We dropped anchor and after hitching our fox-terriers to the dog sled on the nearby ice, proceeded at top speed to the shop. We made ourselves comfortable on a block of ice and passed the time reading *The Mounted-Police Gazette*. Incidentally we got all the latest dope on the last polar bear hunt. The manner of shaving is very unique; the barber merely applies the lather in several coats and after it has hardened thoroughly, he removes it with an ax.

August 30, 1821. Having found no ships to loot, we have decided to attack the village of Izansnow. When we landed, we came across the famous white flag of the Trucians, planted in 1612, but still without roots. Everything was frozen so tight, we couldn't make off with a thing. Accordingly, we sent a college student who had taken subscriptions to magazines during the summer, to the town igloo (hall). He returned with the news that for 26 iceboxes and 13 electric fans, the Eskimos had agreed to relinquish the patent rights on Eskimo Pies and had thrown in the aurora borealis to boot.

Customer: "Got any adding machines?"
Clerk: "Nope, but we got some good counters."



Weather Prediction:—Fare—and—Hot!



"No, Daddy, I will not give Freddy up."

"Now listen, Letitia, wouldn't you rather have a nice Russian wolfhound?"

SYNTHETIC?

Farmer (to tramp in barn): Hey what are you doing in there?

Tramp: Er--ah--(hic) Putting away dish (hic) corn!

CONTRADICTION, BY U. RIME

The man behind the counter,
Was a woman old and gray,
Who peddled salty peanuts
On the road to Mandalay.

"Did you read the paper today?"

"How's the raisin market?"

"Dunno—only looked at the *current* news."

"Why do you always give a lady your seat in a street car? Is it gallantry?"

"No, it's because ever since childhood I've had respect for a woman with a strap in her hand."

LIMBS.

My Helen has a nose and chin
Of beauty unsurpassive,
But to her limbs I've writ these lines
*And finished them - - well,- - lassive.**

We swam in sheltered nooks and cool
In sweet midsummer frolic
When Helen hit her limb upon
An incubating colic.†

I started at her cry of pain
Nor wondered if I ought'er
But seized her in my dripping arms
And squeezed her from the water.

L'ENVOI

And lest you think this poem is
A thing imaginative
I'll tell you I'm the father of
This infant ambulative.

*Observe that this word rhymes with unsurpassive.

†A colic is a sea animal, a cross between a barnacle and a hippopotamus.

Six degrees of speed:—
Snail
Ford
Automobile
Airplane
Lightning
College Co-ed.

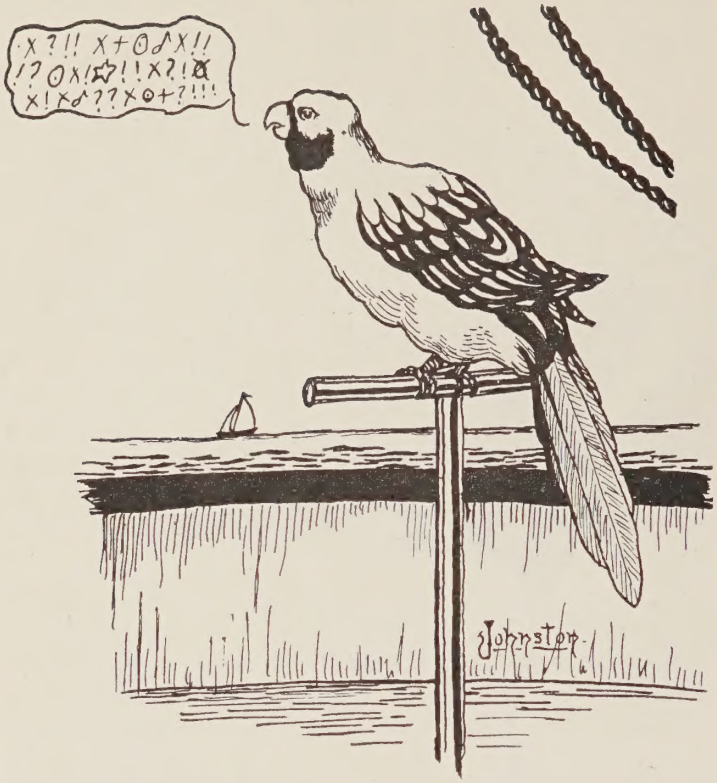
DUVAL: Well, old chappie, I presume you had an immensely pleasing stay in the states, and why did you return to England so suddenly?

PERCIVAL: Well, I'll tell you, I returned just in time to avoid an awful drought.

DUVAL: Really? I didn't know the States were in that predicament.

PERCIVAL: Oh, yaas! *Everybody* is saying, "Well, It Isn't Going to Rain Anymore."

Little Willie was so dumb he thought that it was necessary to strip for the Psychological Examination.



NAUGHTYICALLY SPEAKING.

THE ANTI-PIRATE SPEAKS.

It seems quite the thing lengthy praises to sing
Of pirates, freebooters, and such,
But I've ransacked my mind and I really can't find
That a buccaneer's life was so much.
They all were, it's true, a most picturesque crew
And appeared in quite wonderful pants;
But when all's said and done, they missed lots of fun—
For they never saw Gilda Grey dance.

They wore swords on their hips and big beards on their lips,
And romantic belts round their middles.
They cursed and they drank with all manner of swank,
And occasionally played upon fiddles.
'Tis a gluttonous treat just to read of the meat
And the wine they were wonted to guzzle,
But no thrill came their way like the thrill of today
When you solve a real hard cross-word puzzle.

It was probably sport of an uncultured sort
To raise merry hell on the ocean,
Or in splendor arrayed to pursue a young maid
And show her a pirate's devotion.
But I really don't crave their wild life on the wave
Or their cruise on some turbulent stream;
Life would be pretty poor if we had to endure
An absolute lack of ice cream.

A MYSTERY TALE

The night was dark and—yes, you guessed it the first time—dreary. There fell a mixture of rain and sleep. The wind and the stray hounds of the village howled through the trees. It was just the night for a terrible crime. Huddled in a dark doorway opening directly on the sidewalk, looking almost like a shadow, was a student, a bloody soph, his hair disheveled, his hat pulled down over his face, his coat collar turned up to protect him from the cold. He had the appearance of one in waiting. Ah! At last the person he sought was approaching. (A French IV professor returning home after an enjoyable evening spent at Le Cercle Francaise). He was now passing. The student,—he must act quickly!—with a single movement he had the peel off the banana, and under the feet of the professor. The professor slipping on the banana peel, not unlike a drowning man clutching at what first meets his eye, fell and broke— Oh, well—the pavement, maybe. Thus we explain the much speculated upon mystery of the crack in the pavement in front of No.— East Franklin street.

AN UNPAID AD.

PEPPER: How do you know that he is old fashioned?

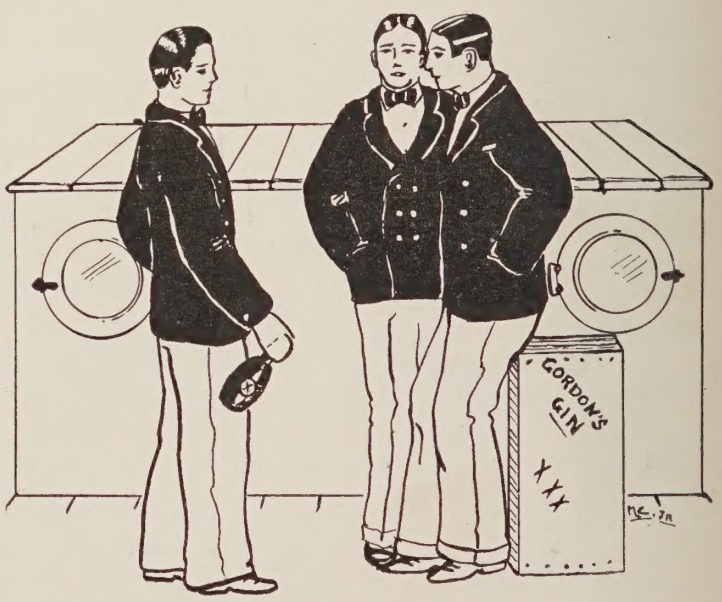
MINT: He uses cloves instead of Listerine.

Prof. after student has missed several questions. "You men don't work at all now. You never burn the mid-night oil like your fore-fathers did."

Student. "No sir. Now we get along faster in the dark."

Cordial voice on campus to unsteady figure. "Hi there."

Unsteady one. "None of your bizness."



Y: "I hear your wife has gone to the Indies."

O: "Jamaica?"

T: "No, she wanted to go."

LIFE AND LETTERS OF A FRESHMAN

Arranged by Sid Swannee.

The University of North Carolina, Oct. 1, 1924.

Dear Rob:

Well I'm thru registering. There is one or two little things to do yet. I have got to take a si-co-loggical test. I am very anxious to do that because it tells how smart you are. I met the dean (the dean is next to the president) who seemed mighty glad to see me. Someone must have told him about me. I am going to join the Di literary society. That's the one Zeb Vance belonged to. I think I'll get a 'Carolina' belt (buckle) tomorrow so everybody will think I am an old boy. I have not decided what fraternity I will join yet. Well good by, write to me.

ABE.

Dear Eunice:

Eunice I know I have been too long waiting to write to you. I have been so busy. I hope you'll pardon this stationery, I have been trying to get some with CAROLINA at the top of it (in gold) but it was all sold before I could get it. I bought a Carolina belt today, I am going to send you one —sometime.

Eunice I will never forget you that last night we were together. You were so dressed up and smelt so good and everything. Well good by Eunice, write to me at once.

Your darling,

(These are for you) ABE.

xxxxxxxxxxxx

xxxxxxxxxxxx

Dear Dad,

Yesterday I had a si-co-logical test. I doubt if I passed it for the crazy things didn't ask any questions i knew. They ask such things as "How long is a string" and "why is a policeman." It don't matter no way—the grades don't come on the report card. It don't matter because I know I know a lot about everything like, such as, to-wit: automobiles literature, sports and art; women, and EVERYTHING. Eunice used to tell me how much I knew about everything—and Eunice does know MEN! Of course its all because I read Dr. Harvard's five foot shelve of books, and the Mentor.

By the way, could you send me a little more money, I have just got to have my eyes examined?

Your son,

11/5/24. ABE.

Dear Rob,

To-day I bought a yellow raincoat. I wonder what the people back home would say if I wore that Yellow rain coat down the street, Christmas. I've ordered a Finchly suit too!

..... "O Boy, when that FINCHLY SUIT
comes; Can HOME be far away! ....."

As a poet would say.

So far I havent been invited into no fraternity. I guess they think I'm a member already.

Yesterday we had a football game. That night somebody ask me, "Did you get hurt?" (They thought I had been in the game) Wasn't that a compliment? If I look like a football player I should ought to have went out (for the team). Looks are everything anyway. "Vanity of vanities" said Cecil de Mille "all is Vanity."

Well good by, write to me

ABE.

Dear Dad,

I guess you have my mid-term report by now. My grades are not so good but you know they grade down here by what you can do. I'm sure I made a good grade on that si-cological test; and that's what makes it so hard for me now, they know how smart I am and expect me to do better than the average. I have a little trouble with the technicalities of rhetoric, and my spelling—the other day my professor said my spelling was "very original." I don't know exactly what he meant by that. He also said that my style was a whole lot like that of Ring W. Lardner. I have never read any of Mr. Lardners works but you know he is one of the great American writers of the present day. I am going to read some of his stuff and then I can see my style in a mirrow (as it were)

By the way, I would like to have a little money, if you have any extra,

your son,

ABE.

Dear Eunice,

This is such a nice spring day I cant help but think about you. By the way I am going to send you a Carolina belt, sometime, maybe—if you want one. I dont know whether to wear a pair of knickers home or not. Some fool would ask me "Do you play golf?" as if everyone that wore knickers had to play golf. 'It isn't done down here'. (I mean freshman playing golf). I often wonder—What good will it do one to become educated, cultured, and rich and have to spend ones life in a small town?

By the way, I met a very unusual girl the other day. She got mad cause I did not ask her to have a cigarette. Her hair was bobbed and she said she was going to have it shingled! SHINGLED! Can you imigine it; she said it was being done on the continent, (That's Europe, you know) She could play Mah-Jogg, talk about Russian plays and everything. She knew a lot about zoology too. Now dont get mad because I'm going with her for someday you can say, "My husband once had a girl friend and she would do so and so." (You know). Oh yes! She carried a flask;—you know what that is don't you?

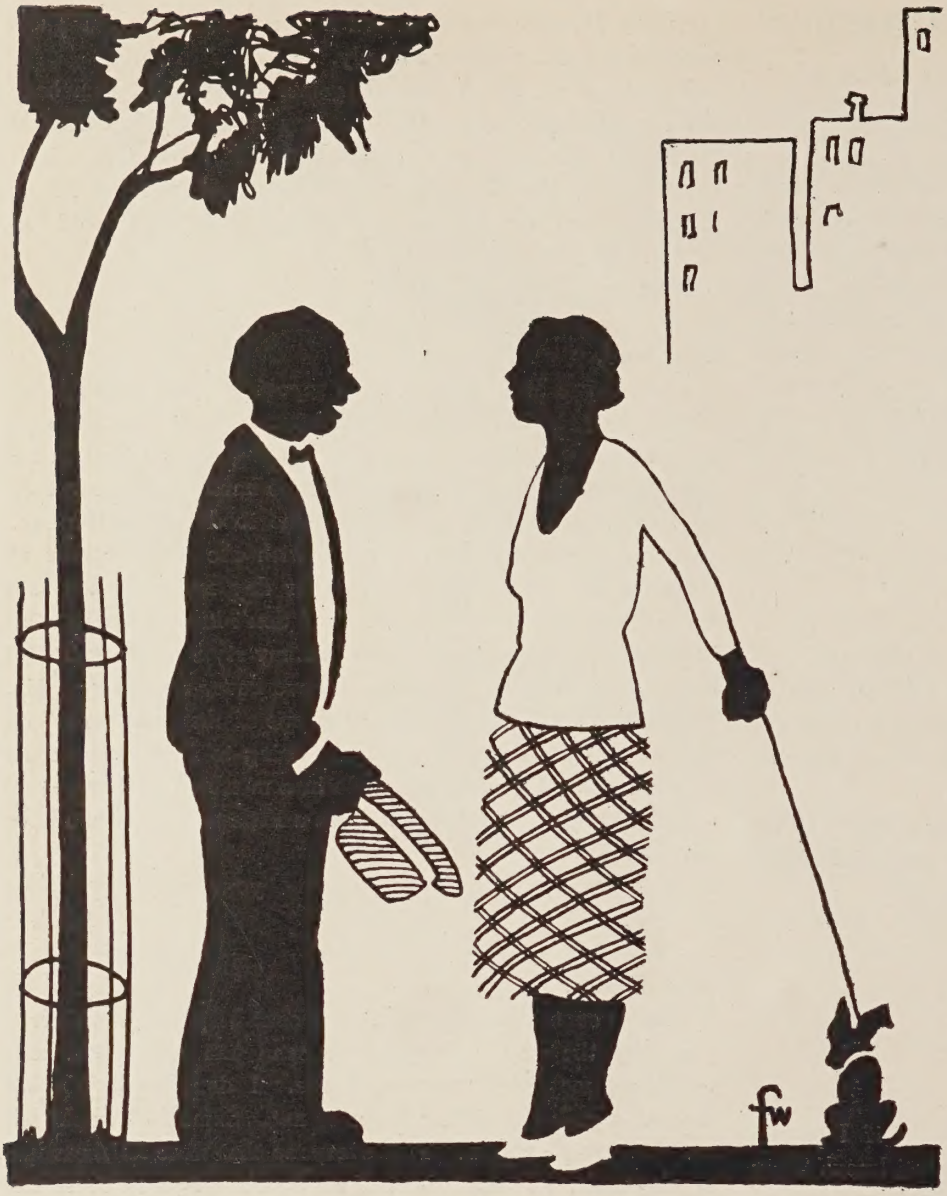
I dont know what kind of belt to get, one of those wide ones made of leather or a cloth striped one.

By the way, have you ever read "Main Street?"

I will write again tomorrow,

Your darling

day in May. ABE.



HE STUDENT: "May I kiss you?"
SHE STUDENT: "What do you mean, sir?"
HE STUDENT: "Well of all the dumbness!"

WHY PIRATES LEFT HOME

(To their sisters and their cousins and their aunts).

Now many a year ago
When pirate ships swung low
Men could escape the flow
Of talk;
But pirates are no more—
The women have the floor—
Men can't escape the bore
Nor balk.

Men used to go to sea
Where pirate lads were free
To get quiet with their tea
And toast,
Where they gagged the hens they found,
And ducked them till they drowned,
And sent them downward bound
To roast.

Now morning noon and night,
Although we fight the fight,
They drown us with their might
Of words.
Oh, for the days of old
When men in wrath were bold
To skip the chicken fold,
Like birds.

L'ENVOI.

There's a cackle-cackle-cackle
That begins with morning light,
(Oh, they start it merrily at dawning)
They go cackle-cackle-cackle
Under artificial light,
And they keep it up until the early morning!

SOME FAMOUS BULLS

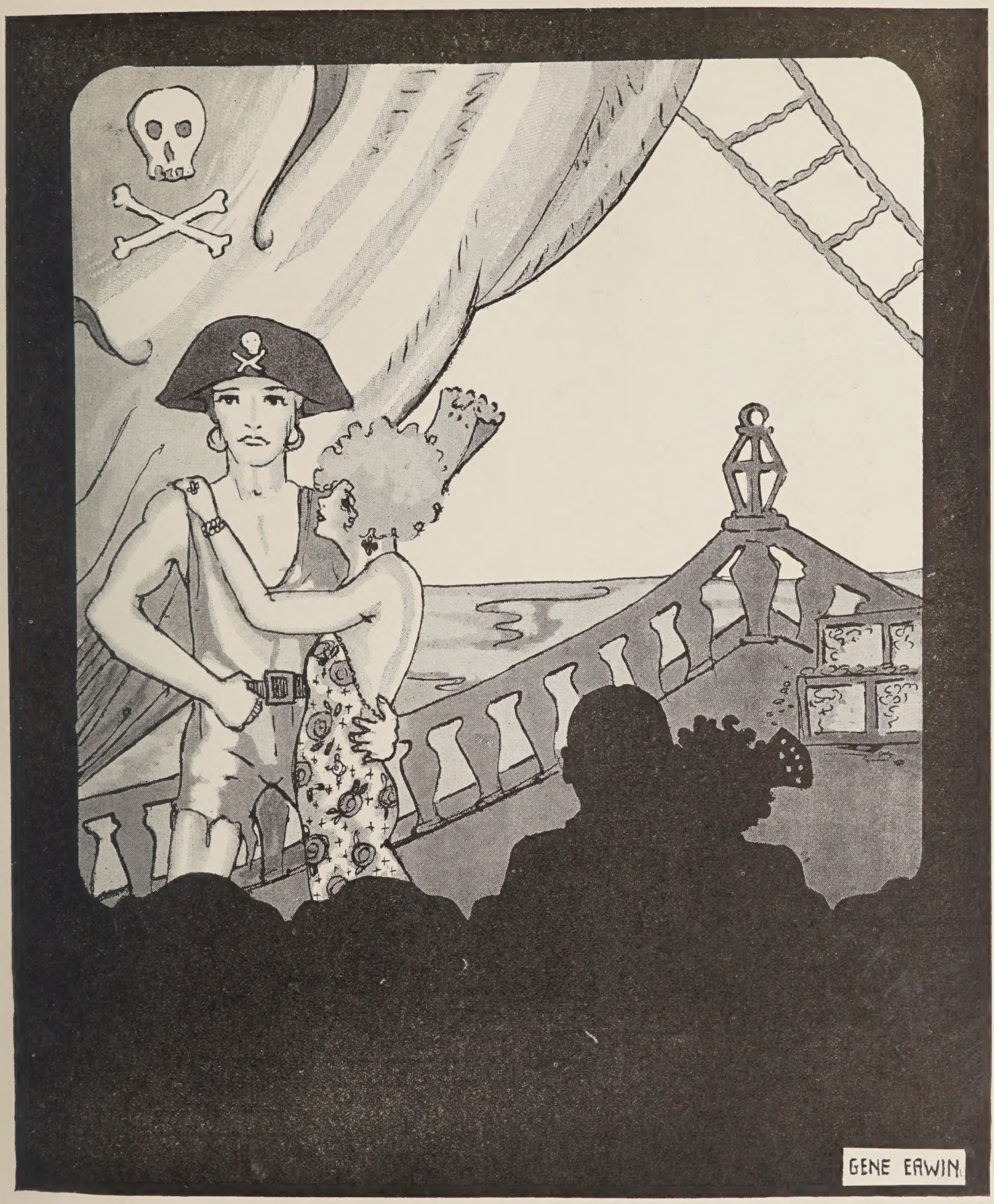
——et.
——dog.
John Trum——.
——'s eye.
Tomato——ion.
—— fight.
Ordinary ——.
—— par excellence.
——dozer!
——etin.
—— session.
Apple Sauce.

Oswald de Pillsnitz von Blaine
With an auto encountered a traine.
Now Oswald is winging,
And joyously singing,
And plinking a harp like insaine.

Wecouldprinteverythingruntogetherlikethisbutitwouldbehardertoreadandthenthentoo,itwouldtakemorecopyandcopyisonehardthingtoget.

"I was sick and thought the change would do me good," explained the pick-pocket to the judge.

She HELD him with her charm.



"REEL AND REAL"

BOY OR GIRL—OR—BOTH?

A VULGARIAN FOLK-TALE

His Majesty was reclining upon a luxurious divan under his favorite tum-tum tree. Boldly I prostrated myself three times and wormed my way near him over the gravelled path. I resolved to use my influence and seek to have the palace paths covered with velvet. Gravel is hard on my stomach and disturbs my disgestion.

"What is it, Fatbelly?" asked his Majesty kindly after a pause of a few moments. I rose at his signal.

"First, permit me," said I, and reaching up into the tum-tum tree I pulled down the rascal who was hiding there. "Probably a student council spy Your Majesty."

"Drown it!" growled his Majesty. Luckily, the fish pond was only a short distance away.

"Your Majesty," I hissed, "As Internal Examiner of Arrogant Angleworms, it is my duty to report to you the febrile state of your Collector of Loot, and sometimes Landlord."

"By Heywood Broun," thundered His Majesty, "You don't mean that Algernon Warring has lost a trick?"

"He hasn't skipped it," I answered with becoming modesty.

"Tell us," inveigled His Majesty.

"It was not far from being like this," said I. "One of Your Majesty's subjects, by name Isidore LePage had given to the Collector of Loot some five drinkmes in part payment for rent of a double dog kennel. Now this double dog kennel was rented elsewhere before LePage could finish paying for it. Day after day LePage stuck around Algernon Warring and insisted that he be refunded his five drinkmes. At first, Algernon W. insisted that the five drinkmes were legally his own, then he admitted that they should perhaps belong to LePage but kept putting him off. Finally, when Isidore pressed Algernon W. unusually hard, your able Collector of Loot was smote with a fertile thought.

" 'LePage', squealed Algernon impressively, 'Worry me no more! Get out! I sent those drinkmes to your parents two weeks ago.' "

"Haw-haw," laughed His Majesty violently, "Old Algernon tricked him and the drinkmes were lost in transit of course?"

"No, Your Majesty," I breathed respectfully, "it was as LePage said, Algernon was a little late. LePage had been orphaned over seven years!"

Stude to another outside barber shop. "What's all the noise in there?"

"Oh, that's the barber. He has just shaved himself and now he is trying to argue himself into a shampoo."

GASTON: The Seniors are terrible fools.

GASTONIA: I suppose the profs were all Seniors once.

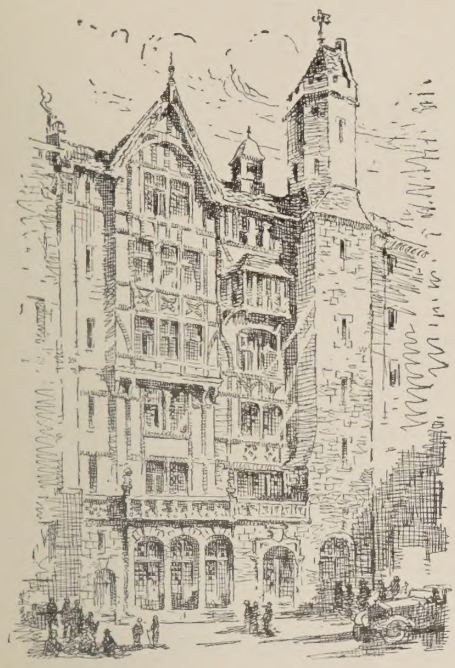
Little dances every week
Now and then a drunk
Week end trips to Durham
Makes a fellow flunk.

CUB: "Is the editor particular?"

STAR: "Hell, yes! He raves if he finds a period upside down."—*Lemon Punch.*

THE BOY: (Speaking of ancestors) Yes, there is much Scotch on my father's side."

THE GIRL: "You mean on your father's hip."



Design of Finchley House Suggested by "Backs" of Old Trinity College, Cambridge, England

NOTICE

PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT IN THE NEW LOCATION, IN FIFTH AVENUE, FINCHLEY HAS ARRANGED A UNIQUE, COMFORTABLE, AND RATHER EXTRAORDINARY FLOOR WHICH IS DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE DISPLAY OF WEARABLES FOR COLLEGE MEN. SUITS, OVERCOATS, HATS, SHOES, SHIRTS, WOOLIES AND VARIOUS ACCESSORIES OF NOTABLE STYLE AND QUALITY.

FINCHLEY

Fifth Avenue at 46th Street

NEW YORK

RIDE WITH

ERNEST & DEWEY

Headquarters at

THOMPSON'S SMOKE SHOP

"It simply isn't done, you know," quoth Cuthbert as he cut into the sirloin.—*Wash. Dirge.*

YOU BET!

Knocke—"What's the difference between a pair and a royal straight flush?"

Outte—"A good deal."—*Sniper.*

ENOUGH

Rustic (excitedly): "Hello! Hello! I want to speak to my wife."

Operator: "Number, please."

Rustic (indignantly): "Number? Ain't got but one."—*Virginia Reel.*

Clip This Ad, Bring It To Us

AND GET ONE

Shoe Shine Free of Charge

With every job, large or small, we are giving tickets for five free shines in our new Shine Parlor. Non customers 5c per shine.

LACOCK'S ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

Since 1912

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

HOME-GOING

"College sure brought that boy out."

"Yes, together with Schloss Clothes."

Get that Suit for Christmas

$25.00 **$33.00**

SCHLOSS TAILORING COMPANY

SHOWING AT

SUTTON & ALDERMAN'S Drug Store

Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4th and 5th.

SOCKS DOWN?

LITTLE BOY: Look ma, the circus has come to town; there's one of the clowns."

MA: "Hush, darling. That's not a clown. That's just a college man."—*Beanpot.*

PROXIMITY

A young lady was being interviewed.

"Do coeds kiss?" she was asked.

"You'd be surprised," she remarked, coyly, "how much goes on right under my nose."—*Pelican.*

HE (after breaking in on a dance): "You know I've never met you."

SHE (indignantly): "Do you know who you are dancing with?"

"No."

"You are dancing with the only daughter of a United States Senator."

"Do you know who you're dancing with?"

SHE (interested): "Why no."

HE (walking away): "Nobody!"—*Virginia Reel.*

"What'd you get for your birthday?"

"Well, have you seen those new, long, racy Cadillacs?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I got a roller-skate."—*Lampoon.*

JUST HUMAN

That is all this bank is—JUST HUMAN

It is owned, managed and operated by human beings for the benefit of human beings and for the purpose of increasing the sum of human happiness

THE FIDELITY BANK

DURHAM AND WEST DURHAM, N. C.

Resources Over Seven Million Dollars

SET your stage with this year's background; smart Wallach apparel that silently but distinctly and correctly introduce you as a university bred man

Watch your Dailies for exhibit dates

WALLACH BROTHERS

New York

NOT UNLESS WELL DONE, ANYWAY

FIRST WAITRESS: "Aw, kissin' a gent in public aint raw."
T'OTHER OF 'EM: "Well, it ain't done, neither."—*Octopus.*

SHE: "I have a cold in my head."
HE: "Well, that's something."—*Texas Ranger.*

"He kissed me forty-seven times, Bob—isn't that the limit?"
"Limit? My Lord, that's a record!"—*Brown Jug.*

HE: Was your grandmother angry because you didn't get home until 3 A. M.?
SHE: I didn't wait until she got in to find out.—*Lyre.*

THE JANE GANG

A jane is as strong as her weakest wink.—*Mercury.*

AL: I'm just going to dance and dance until my feet are dead.
SAL: But that would be suicide, old bean.—*Beanpot.*

GUY: "Lo, Bill; watcha doin'.?"
GYE: "Nothin'; watcha doin'."?
"Nothin', so let's have a smoke."
"Sure, I hate to be idle."—*Bison.*

For the Formal Affairs

OF THE

Holiday Season

OUR TUXEDOS $37.50

Showing at SUTTON & ALDERMAN'S

December 8, 9 and 10

Epstein's
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A Pipe of Briar so rare that we *Insure* it for you

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For the Most Particular Work Before That Week-end or Dance

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Chapel Hill Barber Shop

(Under Sutton & Alderman's)

WE OFFER—

THE BEST
of
THE BEST

GOOD FOOD
PLEASANT
SURROUNDINGS

The
University Cafeteria

PAGE MR. BUCCANEER!

Mr. Buck—The name of my car isn't Lincoln any more. I'm calling it Mayflower.
Skipper—Howzat?
Mr. Buck—A little Puritan came across in it last night.

Mr. Buccaneer invites you to board the old brig. (You can't tell who'll come across next time) and be with him on the last six cruises on the sea of fun.

CUT THIS OUT →

Mr. Buccaneer,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

I thank whatever Gods may be that I have this $1.25 to pay to thee—for my passage on the six remaining cruises of the year.

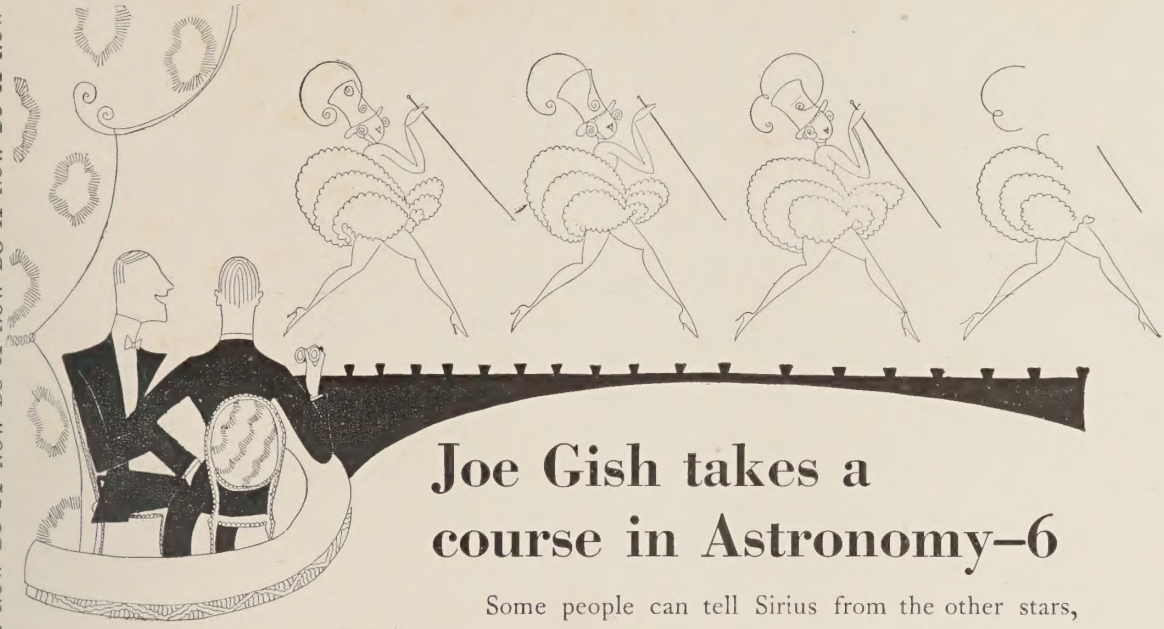
Please send your paper to

.....

.....

THANK YOU MR. BUCK!

DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW



Joe Gish takes a course in Astronomy–6

Some people can tell Sirius from the other stars, and that's easy, because once you know what Sirius looks like, it's apt to look the same way next time.

But the readers of Vanity Fair are the real astronomers. They can tell Roszika from Yancsi. They never confuse Gilda Grey and Madame Simone. They can distinguish Charlotte Greenwood from Mrs. Fiske.

Even in such a difficult astronomical computation as the one above, Freddy and I aren't at a loss. We know that the divine hosiery—the third from the left—is Helena's. (And do you know that she is really Mrs. Heywood Broun, and Morris Gest has engaged her to play the Madonna in next year's Miracle?) Such tales men tell under the haunting stars! Tschtsch!

Joe Gish

In each issue of Vanity Fair you find

The Stage: Photographs of the beautiful and the unique; reviews and storm warnings; a catalog of the fixed and variable stars.

Movies: Stills and stories of the meritorious and the unusual. Press agents banned.

Humor: Works of poets and other tragedians; high satire from the pens of great writers and the pencils of great artists.

Gravamen: Every new movement, every unusual viewpoint, every unique slant at the amusing world, is mirrored in Vanity Fair.

Sports: All of them—masculine, feminine and neuter—photographs, news items and methods of play.

The Arts, as Such: The best work of the new artists and the new work of the best ones; exhibition gossip and reproductions of the season's masterpieces.

Indoor Sports: The tricks and turns of bridge and Mah Jong; how to get the most out of your college education.

And in Addition: The latest notes in music, men's fashions, motors, and dancing. All you need to know—recklessly illustrated.

10 issues for $2

VANITY FAIR

TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN

Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Conn.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Are you shown in Vanity Fair?
For *two bucks* attached I rate
Ten issues from the current date.

Name, etc. .....

.....

.....

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PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

Camel quality stands alone

(it has no near relatives)

–*and* there's no cigaretty after-taste/

R. J. REYNOLDS
TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CHRISTIAN & KING PRINTING CO.

V. 2, no. 4

CAROLINA BUCCANEER

DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

Joe Gish learns about women from

GRACE the Athletic Girl

Grace Leffingwell lived next door to us. But how was I to know that she would grow up to be star performer on the All-American girl's football team? I proposed during a scrimmage and was penalized five yards for holding. She broke my heart and a rib by her rough work, which you might have called the *coup de Grace*.

She came to see me during my convalescence and saw, for the first time, a copy of *Vanity Fair*. It was a case of love at first sight. Grace, exponent of muscular Christianity, suddenly became an addict of literature and the lively arts. The dear girl attacked them with typical gusto—art exhibitions, first nights, cafés dansants, dinners to visiting Huns, everything! Compared to her former reckless ways, she is now quite house-broken. She can even wear an evening gown without showing cleat marks where the opposing team trampled on her neck. On the whole, life is far safer for her friends.

Joe Gish

10 issues for $2

VANITY FAIR

TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN

Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Vanity Fair:

Next month I am going to lecture to the Lion Tamers Club. I believe your magazine will offer valuable material. Enclosed find TWO DOLLARS for TEN ISSUES.

Name, etc. .....

.....

.....

Illustration copyright by Vanity Fair

PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

LUXENBERG
CLOTHES FOR THE COLLEGE MAN

The DINNER SUIT

CUT precisely according to conservatively correct ideas in notch and shawl collar models. Tailored in the LUXENBERG way of fabrics which insure excellent wear.

$39.50

NAT LUXENBERG & BROS.

841 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Our style memo. book sent free on request

Sound of mugging, gurgling, etc., on Mae's back porch. Out of the darkness comes:

Mae: "Jack, do you really love me?"

Jack: Damn it, ain't I doing my best?"—*Dirge.*

Romeo: Yuh know, Slim, my ancestors come out here on a Mayflower.

Slim: Yeah? Mine couldn't come, they hada go to Jul'us Caesar's funeral.—*Chi. Phonix.*

TIME

Bride (consulting cook-book); O, my that cake is burning and I can't take it out for five minutes yet!—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

WELL, WELL

The Goof: Willie, did you know I was going to marry your sister?

The Holy Terror: Yes; when did you find it out?—*Purple Parrot.*

Prof.—"What is a phenomena?"

Stude—"A phenomena is a jackass sitting on a thistle whistling like a canary bird.'—So. Cal. *Wampus.*

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

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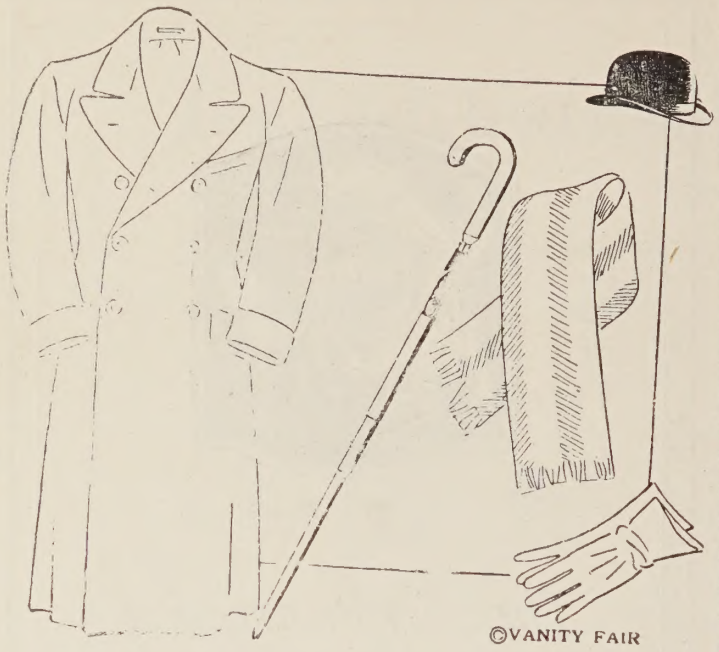


The Smart Overcoat and Accompanying Accessories for Street Wear

ful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

The smart overcoat for the winter season of 1924-1925 is double-breasted with wide lapels and not loose, but fairly well fitted into the figure. The day of the loose ulster type of coat with raglan sleeves is past, so far as town wear is concerned, and it is now only smart for country wear, motoring, or travelling. The double-breasted cut of overcoat mentioned above is known as the "guard's" coat, the original of which has a half strap at the back and falls just to the knee. With this coat, the fullness is held in by the half belt at the back which gives quite a flare to the coat, but the newest and smartest version of this coat is cut a little longer and has a little less fullness, because it is made with a plain back and has no inverted pleat. A bowler hat is the correct thing with this type of town overcoat in winter, but, of course, for the man to whom a bowler is not becoming, a soft felt hat is quite as correct. Among the smart accessories for street wear this winter, striped cashmere mufflers and mocha coloured slip-on gloves are the most popular. Silk and crepe mufflers should be kept for evening wear. One of the latest novelties is a malacca stick made like a hollow shell which collapses in sections and sheathes a thin silk umbrella furled around a steel stick. Note that the coat illustrated above has a breast pocket, and in this breast pocket, a figured foulard handkerchief should be worn in the day, and one of white linen at night. Though there are several choices, the town overcoat is smartest when made in dark blue or very dark brown chinchilla cloth. Homespuns should be made up in overcoats for informal and country wear, while covert cloth, which is becoming very smart, is only suitable for lightweight overcoats for spring and autumn wear.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write the "Well Dressed Man," care the Buccaneer and your letter will receive prompt and care-

WALLACH
DINNER SUITS
They have short, easy coats with well built shoulders that taper to snug hips; wide trousers. Debonair is the tuxedo college men favor
$50
Watch your Dailies for exhibit dates
WALLACH BROTHERS
New York

Our idea of a conceited man is the one who takes harp lessons.—*Widow.*

A man's clothes reveal his tailor. A woman's herself.—*Black and Blue Jay.*

"George broke up my party the other evening. He started to tell a naughty story and I had to send him home."

"Well?"

"But all the rest followed him home to hear the end of it."—*Pelican.*

"Well, old man, tough luck; your uncle's death was awfully sudden."

"Yes; was a shame, wasn't it?"

"But he left quite a bit of money, I hear."

"Oh, yes; the cop shot him before he could get out of the window."—*Sun Dial.*

The Big Gamble Preacher (solemnly)—"Rastus, do you take this here woman for better or for worse?"

Rastus (from force of habit)—"Pahson, ah shoots it all."—*Bison.*

"132 pages this issue"!

Your best efforts when accepted, will popularize your Comic with millions in

College Humor

"The Best Comedy in America"
Chicago

you—

take a Course in Experience when You Support

your own College Comic

IF you draw — if you write — if you can "hustle" advertising or sell subscriptions—

Support your own Comic

YOU will be repaid in valuable experience and in greater personal efficiency for the energy and effort you put into it—

Support your own Comic

BUY your own comic. Encourage your friends and family to buy it. It is the voice and life of your school—

Support your own Comic

REMEMBER you are one of many who by your own activity and interest can make your Comic more successful—

Support your own Comic!

N. Sigma: "Were there many people at the Naval dance?"

Lou Tenant: "Oh, yes. Gobs and gobs."—Ohio *Sun Dial.*

They quarreled and at last he cried,
In accents of despair,
"I wish that I could see your side."
The maiden shrieked as she replied,
"That's more than I can bare."

—*Gargoyle.*

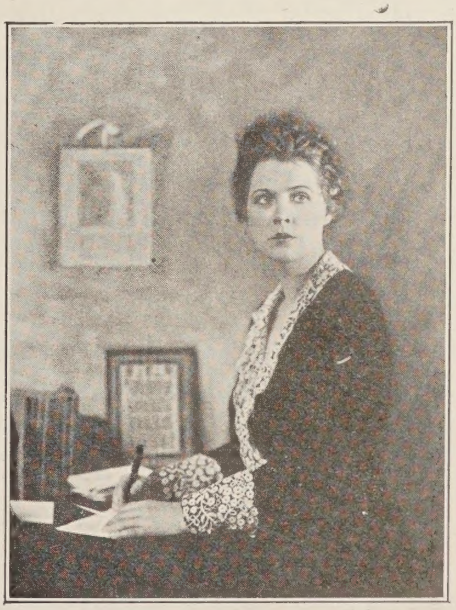
FORCE OF HABIT

Gladys: He's so romantic. Whenever he speaks to me he starts: "Fair lady!"

Edward: Oh, that's force of habit. He used to be a street car conductor.—*Green Gander.*

Oh, chemists skilled, investigate,
Answer this quiz of mine,
I think I know what carbonate,
But where did iodine?

—*Tiger.*



She writes to you on stationery that she chooses carefully – and you appreciate her taste. Do your letters show the same degree of individuality? Use

Old Hampshire Stationery

ITS POPULARITY PROVES ITS WORTH

Sold plain and die stampe by R. W. FOISTER

Fine Stationery Department HAMPSHIRE PAPER CO.
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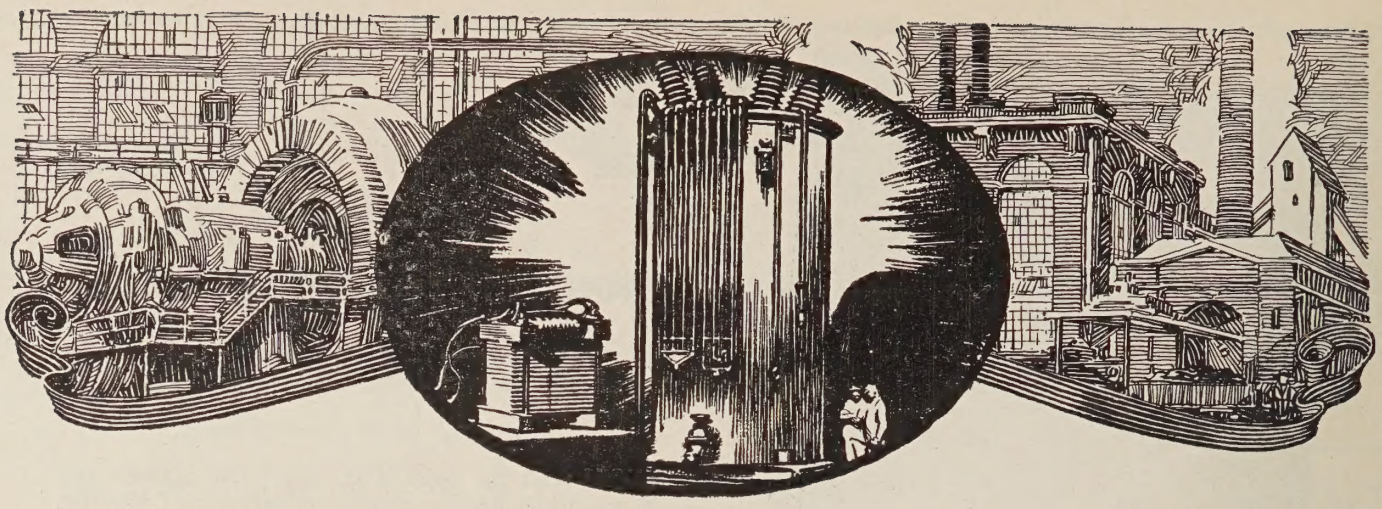


A Toy—a Tool

THE first twenty days in December witnessed a big event in one man's life. They saw a toy grow into a tool—one of the most useful in all history.

On December 1st, 1885 there was brought to George Westinghouse, at Pittsburgh, an uncommercial "secondary generator"—a scientific toy. Westinghouse and associates lived with it day and night, and by December 20, 1885, in a flash of genius, had completed the essential conceptions of the modern transformer. Thus in twenty days they paved the way for alternating current, and the electrical era of the twentieth century.

Here was a brilliant engineering feat—a feat that through the years has been a particular inspiration to a specialized group of "design engineers" within the Westinghouse organization. These men are electrical and mechanical engineers who are attracted not merely by an engineering problem—but by the technical difficulties of "licking" that problem to narrow and exact practical limits.

These men work continuously with both sides of an equation. On one side are the needs of a customer. For the other side must be developed apparatus which exactly meets those needs. The apparatus may range from a complete system of electrification for a railroad to a new type of curling iron.

Engineering extends a welcoming hand to men qualified for designing. Many of the most constructive services of Westinghouse have been made possible by their leadership.

Westinghouse

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY

W

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

A CLOSE RACE.

"NATIONALLY KNOWN—JUSTLY FAMOUS." Apologies to Stetson D.

SKYLARK THE JEW

OR

THE TRIALS OF A PAWNBROKER IN A COLLEGE TOWN

BEING

A PLAY ON WORDS

BY

WRIGLEY SHAKESPEARMINT

Time and Place: The action takes place in Rome and Venice about the year 58 B. C.

CHARACTERS:

Skylark—*A Jewish pawnbroker in the business for his wife's health.*

Bassanio—*A good-looking youth, dressed in the very latest for college men.*

Tonio—*Mark Antony, the famous Roman orator and sheik.*

Porsha—*A Roman maiden of Greek parents and Jewish ancestors.*

ACT I

SCENE I

A room in the University of Rome. Yale, Harvard, and Princeton pennants on the wall—rugs on the floor—nothing on the ceiling. (Note: *There is no ceiling.*)

Enter Bassanio *an'* Tonio.

Bass: How now Tonio, hast had a date with Cleopatro lately?

Tonio: Ay Bassanio, t'was only last night.

Bass: Didst have a fast time?

Tonio: Ay, twas a neck and neck race right from the start.

Bassanio *goes to his desk, picks up a picture of his girl, feels in his pocket and sighs.*

Tonio: And who is the beautiful damsel, Bassanio?

Bass: Tis none other than fair Porsha, whom I met at the chariot races last week in Venice. She goes to V. C. W. (Venetian College for Women) and has asked me to come down for the week end; but woe is me, I am broke and the Stu-

dent Council has put me on probation for cashing a bum check.

Tonio: Cheer up friend Bassanio, we will hie us to Skylark, the Jew, and all will be well.

SCENE II

The interior of the pawnbroker shop of Skylark. A sign hangs in the front announcing the arrival of Claudius Finchlius tomorrow. Show cases are at the left and right—old clothes in the rear—audience in front—floor on the bottom. (Note: *There is no ceiling.*)

Skylark is seated at the right, counting money, which drops with a metallic clink on the counter.

Skylark:—tventy, tventy-five, thoity, thoity-five—

He stops and looks for more money but finds none. Oi, oi, oi, Rosie, Rosie, ve is vive ducats short. Skylark *gnashes his hair, tears his teeth, and anoints himself with hackcloth and sashes.*

Enter Bassanio *and* Tonio.

Tonio: Dog of a Jew, we wouldn't do business with you.

Skylark *replaces his teeth, removes the hackcloth, leaves the sashes, and comes toward customers.*

Skylark: Oi, oi, Gentlemen, and vat is it I can do you out of?

Tonio: Thou wouldst like to do me out of my shirt if I would but let you. Is it not so?

Skylark: Yass, yass, it is so.

Tonio: Well thou canst not for I wear no shirt.

Skylark *feels that he has been bested in a financial argument so he takes an intense dislike to Tonio.*

Bass: I have come to borrow a thousand ducats so that I may go to Venice, and my friend Tonio has agreed to put one of his ships in hock for me.

Tonio: Ay, my ship will be in in a month and I will pay you the thousand ducats then.

Skylark: Oi, oi, yass, yass, and if the zship does not come in *the brice will be a bound of flesh.*

Tonio: Let it be so.

ACT II

SCENE I

The reception room at V. C. W. couples on all sides, feet on the floor. (Note: *There is no ceiling.*)

Couples: Buz-z-z-z-z-z

Porsha enters from the right, sits down, and powders her nose. Bassanio enters from the left and rushes toward Porsha. They embrace.

(Note: *Although not a word is spoken, this is a very touching scene.*)

The curtain is lowered. Pinned to it is a slip of paper containing the information that Bassanio has been laid up in a Venetian hospital for a month as a result of a gondola smash-up.

Two pages bearing placards with the word TIME printed on them will seat themselves before the curtain for a month.

SCENE II

The same as scene I, a month later. (Note: *A month has passed.*)

Porsha is seated at the right reading JULIUS CAESAR,

"What kinda watch you got there, niggah?"

"Dassa stop-watch."

"Stop-watch? How come dassa stop-watch?"

"Yassuh, dassa stop-watch; ebery time Ah puts hit in mah pocket—hit stops."

Bassonio enters from the left. He carries a letter in his hand. A bottle of water is tied to his head showing that his accident resulted in water on the brain.

Porsha: Ah, my poor Bassanio.

Bass:(*Putting his hand to his head and feeling the bottle.*) Hush woman, I have something on my mind.

Porsha: (*Espying the letter.*) (*Very hard-boiled voice.*) Say kid, you're not two-timing me are you?

Bass: No, no. Tis from my friend Tonio, saying that his ship has been wrecked; the thousand ducats are due tomorrow; and since he cannot pay, Skylark demands the pound of flesh.

Porsha: But which thousand ducats do you mean?

Bass: Those that I spent on thee four weeks ago.

Porsha: Cheer up Bassanio, my ancestors were not Jews for nothing.

ACT III

(Note: *This a very trying scene.*)

SCENE II

A court in Rome. One bench in front and several on the side. Those on the right are occupied by twelve dumb looking men. (This is the jury.) Those seats on the other side are occupied by the rabble, who hoot and snort for joy.

Enter Porsha disguised as the court, carrying a small package under her arm. She seats herself in the judges seat and raps on the desk with the gavel.

Porsha: *In a bass voice.* (Note: *The voice is very base;*) Order in the court.

1st Citizen: The court is already in. (*Whereat the rabble does hoot and snort for joy.*)

Porsha: Order, order.

Female Voice: (*Thinking it is the grocer speaking.*) 2 pounds of macaroni, 2 pounds of saget—

Porsha: Officer, put those wise-crackers out.

Ahem! Skylark, the Jew, versus Tonio. Officer bring in the prisoner.

Tonio is brought in heavily chained.

At this point Bassanio rushes in (his train from Venice was late.)

Bass: Ah my poor Tonio, what a heluva mess I have gotten you into.

Tonio: It matters not; I have a speech already prepared.

Porsha: Attorney for the Complainant.

Skylark: Oi, oi, I have no attorney; I make the complainant mineself. Tonio signed the note for a thousand ducats, hiz zship was wrecked, and I vant the bound of vlesh.

Bass: Here are the thousand ducats.

Skylark: But I don't want it the ducats now, I vant it the bound of vlesh.

Porsha; *to* Tonio.

Hast thou anything to say in thy defense?

Tonio: That I have.

He steps forward.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen:

Is life so dear or liberty so sweet that it is to be bought at the price of chains and slavery? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, *give me liberty or give me death.* (Applause.)

Porsha: *to Skylark.*

Thou sayest that thou must have the flesh and will not take the ducats.

Skylark: Yass, yass, that is what I said it.

Porsha: The jury will adjourn and deliberate while sentence is being passed.

(*The jury passes out.*)

Porsha: Since nothing will satisfy the complainant but a pound of flesh, the court decrees that he shall receive it.

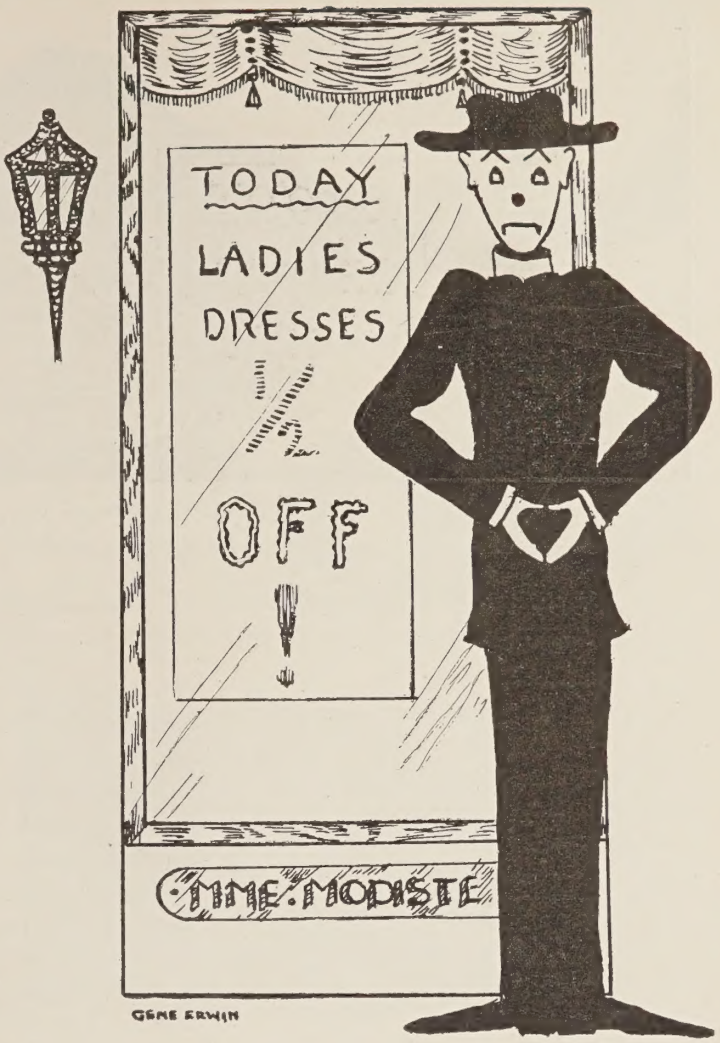
(*She takes up the small package and hands it to Skylark. He undoes it.*)

Skylark: Oi! oi! oi! one bound of *Svift's* all pork sausages, oi! oi! oi!

Curtain.

She: I'm going to sell kisses at the Charity Bazaar. Do you think $1 each is too high?

He: Oh, no. People expect to be robbed at bazaars, anyhow.



BARGAINS

Janice was easy. I went to see her three times. Candy turned the trick. A few pounds—a few kisses. It was no work to get her. She was a bargain.

And Eva. She craved speed. My races turned the trick. A little gas—a little love. Two joyrides and she did as I said. She was a bargain.

And Beatrice. She loved flowers. I said it with 'em. Some girls are so easy. A few roses—a few caresses. An orchid, a kiss. Beatrice, too, was a bargain.

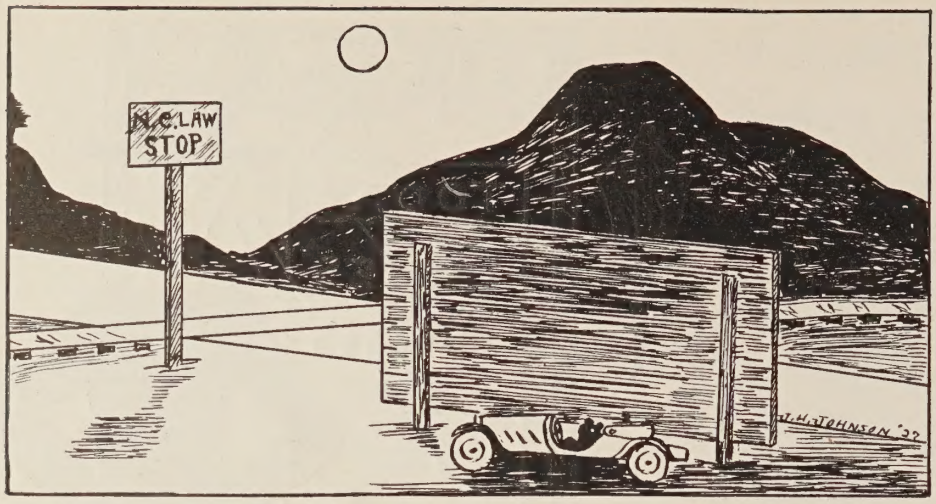
Yes, Janice, Eva and Beatrice were easy to get, bargains. But like all bargains, their pleasure was short-lived.

I liked Janice a week, Eva two. At the end of a month I quit writing Beatrice.

I wooed Rhea a year. I spent twice my allowance on flowers, candy, and gasoline. I worked like a Trojan to do her *slightest wish; I quit drinking and went to work.*

She cost me a lot—a lot more than I ever thought a girl would be worth. But I'll have her the rest of my life.

Rhea was no bargain. She's my wife.



WITHIN THE LAW.

A STUDY IN RELATIVITY

Six and a half for flowers,—
Best that I could buy her,
Four and a half more dollars
Gone for taxi hire,
Eight more plunks departed
When to the dance we went,
For one short night of pleasure,
That is what I spent.

One touch of dainty fingers,
That meant an awful lot;
One long drawn kiss as I left her,—
That is all I got;
Nineteen little dollars
Gone to hell,—and yet,
I got the greatest bargain
That any man could get.

Prof.: Where did Victor Hugo?
Fresh.: To "Water-Lou."

Latest Book—"Going Up." By, L. E. Vator.

Mary is so dumb she thought "tanglefoot" was a new dance step.

Domestic Science Teacher: "What is Chow-chow?"

Bright one: "A Greek Letter Fraternity."

Tom: "Look here Bill, there's a fly in my coffee!"

Bill: "Oh that's all right, e's not hungry, I just got him out of mine!"

A PROBLEM PLAY.

Scene: A battlefield. In the center of the stage stands a kitchen table surmounted by two Uneeda Biscuit. Seven chairs, a victrola, three pianos, twin beds, and a bathtub complete the simple furnishings. A troop of calvary dashes across the scene. An old, old man sits on top of the icebox. He is clad in a khaki shirt, ragged trousers, heavy boots, and a Roman toga. On the left is a small lake filled with ducks and water. Two soldiers stagger and fall.

Old Man: Three years ago tonight she left me! (He weeps copiously. The water in the lake rises.)

1st Uneeda Biscuit: How sad!

2nd Uneeda Biscuit: How sad!

The old man rises and trips over a duck. A machine gun blows up. Many killed and wounded.

Old Man: And I loved her,—God but I loved her. (Eats one of the Biscuit. The other jumps into the bathtub.)

Young Man: Here am I. (This character has not been seen before. He was probably in the lake.)

Old Man: Oh, for the wings of a dove! (The young man winds up the Victrola and two chairs. The roar of cannon enters at the right and goes out at the left.)

Young man: Art thou indeed my father?

Old Man: Have a duck. (They both eat a duck.)

Wounded Soldier: Water, water! (They throw him into the lake. The old man removes his trousers and eats the left leg.)

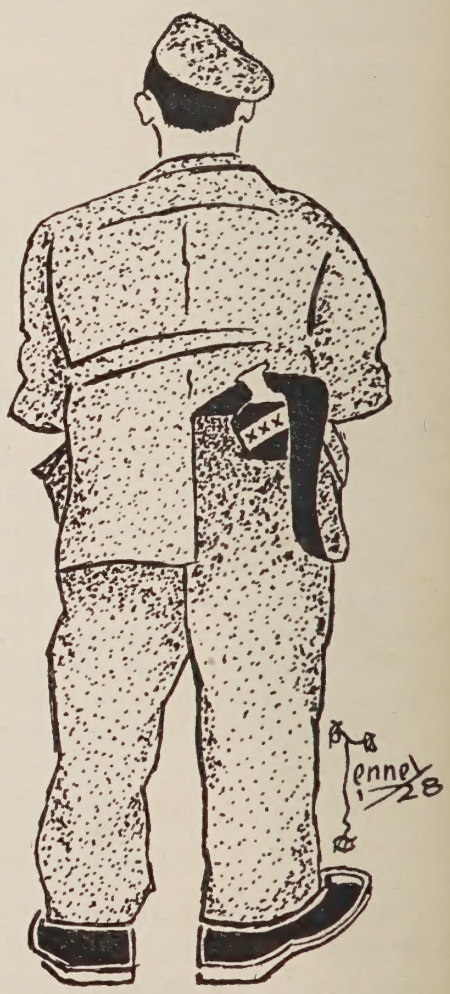
Young Man: For ages I have awaited this moment. (They embrace. The ducks rally around and eat the rest of the trousers.)

Old Man: Hark, the sound of bed ticking! (The lake gets up and walks off stage.)

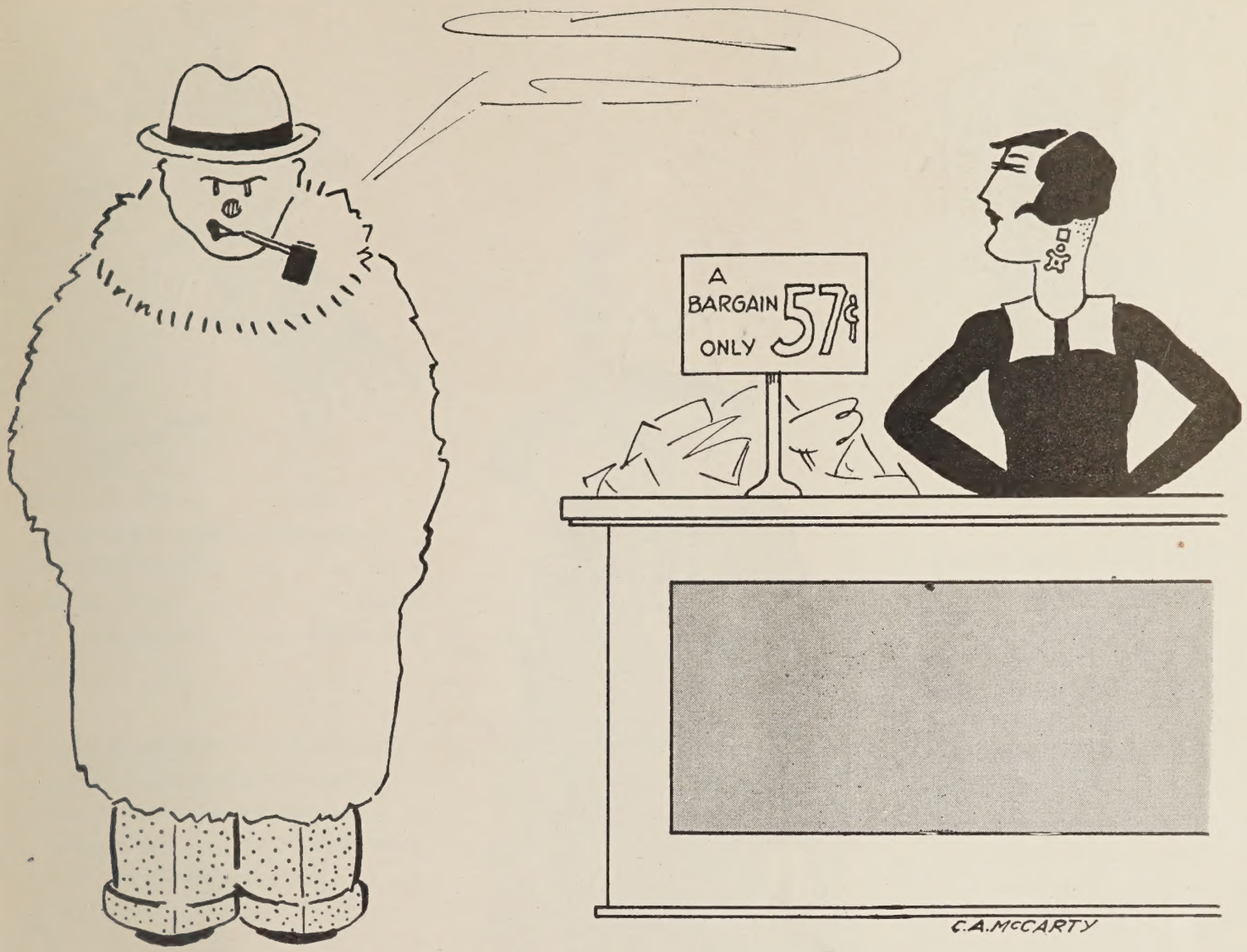
Old Man: And now the dawn of a new day. (A cannon ball kills them both, and gently places them in the icebox.)

Surviving Uneeda Biscuit: Damn, but what are the patterns for?

The curtain falls as usual.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS



Customer: "Have you any silk hose?"
Clerk: "Yes, I have something very attractive in silk hose."

A BARGAIN AT SALE!

A farm. Has seven room house with out houses.

Page from a first grade primer, written by an ex-department store manager.

See the ribbon.
It is a piece of ribbon.
It is red.
It is pretty red ribbon.
The pretty red ribbon is for sale.
It will be sold cheaply.
It will be sold very cheaply.
It is a bargain.
It is a very good bargain.
The pretty piece of red ribbon is for sale very cheaply at a bargain.

THE CAMPUS DICTIONARY

Hold on, Webster, your bookionary needs revising in the following words:

gripe—a helluva pain.

hawk—a buzzard's cousin.

All-American—any outstanding figure on the campus.

shine—a fresh remark.

duck—singular of the word *ducks*.

grats—a thing not as common around here as grits are.

ram—a sheep's husband.

Sot: Did you see Mary's musical dress?

Rot: No, what kind was it?

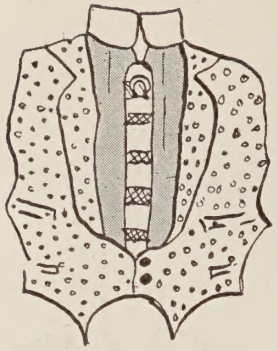
Sot: Accordian pleated.

DELIGHTED, WHAT?

I went to a bargain sale last week. It was simply disgusting. The heat, the crush, the stench, the heavy feet of the bourgeoisie! I was delighted that I showed the good sense to leave without buying anything. I mean, I was delighted until I went back next day and paid fifty-five dollars for the coat I could have gotten at the sale for thirty-six bones!

The heighth of painlessness for this month is a crack in a glass eye.

Bill thought a movie fan was a cooling device.



Full length sleeves and utter simplicity distinguish the plain plaid waistcoat (above); while the gunboats below may be used to correct any impression of effeminacy which the wearing of the vest might convey.

Something chic in the way of a bosom friend, and a pair of imported Scotch blankets for your dogs may be had at Such & Such Place for a certain sum.

These Swedish nooses are just the thing as a Christmas gift or your boy friends up at Joliet. They can be procurred from Lasyears Sashe.

Ensembles are as important in pajamas as they are elsewhere in the mode, and this one even goes so far as to adopt an appropriate walking stick which is in harmony with the character of the user.

Madame Y conducive girdle, extremely fitting. Noticed recently at the Carolina-Virginia game. Supporters furnished in any collegiate colors.

Ravishing chapeau from Bonehead eur of Paris, very popular recently at the races. The zebra feathers lend an exotic touch; appear to particular advantage in the dark.

Two new creations in curtains for the sitting room, in attractively figured cretone, very fetching and novel in design. Those above are to be worn on patriotic occasions; while those below are for garden affairs.

These modest hose and delicate slippers combined with the new arm-pit watch and invisible ear bobs, worn with a byzantine frock in sea-weed green and Bengal yellow, establishes the latest mode; especially when set off by a Purina sash.

VOL. II. DECEMBER, 15th, 1924 NO. 4

BUCCANEER SALE STAFF

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On Sale December 15th

NEVER before in the history of the publication has The Buccaneer been put on the market at such a sacrifice. At present we have in mind no other college comic that has been offered at a price reduced from the regular one. This is not a semi-annual sale, or a fire sale, or a spring sale of left-over stock, or anything of that nature.

It is the only sale yet offered to the public of its kind, and most probably will be the last; so each and every one who has the opportunity is not only urged, but in all seriousness advised to take advantage of this opportunity.

We assure the bargain hunter that he will in no way be disappointed, that he will be treated with the greatest politeness, that his wishes are ours, that we will do everything in our power to please, and that we are desirous at all times of remedying any mistakes on our part.

Sale will last until the appearance of the next, the Antique Number; but since we have made such a great reduction, the stock is likely to be exhausted in short order, so we appeal to our patrons to do their shopping early in order that we may be able to supply their demands, and that they avoid the necessity of having to take handled goods. We intend to live up to our motto: "A smile on the face is worth two in the soul."

Avoid the rush, four months before May, open before Christmas, happy new year, wrap parcels carefully, rah! rah!

FOR THE WISE GUY

As a general thing the college man puts up a bluff that sounds like **$25.00**

That you can't slide a thing over on him, that you can't make him believe that an article really worth **$1.00**

Can possibly be sold for as little as **97c**

The real reason he doesn't jump at an opportunity to get something originally priced at **50c**

For the much more meager sum of **48c**

Is because he can't find within his pocket as much as **10c**

He even convinces himself that no one can put a fake on him for a difference of **2c**

But let him get a check from home for almost any amount, say **$48.00,**

And you can sell him, say, a pipe which is actually worth **$1.50**

For only **$3.25**

Rather than be thought of as being cheap, and trying to save the paltry sum of **5c**

He is always willing to pay an extra **25c**

On the other hand we know a boy who went to Durham to get a haircut, because the Chapel Hill barbers charged **40c**

And the Durham barbers charged only **35c**

But that was when bus fare to Durham was a straight **50c**

Too, there are some of the fellows who never smoked in their life, bought cigarettes, because they went down to **45c**

A hundred, and these men of education and culture thought they were saving some **35c**

Indeed a college man has little ..... **c.**

FREE! FREE! FREE!

It's strange why there is such great attraction in the word ..... **FREE.**

Farmers travel miles and miles just because they have noticed a sign somewhere that said something was ..... **FREE.**

Persons have their pocketbooks stolen, lose their hats, and most of their religion because of the letters ..... **F-R-E-E**

We wear out fifty cents worth of shoe leather to get something worth a dime because it's ..... **FREE.**

We even brag about our country because it's said to be ..... **FREE.**

ONLY 69c.

WOMEN VALUES.

Personally, we don't think the whole lot of females has the value of **13c**

They cost; only few men get their money's worth, for instance, flowers **$15.00**

And car fare **10c**

And several other things that range in price from a **5c**

Drink to a house, lot, and automobile at **$16,000.00**

Since when was a kiss, or any series of them worth **$5.00**

The price paid for the candy that merely aids in the obtaining of said kiss. And **$16.00**

In the hands of a boy on the trail of a so-called "hot mama" has less value than **16c,**

And because men fall for the women, they too have less value than ..... **13c.**

So the whole works cannot amount in real worth to as much as **26c**

And anyway neither is this cynicism worth ..... **13c.**

MISCELLANEOUS.

A man on the Buccaneer board who doesn't get in copy isn't worth ..... **30c.**

Furthermore, any man who can write, and contributes enough of his writings is worth at least **$2.23**

HOT SAL—IVA.

SAL

Saleslady Sally shifted her gum
Casually to the other cheek
Sold a bottle of loud perfume
To a colored girl—then started to speak:
"Had a date with Bill last night.
Believe me, Flo, that was a date.
He showed me a swell time an' I showed him—
Ladies corsets? ninety-eight!—
That I was able to appreciate."

Saleslady Sally turned around,
Wrapped up some paint for the bathroom floor,
Handed it out with regal grace,
Nibbled her gum, and spoke some more:
"We danced 'till nearly three o'clock
And Bill is quite a dancer too.
Gee, kid, the things that we pulled off—
Holeproof hosiery, twenty two,—
Would sure have made a hit with you."

Saleslady Sally pinned up some ribbon,
Picked her finger and paused to cuss,
Sold a tube of Pebeco,
Turned to Flo, and chortled thus:
"He hired a taxi to take me home
Altho the price was pretty steep—
An' as we rode I let him hold—
Elastic brassieres, very cheap!—
My hand until I fell asleep."

MODERN NURSERY RIME

Oh, Butcher, Baker, Candlestick Maker,
Are your sales so free from hogging?
How many curves in the State Highway,
And how many crooks in a bargain?

NIP: "What's matter with your feet?"

TUK: "I put a coat of new-skin on them, and I'm trying to break them in."

PROM GIRLS

"FREE"(?) Verse by G.A.Cardwell

- Profiles by -
F. S. Wright.

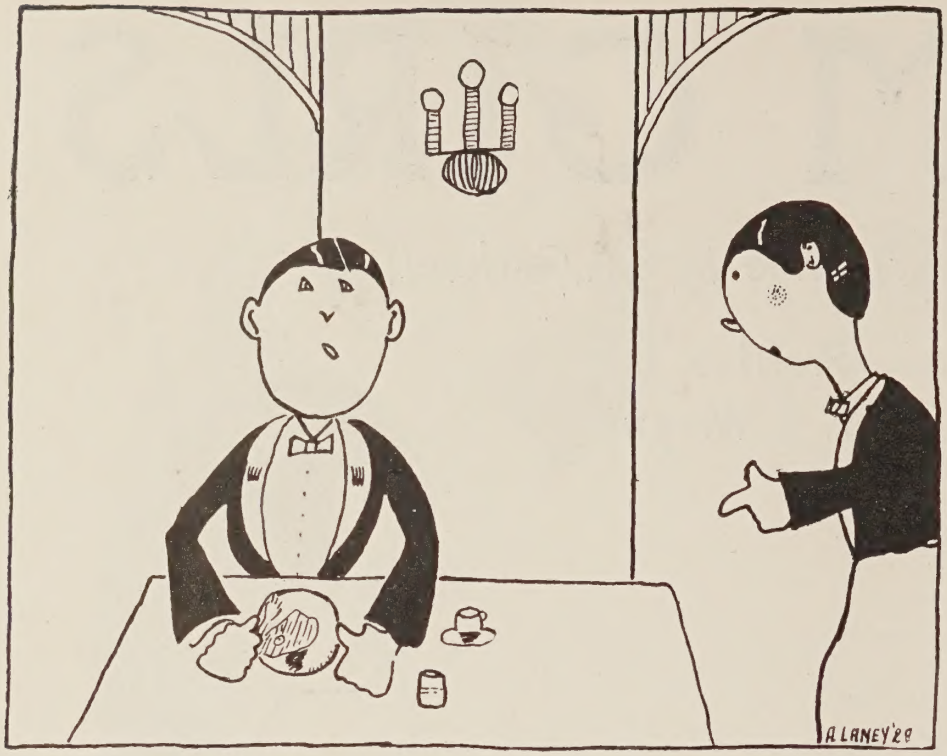
Annabelle!
For crying out loud,
Give us a kiss
Now, we ain't proud.

Holy Gee!
That's what I said,
This sickly kid
Should be in bed.

Contented Cows!
I would to be.
Frat brother's sisters
Are N. G.

Oh my golly, oh my gosh!
Imported stuff from East Oshkosh.

Country Cousin, I should smile.
Take'r out it's worth your while.



DUM: "Hey, waiter, this ham tastes like turpentine."

WAITER: "It must be from one of those pinerooter hogs."

Yes, Oswald, the famous Orange County Corn is still as potent as ever, but it ain't got nothing to do with the faculty strewing fifty new lamp posts around the campus.

Our idea of a balanced meal is a bowl of bran and a cheese sandwich.

HE: Oh my love, my darling, if I only knew—if I only knew—

SHE: Why don't you take something for granted?

Saturday, 15, 1924.

Dear Ethel:

I have been trying to write to you since 1902, but I just haven't had the time.

Among other reasons is the fact that my room is packed with a hoard of wild sardines that harry me day and night. At one time, my dormitory was used as a store house for cotton. Within the cotton were the cotton seeds. Of course, there was a certain amount of oil dripping from the seeds, and as the sardines will not leave the oil, even after death, they flocked here from as far off as Kansas City where they breed in such large numbers. They have taken the cotton out of here now, but the dear little pets gather here to bite me, and talk over the "good ole days" when cotton seed oil abounded in plenty.

They disturb me very much, especially when they finish eating my socks—they always hunt for oil first—and start on my ears. Then their conversation often becomes so boisterous that it disturbs me from my literary labors. I suppose you know that I am writing a complete social and economical history of the Doodle Bug in sixty-two volumes. The only way by which the little rascals can be quieted is by my telling them a funny little bed-time story, called *Hamlet*.

Do you see the twinkling stars, Ethel? Each of those stars may be a planet on which thousands of millions of sardines are waiting for me to tell them a bed-time story. I am very happy about the future of my sardines. You see, there is an old sardinian legend that some day all the sardines will rise in an effort to cast the yoke off the Suez Canal. If such an event takes place, it is quite probable that the great glaciers of the Alps, over anxious in their desire to see this uncommon occurrence will lose their footing and fall off the mountains. Then there will be no difficulty in climbing the Alps and all those Swiss cheeses will be out of jobs. From this point, I can foresee the rise in the price of ice-cream and the decline of civilization.

Your poor,

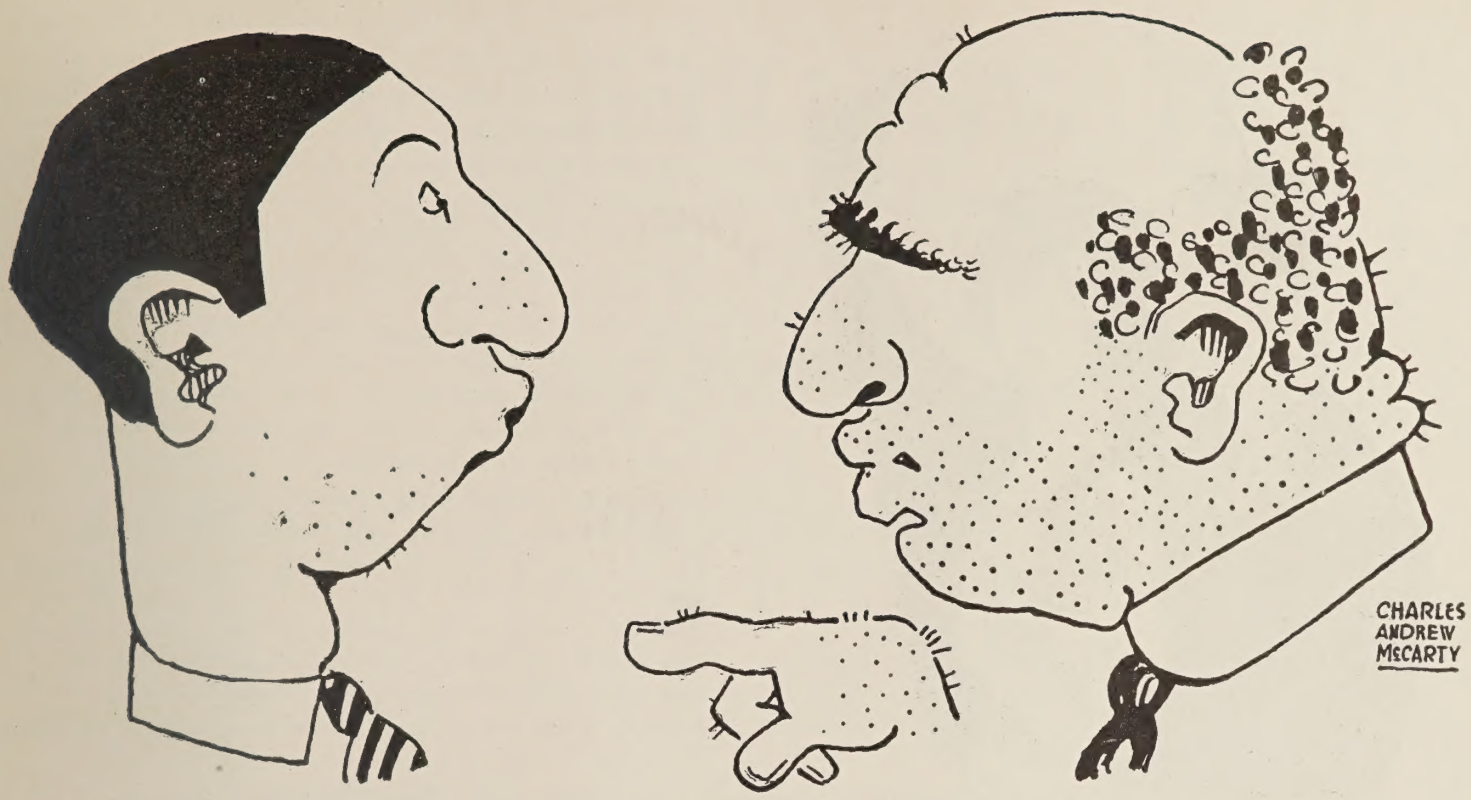
Fish.

I bet that Jew is sorry he sold Harry that suit.

Why?

He's always calling and trying to get it back.

LE PENSEUR
Apologies to Rodin



FADDER TO SON: "Ikey, take yourself oud a life inzsurance bolicy for ten thousand dollars and I'll buy you a nize new motorcycle."

NELLIE—THE SALESGIRL

A Tragedy of American Life.

Nellie has just turned seventeen. She is clerking in Squonk's Five and Ten Cent Store—"Nothing over Ten Cents." Her hours are from eight in the morning until six in the evening. Her salary is seven dollars and fifty cents a week. Nellie used to be reckoned as "right pretty"—before she bobbed her hair. Her hair used to gather in little ringlets about her forehead that gave her a kind of celestial-look, the kind of look that mooney young gentlemen like. When she cut off her hair, her celestial-look remained, but it seemed out of place, all by itself. Nellie also has rosy cheeks and a white skin. It is artificially so and it adds to the celestial-look.

Nellie has a beau. His name is Jimmie. Jimmie is tall, stooped-shouldered, and "cotton-topped." He has gray eyes and doesn't seem to "have much force". He works at Squonk's, too.

Every night Nellie and Jimmie go to the show around the corner. They are fixtures there—from seven until eleven. They occupy seats number six and seven, row G—if the seats had been numbered. Nellie nestles close to Jimmie and Jimmie manfully puts his arm about Nellie. On Saturday nights, sometimes the common mill boys who sit behind them, holler, "Five and Ten Cents". Then Jimmie takes his arm from around her, and appears very much embarrassed.

Jimmie has been knowing Nellie for a year now. Nellie is eighteen and Jimmie is twenty. Last month they got married. They do not go to the pictures every night now. They were regular patrons for nearly a week after the marriage took place, but suddenly they stopped going. Why? Well, the theatre burnt down and there are no shows there now.

The height of painlessness for this month is a decayed false tooth.

Bill thought he was a fraternity man because he had signed his history quiz pledge.

Skippy says:

I WEnt
INto
A STOre
AND Before
I COULD
SAY ANythng
THE clerk
HE BEgan
TO SHOW Me
SHOes and hats
AND SOcks and
OTHer things and
When I finally got
TO TELL Him that I
ONLY WANTed to buy a
STAMP HE got mad and
TOLD ME this was no
D*-d POstoffice

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

Two Indians bought fire wa.
And took a pint home to their pa.
The pater said, "Boys,
You know I enjoys,
But don't say a word to your ma.

The Male: What shape is a kiss?

The Female: I'll bite!

The Male: No, don't bite; but give me one and we'll call it square.

All day long they thronged at the low wall, fighting, tearing, scratching, while behind it stood a few brave figures withstanding the onslaught of the mighty and many. Into the night the battle continued, a sullen roar of the attackers mingling with the cries of pain of those trampled under foot.

No, not the revolution in Mexico.

Not the civil war in China.

Nor the storming of the Bastille.

Not the Battle of Gettysburg.

Nor the filming of a million dollar super-spectable, for the fight was real.

It was your wife and mine at a bargain sale.

First Countryman: Do you know, I allus put off tying the dogs up until the last thing at night.

Not So Country: Is that right? Well I allus put off going to bed until the last thing at night.

"It's a great re-leaf," said Eve as she plucked the second bit of foliage from the fig-tree.

"Quit yer kiddin'," said the father of fourteen, as his wife presented him with her fifteenth child.

THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

Noble resolutions seized me as I went into each store,
And I planned to spend more money than I ever spent before;
I will purchase costly presents in a truly lavish way,
I may even spend three dollars—for there's just one Christmas day.
For Dad, a pack of Camels and a five cent cigar too,
He's never smoked in all his life, but then, of course, I do.
The problem of Ma's present is an easy one this time,
I will buy for her a dish-pan,—Woolworth has 'em for a dime.
For little baby brother an all day sucker is enough;
One package of absorbent cotton will make for sis a puff.
I've got my best girl's present—she'll treasure it I know;
A snap shot of yours truly taken just a year ago.
"Camisoles for ninety cents," said the paper yesterday,—
I'll buy one for my uncle,—what's a camisole anyway?
False teeth per set are very cheap, I'll get some for Aunt Rose,
She hasn't lost her teeth as yet, but then one never knows.
With many things as cheery mottoes to hang upon the door,
And well known makes of radios for a dollar forty-four,
And small ten cent editions of Hamlet and King Lear.
I hardly know which way to turn in spreading Christmas cheer.

Janice: I believe I'll climb that tree and sit on a limb.

Meredith: Now why do that?

ISADORE: Shall we eat now?
IKEY: I think the beans is cheaper.

NEW U.S.L. BUS STATION

(ACROSS FROM MALBOURNE HOTEL)

—CONNECTS—

PENDERGRAFTS BUS LINE
DURHAM - CHAPEL HILL

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TICKETS FOR RALEIGH, GREENSBORO OR CHARLOTTE ARE ON SALE AT PENDERGRAFT'S BUS STATION CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

TRAVEL BY BUS WITH THE U. S. L.

SIGNS

"Has your brother come home from college yet?
"I guess so, or else the car's been stolen."—*Ski-U-Mah.*

ONE DOWN

"I guess I'll never go to another dance with Lucyll."
"Why, 'd she turn yuh down?"
"Naw, she died last night."—*Dodo.*

SNOWDRIFT

She was as pure as snow; but—she drifted.—*Lyre.*

For the first time in his life Percy, the English Lord visiting America, took out a girl from the states.

"Nighty, nighty," she said as she bid him good evening.

"Pajamas, pajamas," he said, and wondered why she laughed.—*Humbug.*

Dentist's wife: "Did you collect your bill from Mr. Grouch?"

Dentist (angrily): "No, not only that, but he gnashed my own tooth at me!"—*Wampus.*

He: "Isn't Mabelle's evening gown a perfect song?"
She: "Yeh! Sweet and low."

DOBBS HATS

THE DOBBS WESTMINSTER IS ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST OF THE FALL MODELS DESIGNED BY DOBBS & CO, NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS. IT HAS BEEN APPROVED BY THE WELL DRESSED MEN OF AMERICA AND MAY BE WORN WITH ENTIRE CONFIDENCE IN ITS CORRECTNESS AND SUPERIOR QUALITY.

IT IS SHOWN IN ALL OF THE PROPER SHADES. $10 00

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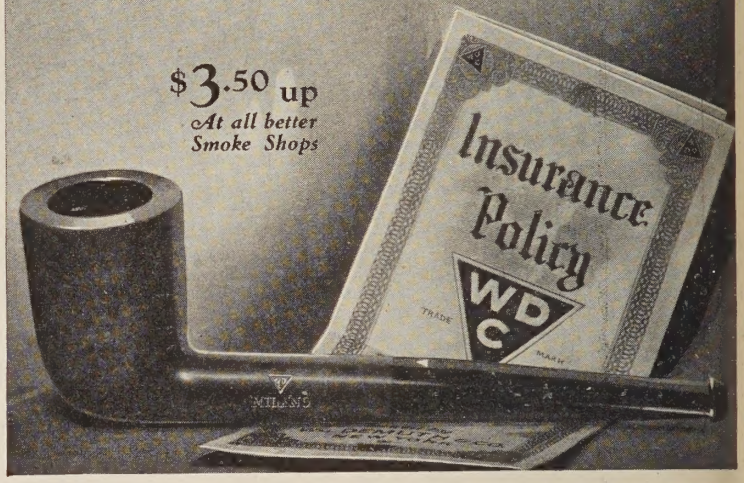
MILANO

The Insured Pipe

A Pipe of Briar so rare that we *Insure* it for you

WM. DEMUTH & CO.,
230 Fifth Avenue, New York
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

$3.50 up
At all better Smoke Shops



Start Out The New Year Right

Subscribe to the five remaining issues and be right for the rest of the year

(Sent anywhere in the United States)

$1.00

DO IT NOW!

Co-ed—"You know, I didn't accept Claude the first time he proposed."

Friend—"I guess you didn't. You weren't there."—*Whirlwind.*

He—"Why do you call them clock stockings? I don't see any hands on them."

She (Indignantly)—"No, and there aren't supposed to be any hands on them."—*Tiger.*

A SWELL SLICKER

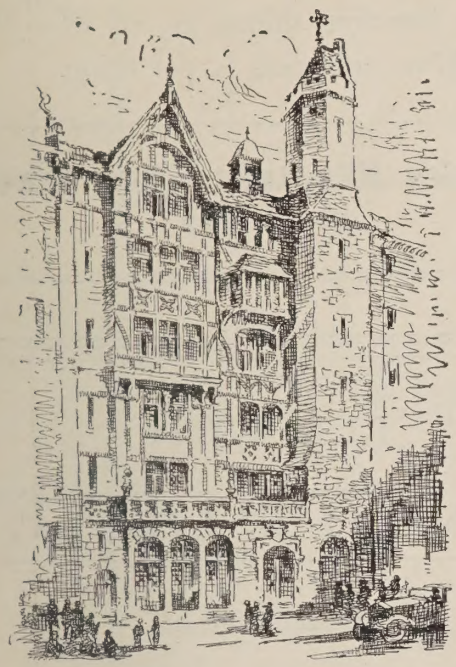
After seeing the ermine robe King George wears on state occasions, we gotta admit that Baron Renfrew's daddy has some reign coat.—*Dirge.*

The tightest man in the world is the Scotchman who shot off a pistol outside his house on Christmas Eve and then came in and told the children that Santa Claus had committed suicide. —*Pelican.*

Abie—"Have you read Dante s Inferno?"

Seedy—"Hot book, isn't it?"

Abie—"Naw, it's a hell of a story."—*Lyre.*



Design of
Finchley House
Suggested by "Backs"
of Old Trinity College,
Cambridge, England

NOTICE

PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT IN THE NEW LOCATION, IN FIFTH AVENUE, FINCHLEY HAS ARRANGED A UNIQUE, COMFORTABLE, AND RATHER EXTRAORDINARY FLOOR WHICH IS DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE DISPLAY OF WEARABLES FOR COLLEGE MEN. SUITS, OVERCOATS, HATS, SHOES, SHIRTS, WOOLIES AND VARIOUS ACCESSORIES OF NOTABLE STYLE AND QUALITY.

FINCHLEY
Fifth Avenue at 46th Street
NEW YORK

FOOLED

Her cheeks, he said, were roses red
And lovely as could be;
Her ruby lips were treasure ships
That spoke of love to me.

But when to kiss this little miss
The booby took a notion,
He found her lips were painted ships
Upon a painted ocean.

—*Goblin.*

THE PROSPECTORS

"What's her allowance?"
"I'll know this evening."—California *Pelican.*

"Do you play ball, Celeste?"
"No, mother!"
"Then, what's this I hear about your throwing the wickedest curve in college?"—*Dirge.*

IN MID-OCEAN

Suzette: "Heavens! Janie has fallen overboard and look at all those sharks."
Georgette: "Don't worry; they're man-eating sharks."—Sniper.

"No, I've never ridden a donkey in my life."
"Say, you want to get onto yourself."—*Lord Jeff.*

Chapel Hill
Insurance and
Real Estate Co.

Real Estate
—and—
Insurance

Exclusive Styles

FOR

Exclusive Men and Young Men

SHOWING AT

SUTTON & ALDERMAN'S

January 9, 10, 22, 23

"NATIONALLY KNOWN
JUSTLY FAMOUS"

FREE! FREE! FREE!

With every job, large or small, we are giving tickets for five free shines in our new Shine Parlor. Non customers 5c per shine.

Lacocks Electric Shoe Shop
SINCE 1912

RIDE WITH

ERNEST & DEWEY

Headquarters at

THOMPSON'S SMOKE SHOP

BROTHERS!

Mother: "Mary, aren't you getting too big to play with the boys?"

Mary: "Oh, no, mother; the bigger I get the better I like 'em.—*Virginia Reel.*

LOGICAL AT LEAST

Stag (Good spirits within and good spirit): Wadja care ta dansh?

Young Lady (waiting for her escort): No, I don't believe so.

S.: Wadja care ta have some punsh?

Y. L.: No, thank you.

S.: Wadja care ta go fer a walk?

Y. L.: (losing patience). Certainly not!

S.: Well zhen take my advish and go home now 'cause yer zhust goin' ta have a hell of a rotten time.—*Awgwan.*

Soak: Since when you been putting strawberries in the licker?

Barkeeper: Beshrew, that's only the reflection of your nose. —*Brown Jug.*

"Caught in the act," snarled the cop as he dragged the hero off the stage.

Man (to clerk in Co-op): Gimme $25 worth o' scratch paper.

Clerk: Good gosh! Why do you want so much scratch paper?

Customer: I got the seven years' itch!—*Ranger.*

Russell: There's something I've been waiting to say to you for a long time—

Phyllis (encouragingly): Yes?

Russell: You've got a black smudge on your nose—soot, I think.—*Green Gander.*

"How can I possibly go to the dance, when I haven't a thing to wear?"

"I'll get a closed car."—*Yellow Jacket.*

"That rouge certainly looks natural. I thought for a long time that it was really your skin."

"Well, it's the next thing to it."—*Yellow Jacket.*

"Well, old man, who are you working for now?"

"Same people, wife and three children."—*Black and Blue Jay.*

Bum: What'd that new overcoat cost you?

Bummer: Six months! I don't wear cheap clothes!

The Gift *of a well selected present brings joy to the heart of the recipient and compliments the good taste of the giver. You will find in our house, a selection of gifts of excellent taste.*

May we offer as a suggestion—the Mary Garden Toilet Set, Eastman Kodaks, and Hollingsworth Hobby in cedar chests, all done in Christmas wrapping.

Sutton & Alderman

DRUGGISTS

IT PAYS TO INSIST ON ARROWS

GORDON *an* ARROW *Oxford* SHIRT

Meets satisfactorily every test by which a mercerized oxford shirt is tried. It has a real pocket, an attached collar made by the Arrow Collar makers, and the fabric is finished alike on both sides—a silky, pure white, exquisite finish. It's a shirt built to do credit to the label.

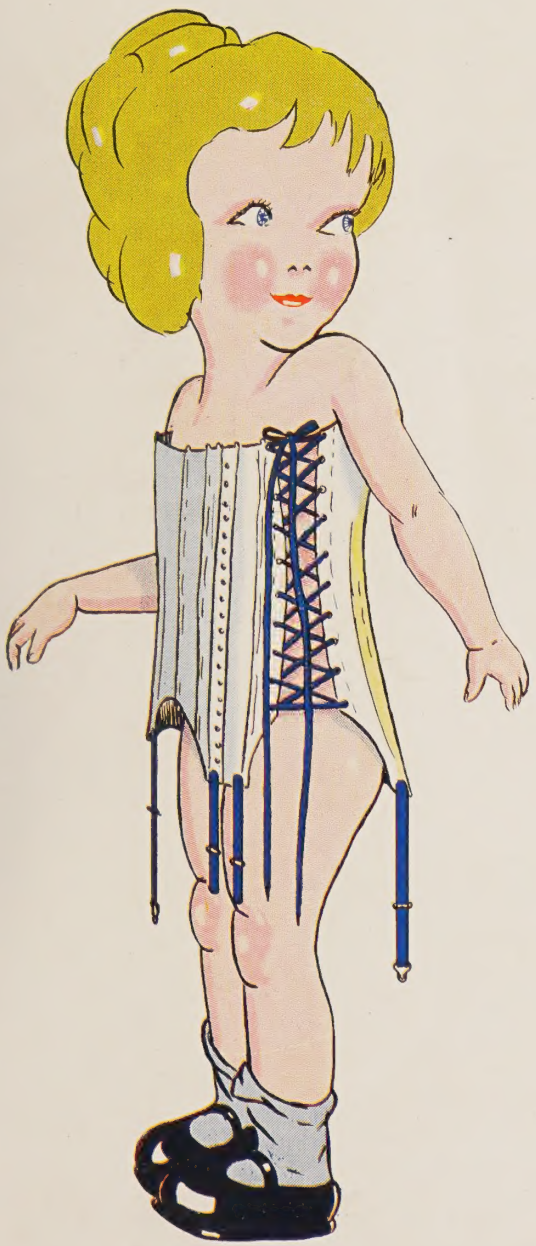
$3.00

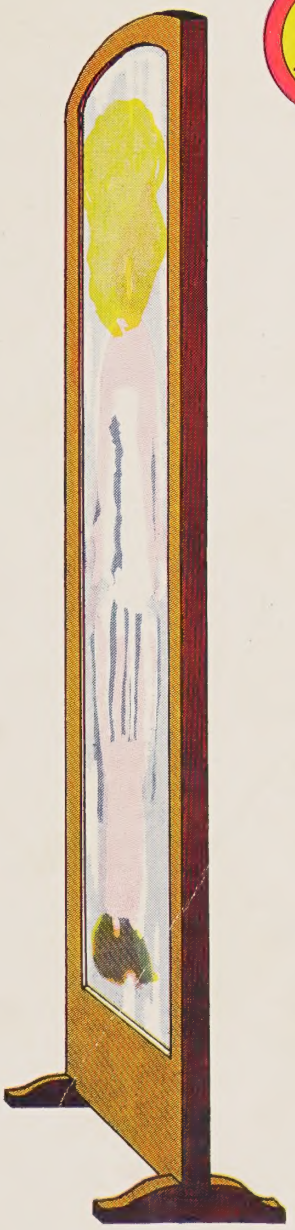
Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. *Makers*, Troy, N.Y.

v. 2, no. 5

The BUCCANEER

25c





ANTIQUE NUMBER

STARR

PULL A GOOD ONE—WHEN YOU WRITE OR LEND

Which Point Will You Have?

1—Extra fine—like this
2—Fine—like this
3—Medium—like this
4—Broad—like this
5—Stub—like this

You can get all five degrees in the classic Duofold Pens

And All Points Guaranteed for 25-Years' Wear

FOR what kind of writing do you use a pen? How do you hold it? And what style of writing is entirely natural to your hand?

These things make a big difference in the kind of point that will make your writing a joy to do and a pride to behold.

Close figure work or fine memoranda, for example, call for a fine or an extra-fine point. But the medium point, the broad, or the stub—these give one's penmanship a personality and character that make mighty valuable impressions in a letter or a signature.

These are reasons why, in the classic Duofold Pens, Geo. S. Parker gives the world the whole five degrees of points that the five degrees of writing require. And we've placed these just around the corner where you can step in and try them all today.

These are the points you can lend without a tremor, for no style of writing can distort them. Points that are tipped with super-smooth Iridium, for which we pay a premium of 200%. Points that we guarantee, if not mistreated, for 25 years' WEAR.

And every point set in a shapely, hand-balanced barrel that feels so inspiring you hate to lay it down.

You can buy cheaper pens, but is the saving worth it? For you can't compete with the world on even terms if your pen can't keep pace with the Duofold.

Any good pen counter will sell you this beauty on 30 days' approval. Flashing black, or black-tipped lacquer-red, the color that's handsomer than gold and makes this a hard pen to mislay.

Duofold Takes Longer To Fill because of its OVER-SIZE Ink Capacity

Immerse nozzle in ink, Press the Button only once, but as far down as it will go; release finger and count ten, while Duofold drinks its big fill. Don't withdraw the pen from the ink too soon—give it time to fill completely and you'll not have to fill it often.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Parker Duofold Pencils match the Duofold Pen, $3.50; Over-size, $4

NEW YORK, CHICAGO · The Parker Fountain Pen Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can. · SAN FRANCISCO

The Parker Pen Co., Ltd., 2 and 3 Norfolk St., Strand, London, Eng.

Parker Duofold LUCKY CURVE OVER-SIZE **$7**

With The 25 Year Point

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Over-size Duofold **$7**

Lady Duofold **$5** Ribbon $1 extra

Duofold Jr. **$5** Same except for size

Young Thing (somewhat hesitantly): "I'd like to buy a petticoat."

Floor Walker: "Antique department on third floor, miss."—*Siren.*

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER

A snakye stude was prancynge onne ye floore—
Ryte smarte he foxy-trotted atte ye balle,
And yn hys armes an nyftye gynche he bore—
Bye gadde, she was an lewlew, thatte and more!

—*Yale Record.*

Sober (to inebriate who is trying to strike wrong end of match): "Why not use the other end?"

Said Inebriate: "Aw, anybody can do it that way."—*Tiger.*

Old Gentleman: "I'll take no more from you, young fellow. Remember, I was acquainted with you when you were little more than a worried look on your father's countenance."—*Brown Jug.*

Good impressions are made by the typewriter, but it's the adding machine that counts.—*Shadows.*

"What makes Myrtle such a gold digger "

"Heredity, old deah, heredity. Her grandfather was one in '49."—*Beanpot.*

"I don't believe you're a trained nurse."

"Why not?"

"I've never seen you do any tricks."—*Awgwan.*

Cockroach (on a Post Toastie box): "Where are you hurrying?"

Ditto: "Stupid, can't you read? It says 'Tear along this line.'"—*Awgwan.*

Fond Grandma: "Caroline, dear, I hope you always tell your parents good night when you come in late."

Grand-daughter: "Yes, Grandmother. I usually eat breakfast with them before I go to bed."—*Awgwan.*

Lady: "I suppose you have been in the navy so long that you are accustomed to sea legs."

Sailor: "Lady, I wasn't even looking."—*Lord Jeff.*

SO FRESH AND PURE

State Trooper: Hey, what'r you doing?

Tourist: Oh just imbibing some of nature's water.

State Trooper: You said a mouthful, that ain't no spring, that's a break in the sewer.—*Medley.*

Your
Million Dollar Face

THE high-priced faces aren't all in Hollywood. Would you take a million dollars for yours? Helen of Troy's face launched a thousand ships, but your countenance will launch 5,000 shaves in the next 14 years.

Until you start using Mennen Shaving Cream you won't be treating that face of yours in a manner befitting its value. It has taken ten years to perfect Mennen's, but your skin will know the difference in three minutes.

The razor blade will cut the whiskers as close as a Scotchman, and your face won't realize it's being shaved. That's because Mennen dermutation (absolute beard softening) takes all the fight out of whiskers.

Your valued visage feels like a million dollars afterwards, because a suave lotion (Boro-glycerine) is an ingredient of Mennen Shaving Cream.

If you're addicted to the rub-in habit, or a secret slave of hot towels, Mennen's will emancipate you. I have tried to find a brand of water that doesn't mix perfectly with Mennen's. I am still looking. The weather man can't produce heat or cold intense enough to affect Mennen's. If you don't make Mennen's a life-long friend after a week's use, the price of the tube is on me. 35 and 50 cents at druggists.

The perfect shave is topped off with Mennen Talcum for Men—a real man's talcum in scent and color. Blends with he-hide and doesn't show! 25c buys it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

Craftbuilt Printing

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

Christian & King Printing Company

Craftbuilt Printing

212 NORTH CORCORAN STREET
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Bum: "Sir, I'm broke; would you mind helping me out?"

Man (ringing for butler): "My servant attends to that." *Va. Reel.*

First Stude (in the middle of the night): "Wake up, Tom, the gas is leaking!"

Tom (who recently returned from a motor trip): "That's all right; we are near a gas station."—*Va. Reel.*

"Mrs. Clancy, yer child is badly spoiled."

"Gwan wid yez."

"Well if ye don't believe me, come and see what the steam-roller did to it."—*Jester.*

"You must have done nothing but work since you were born."

"How so?"

"Somebody said, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy'."—*Parrakeet.*

HE UNDERSTANDS

"Smith is wrapped up in his auto."

"When did the accident happen?"—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

"Please sir, may I leave class to jump rope."

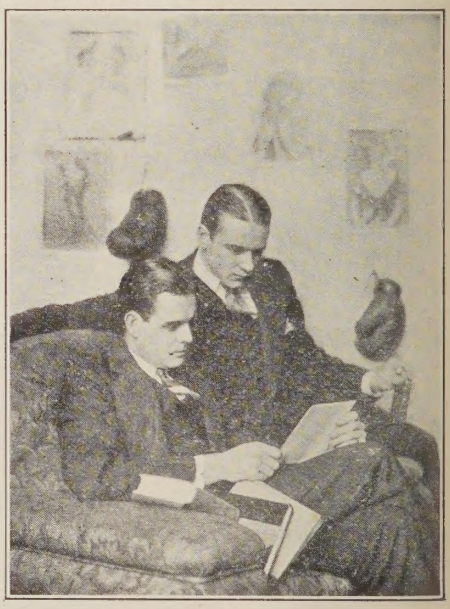
"And why the kindergarten act?"

"I've just taken my medicine and forgot to shake the bottle."—*Buffalo Bison.*

Quality

Dependability

Satisfaction



THAT IS WHAT

Old Hampshire Stationery

has always meant to the college man. Try Old Hampshire and find out for yourself

Sold plain and die stamped by R. W. FOISTER

Fine Stationery Department HAMPSHIRE PAPER CO.
SO. HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

First Eskimo: "What do you think of the weather?"
Second Eskimo: "Not so hot."—*Voo Doo.*

"Ohhhhh! I'm dying!"
"Can I help you?"—*Bison.*

Slim: "Bob burned a hole in his pants."
Jim: "Did he have insurance?"
Slim: "No, his coat tail covered the loss."—*Parrakeet.*

Fel: "I see you smoke futuristic tobacco?"
Lix: "Yea, cube cut."—*Voo Doo.*

He: "You are just like a book to me."
She: "So that is why you always have me on your lap!"—*The Lyre.*

Drunk: "Who are you?"
Policeman (indignantly): "Me!"
Drunk: "I thought so."—*Texas Ranger.*

BEAT TEMPLE!

Mr. Newrich (examining curio): Two thousand years old? You can't kid me! Why it's only 1924 now.—*Dreperd.*

"I'm going to a stag party tonight."
"What's the idea?"
"Got no doe."—*Lemon Punch.*

Spring Display

Newest Patterns in London Lavenders
For the College Man

Suits Tailored to Your Measure

$25.00 and $33.00

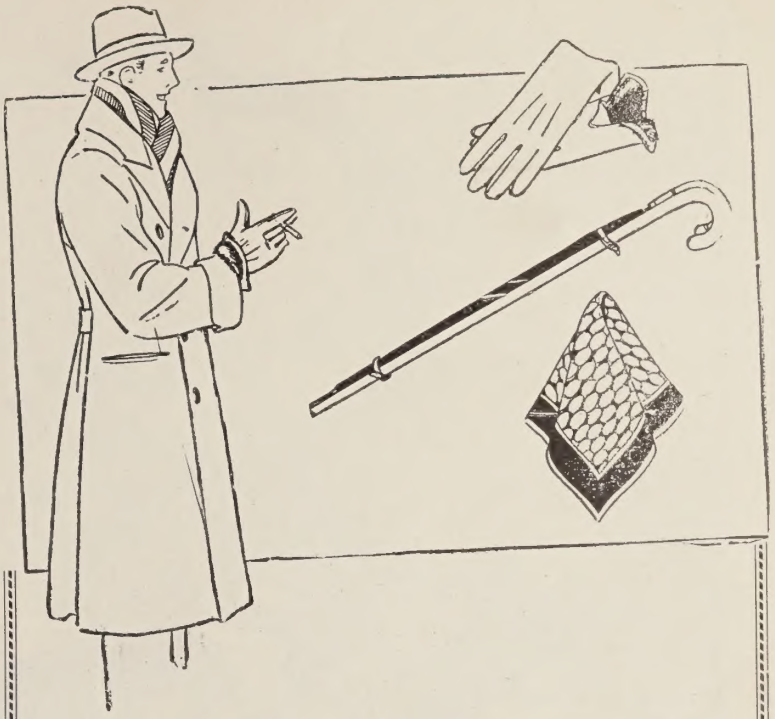
Schloss Tailoring Company

EXHIBITING AT

Patterson's Drug Store

Monday and Tuesday

Vanity Fair's Assembled Wardrobe



Hints to the Smartly Turned Out Winter Traveller

The well dressed winter traveller is only smart when he looks comfortable, and when his clothes are appropriate to the occasion. The first requisite of the winter traveller is a heavy ulster that is long, loose and warm. Such an ulster should not be either too dark or too light in colour, and when it is made in brown or dark grey or the various mixtures of these colours, it is in the most suitable taste. Plaids are very smart, but they should be faint in design. When an ulster has a half belt at the back, which holds it into the body, it gives greater warmth than when it falls loose and straight. An exaggerated width of collar is not necessary, because in place of turning the coat collar up, a warm woollen muffler, showing very conspicuously above the lapels of the coat and smartly folded in the manner illustrated above, is worn today. This is the bright note in the turn-out, and, though harmonious in colour, it should be a definite contrast to the coat and hat, which should be in a matching shade. One more bright touch of colour may be added by wearing a big foulard handkerchief in the breast pocket of the overcoat, but no matter how bright the handkerchief is, it should be in the same colour scheme as the muffler. Fur lined gloves in either grey or brown are another added comfort to the well dressed traveller in mid-winter, and the selection of their colours should be in harmony with the hat worn. The stick and umbrella fastened together by little straps which may be carried on the travellers arm with as much ease as if one of them was carried by itself, is far more practical and less bother than the canvas stick case, which formerly contained both sticks and umbrellas and was always used for travelling.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write the "Well Dressed Man," care the BUCCANEER and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

"Well, Sis, it's a good thing I got those Kelly Balloons before I started teaching you how to drive."

THE FIRST CROSSWORD PUZZLE

FORM—erly

Buccaneer

ANTIQUE NUMBER

VOLUME II. NUMBER V.

EXPENSE ACCOUNTS

Modern Student:

Railroad fare	$	50.95
Tuition		.46
Athletic fee		99,999.47¾
Board		63.00
Correspondence	per diem	.34
Clothes		211.33
Trips to Durham		501.66
Library fees		201.00
Pickwick course		.01¼

Antique Student:

Railroad Fare	(they all walked)	
Tuition		99.00
Athletic fee		.13
Board	per diem	.13
Correspondence		.03¼
Clothes		11.33
Trips to Durham	(the road wasn't paved)	
Library fees	(no fine was imposed)	
Pickwick	(not in curriculum)	.13

Senor: Did you ever hear 'William Tell'.
Senorita: No, he's awfully quiet, you know!

In the year 2013, jokes were sprung on the following:
94,613 on Universities.
1,296,491 on Prohibition.
13 on 1924 Flappers.
16,424 on Necking Parties.

"Oh my daughters, oh my ducklets", cried papa duck as an immoral looking rooster flew over the fence.

She trippeth lightly down ye street,
Ye wealthy burgher's darter.
A frown comes o'er her face so sweet,
She feels to slip her garter.

FAMOUS DATES IN ANTIQUITY

5000—Adam and Eve planted garden of Eden.
5977—Eve made an apple sauce pie for Adam.
4000—Noah trained the first carrier pigeon.
3913—Tutankamen started the House of Tut and created material for comical magazines.
2978—Abraham killed the fatted calf.
1111—Greek Empire founded, thereby giving the rest of the world an overflow of cafe owners.
949—The hobby horse of Troy built.
500—Aneas and Dido had their escapade.
508—Roman Empire founded, thereby creating an excuse for college professors to teach Latin.
13—Nero played the fiddle while New York burned.

A. D.

1516—Shakespeare became a poacher.
1492—Columbus said, "We'll not turn back".
1623—Sir Walter Raleigh smoked the first cigarette.
1776—Our dear Uncle Samuel put on long pants.
1849—A dance hall in California was shot up.
1864—Sherman defined war.
1899—Cuba was given the U. S. as a bar room.
1904—The writer of this bunk was born.
1924—BUCCANEER ESTABLISHED.
1924—Carolina beat V. M. I.
1924—It rained at Chapel Hill for the first time in thirteen years.

ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

What they laughed at in the Good Old Days.
With apologies to *Judge*.

SIR GALLAHAD: Squire come hither, anon.
SQUIRE: Aye, aye, lord?
SIR G.: Go yonder and fetch me that acetylene torch. I have a bedbug under my shirt.—BUCCANEER—1924.

Here, gentle reader, we have the sex problem of '83.

The tinge of crimson on the petal-like hide of little Charity May betrays her extreme embarrassment.

Nothing in the Elsie books helps her in her predicament.

That villainous roue, Uncle Hildegarde, soaked in mint julep, has just insulted her.

He has asked her to do an improper fraction!

Heaven help the poor working goils!

IF CHAUCER HAD BEEN A FUTURIST.

THE FRESHMANNE

Hissa tadpolla minda wiggle
inna humouresse water
growing legga anda lauffa.
Hay aspiresse to solemnesse.
Hay woulda be a frogga
anda sitta
witha other larga froggas
onna pilosophica bencha
croakanesse.

(With apologies to Jeanne D'Orge.)

11:00: Sure, Adam had an alarm clock.

8:30: How do you know?

11:00—Milton says that he got up at dawn each morning and how can one get up that soon without an alarm clock?

"I give up," said the sea-sick passenger.

OUT OF THE RUINS

Prime Minister: Who were those ladies I saw you with down the street last night?

Solomon: Why they were not ladies; they were my wives! Haw, Haw, Haw!

A TRAGEDY

Act I—Exams.
Act II—Celebrations.
Act III—Student Council.
Act IV—Probation.

Speaking of cigaretes, "Let the Rest of the World Go Buy".

1st Stude: I am sick and disgusted with life.

2nd Stude: I failed on the same quiz.

Stude '14: Ziss is 'eaven.
Stude '24: Ziss is 'ell.

Si Perkins had sent his son to a Military College. This is the first letter he wrote home:

"DEAR POP:

"They all like me fine up here. Inside a week I expectorate a lieutenant and have charge of a spitoon.

"Your son,

"JEB."

THE DADDY: Why did you kiss me like that?
THE MAMMA: Oh, well—just a slip of the tongue.

OUR CUBAN CONTRIBUTOR

Habana, Cuba,
Dec. 12, 1924.

Dear editor, Buccaneer:

It has make for me much hapiness that you have ask me to rite for your magazine. I have rite many times for the school magazine here, and have had much experience along that lion. Already you must have taken note of my komand of words. My father he says that I will some day rite like Ibanez, but I do not realy beleeve it myself. I think my father he just say that to me in flat iron (that word I look up in my vakabulary; somehow it do not seem to fit). My father he says he think I am dam-fool to waist my time riting when I should help him to do what one of my americano friends call "jerk soda."

We had today a grande bull fite. If you can throw the bull in Cuba, you will be great man. My americano friend he tell me that it is the same in america. Will you please rite and tell me how come? I did not know that they would allow the men to throw the bull in america. And he say also that the women and the girls also throw the bull! Maybe for the women and girls you have little bullets, I tell him. But he say no, that with the lion some of the women have, they throw much bigger bull than the men. I said oh, I see, the woman have a trained lion, and the lion he kill the bull for the women. But why do the women need to shoot the bull if the lion kill him? I ask. And he give up trying to explain it to me, saying I was dum, for which I reply he is also the same, whatever it mean.

My English teacher, you ought to see him. He look like his health is not good. He say that he went to summer school one summer at chapel hill. I beleeve I hear my father to call my name, so I can not rite no more this time. I hope you will anser my letter reel soon because you are the only one I rite too, and I need the practise very much.

Su amigo,
Pedro.

"Hell, yes," said the devil tuning in his radio.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

INVALUABLE STATISTICS

If all the votes cast for Davis were placed end to end, they would form a straight line.

Michael Angelo was not the inventor of golf knickers.

The best vegetable soup is usually made with vegetables.

It is two hundred and twenty miles from Peru, Ind., to a point two hundred and twenty miles away from Peru, Ind.

Saint Peter never mastered the art of shaving himself with a safety razor.

It has been estimated that 9,721 toothpicks are lost every year.

A man diving from the Rock of Gibralter will drown if he is unable to swim.

Calvin Coolidge denies that he is the originator of the Calvinistic religion.

To be a good house wife it is necessary to be a woman.

If all the Jews in America lived in one town it would have a large population.

The Spanish language is spoke in Spain.

Baldheaded men should not part their hair in the middle.

George Washington did not enlist in the last war.

If a piece of burning wood three inches long be dropped into a fifty pound box of dynamite, there will be an explosion.

It is still possible to secure whiskey in the United States.

No girls, Rhubarb isn't a new model haircut.

A YELLOW SLICKER

SPEAKING OF ANTIQUES, DID YOU KNOW THAT:

The first True Confessions magazines were printed on fig leaves.

The first submarine was the whale that swallowed Jonah.

The first poker game occurred between Cain and Able. It resulted in Cain's bumping Able.

The investigators have discovered a 1924 model Ford still in use.

Alexander the Great originated the expression: "Wine Women and Song."

Helen of Troy was the first flapper.

Tutankamen wore the first pair of knickers.

Ben Hur bet on the first race.

Columbus took the first long chance.

The first dog came to the University campus with Davie.

A QUAINT COLLECTION

An old eccentric friend of mine,
For whom I had a deep affection,
Invited me out to his house to
To see his prize collection.

He ushered me into his den,
And pointed with scare hidden pride
To a dirty kitchen cabinet
With loads of junk piled up inside.

He sought among the crowded trash
And siezed a broken cuckoo clock,
"Old Chinese sugar bowl", said he,—
My false teeth fell out from the shock.

"And here," he cried, "is a corn cob pipe
Used by the Persians long ago;"
The trade mark stamped upon its side
Said only "Made in Idaho."

Next came a Roman derby hat,
Before my eyes there rose a sign—
Three balls, and underneath, the names
Of Rosenbloom and Finkelstein.

Said he, "Columbus spent this dime
The day before he started west."
I gazed at him with saddened eyes
While tears slid down upon my vest.

He rambled on for half an hour
And like a man I stood it all,
Just then a door slammed violently,
And steps were heard out in the hall.

His face lit up—he whispered low,
"Here comes my darling daughter, Rose;"
I stood erect, I brushed my hair,
And hastily I blew my nose.

Then Rose rolled in like a four-wheel coach;
I wilted weaker than before.
Her face was creased with lines derived
From worry 'mid the Civil War.

I slowly shook her skinny hand,
I tried to smile,—I strove to speak,
"Poor friend," I thought, "Poor silly friend,
You own at least one real antique."

She licked his lips
And kissed him
And he held up his head for more
But she arose
And stretched and then
Walked over to the dish under the stove.
That's where a mama kitty is
Supposed to eat,
Isn't it.

JUST AS THE ROSE

Longfelton.

Just as the girl of the present day,
So was the girl of the past;
On her lips a smile of young things gay,
But a smile not always to last;
A rose on breast, in hand, or hair
As a symbol of youth and of joy,
A rose which she shamed with her beauty rare,
But beauty that's only Time's toy.

So just as the rose, so faded she,
And the smile, too, went as the rose;
The beauty could not forever be,
For everything comes and goes;
So she's wrinkled now, for she was slave
To age, to decay, and to rust;
Or she's resting within her eternal grave,
And returning once more to the dust.

And so it is with all now here,
With your girl, with my girl, and all;
For each like ourselves shall be withered and sere,
Since the Scythe of Time will e'er fall;
The passion and love that fills us today
Will away at the dawn of the morrow,
And the life and joy of a carefree May
Is September's death and its sorrow.

ONE KNIGHT FROM A BAR-ROOM

THE LETTERS OF ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

By Sir Whidid Gallahavafittee, O.S.B., M.S.S., B.V.D., R.S.D.L., One Knight at Author's Card Table, Order of the Saturday Bath, Noble of the Mystic Shoe Shine, Member of the Royal Society of Bed Lifters, etc.

ANTHONY TO CLEO

Rome, of Romulus,
July 4, 75, B. C.

To Her Most Gracious Queen of the Nile,

My Esteemed Cleo:

I should have shot you a line several months ago, but, owing to a few upheavals of State, I have been unable to do so. Caesar and I have been very busy at court for the last two weeks.

Rome is as dull as a barbers razor. The coliseum has been closed on account of the 'flu" epidemic. All the drug stores are closed by the blue laws. However, we had an open air chariot race last Saturday. Benjamin Hur established a new world's record, making a mile in two minutes. He certainly is a dare devil.

I am coming to Egypt to see you Cleo as soon as I get my chariot out of the garage, you know my red sport-chariot, with disc wheels and balloon tires. So be expecting me.

Please say I can come to spend a week with you.

Anthony.

P. S.: Have you bobbed your hair yet? It's all the rave around here. Oh yes, can you send me one of your portraits?

A.

CLEOPATRA TO ANTHONY

Hotel Salome,
Cairo, Egypt.

Most Respected Commander of Rome,

Brave Sir:

I was tickled pink to get your last letter by the camel special. I didn't know what could have happened to you, except that you had been drowned at the seashore or something.

Everything is "settin' pretty" in Cairo for your mid-year visit. I have arranged for rooms in the hotel for a month. I hope this hits you. I have a new davenport just received from Sears and Roebuck and it's the stuff.

Cairo is not so dull as Rome because the blue laws haven't been in force to any great extent, and Balchazzar, the leader of the reformers, is in jail for playing black jack on the library tables.

Yes, Mark, I have had my hair bobbed and it's the berries. You know my country is not as advanced in fashion as Caesar's; and when I came out of the barber shop, four people dropped dead, not from fright, but admiration.

Markie, I will send you my picture just as soon as I can have some made. The Royal photographer lost his chisel and has closed his studio until he can get one from Bellas, Hess and Co.

I'm just waiting to see my little Markie.

Lovingly,

Cleo.

P. S.: Mark, wear your yellow slicker. The Almanac predicts rain.

C.

ANTHONY TO CLEO

At Villa, Rome,
Sept. 6, 79, B.C.

Queen of the Browns,

Fair Lady:

I got your letter today on the first train, I mean donkey, and was delighted with the contents of the same.

I was overjoyed to hear that you are expecting me to call on you. I'll do my darndest to get there. I intended leaving for Egypt this A. M., but one thing kept me from my desire, this was that Caesar was carved up by Brutus. I thought something rash would happen, when I saw him with Mrs. Caesar.

I told the undertaker to bury Caesar as soon as possible, but they seem to be slow. That is why I said: "I come to bury Caesar and not to praise him." Since the funeral is over, I think I will set out tomorrow for Cairo.

I think I will bring my friend (I've forgotten his name—I think it begins with an R) along with me. If you know any Lounge Lizardesses who know their stuff, try to make a date for him. I don't want him to be disappointed, because he's going to slip off from his wife and four kids. You know from the stories you've read that this is hard to do.

I can't wait to see you Cleo,

Anthony.

P. S.: Are you a neck artist? I heard that you were.

CLEOPATRA TO ANTHONY.

Cairo, Egypt,
Nvo. 6, 79, B. C.

Caesar's Second,

Sir (dearest):

Your last letter thrilled me so that I had a chill, but I'm alright now. A little gin cured me.

Tell what-his-name that I have a date for him and she's the dog's bow-wow. (She's going to slip off from her husband and six kids). As for you, Markie, you know I'm waiting for you. So get things hooked up and burn the sand to

Your loving Cleo.

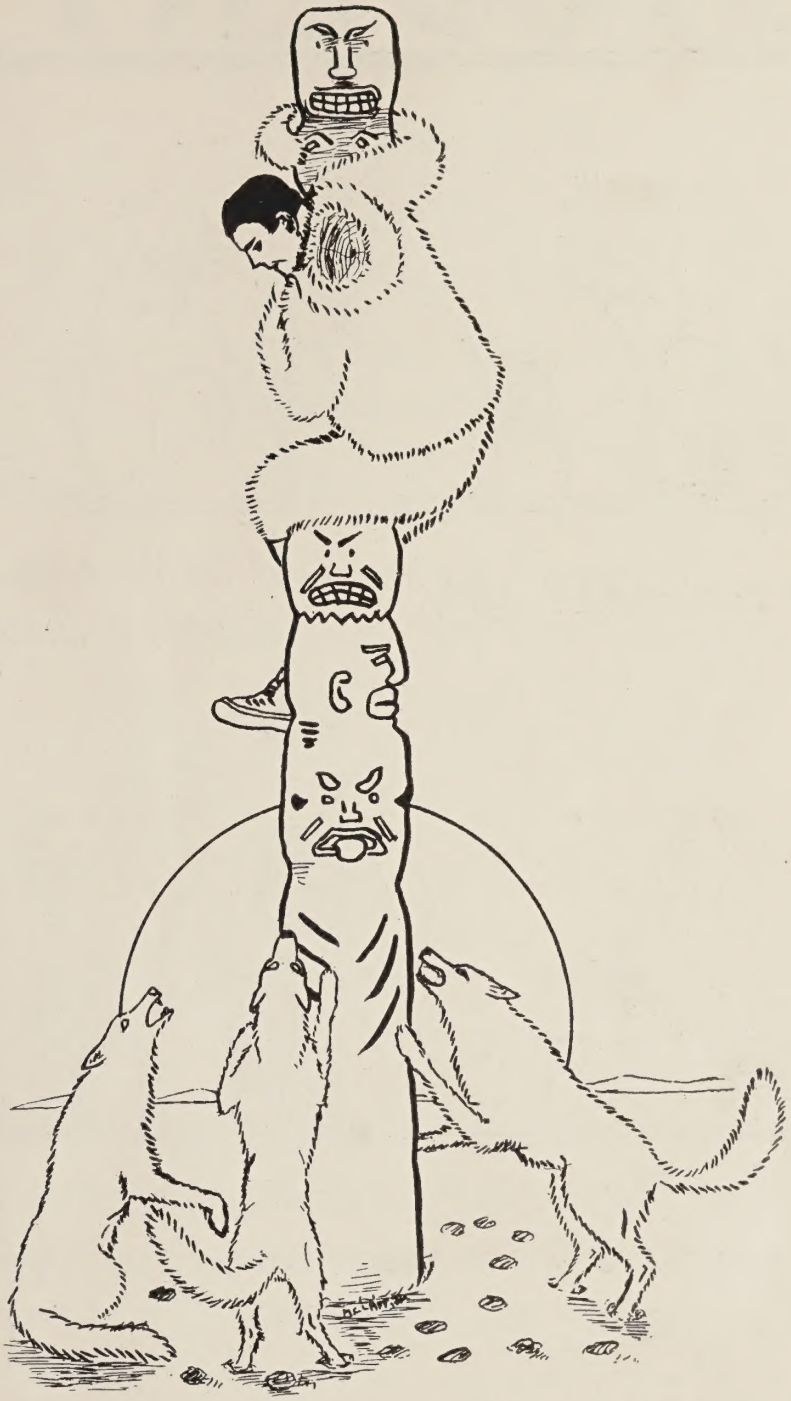
Note: The letter of Anthony and Cleopatra after his visit are too passionate to be published in English.

MAN: Why are you crying, Little Fellow?

LITTLE FELLOW: My conscience hurts me.

MAN: And why should your conscience hurt?

L. F.: You let somebody use a brush on you and see if your conscience don't hurt you.



1999 Years Ago Aesop said, "The Gods Help Them Who Help Themselves."

WHAT OUR FATHERS LAUGHED AT.

"No," said the Scotchman, "I don't enjoy smoking a pipe so much. When I smoke my own tobacco I pack my pipe too loose and when I smoke somebody elses I pack it too tight."

"I'm off you," said the apple to the tree one autumn day.

A FRESHMAN'S IDEA OF WORLD FAMOUS CHARACTERS.

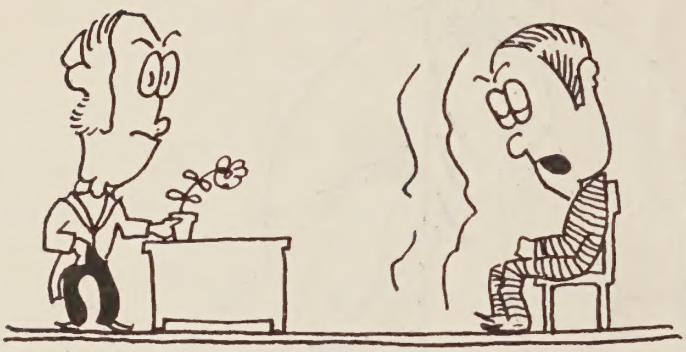
Marco Polo—A traveling salesman.
Chaucer—An immigrant.
Richard III—A horse trader.
Paul Revere—A revenue officer.
Tutankamen—A fashion designer.
Pyrrhus—A tooth doctor.
Nero—A fire chief.
Kublai Khan—A yachtsman.

STUDENT LIFE OF 18

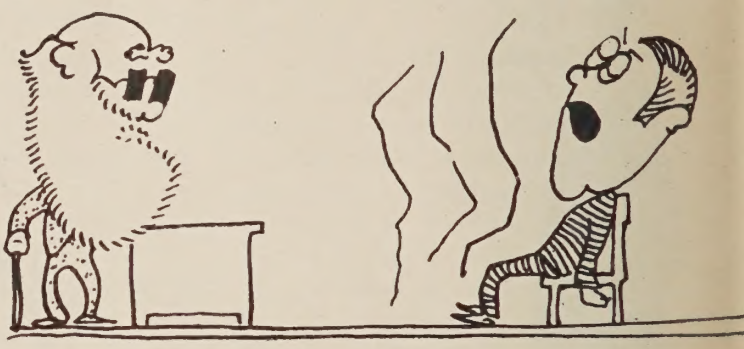
15 Grains past eight.

A little exercise wouldn't hurt.

Clothes are then removed from press-

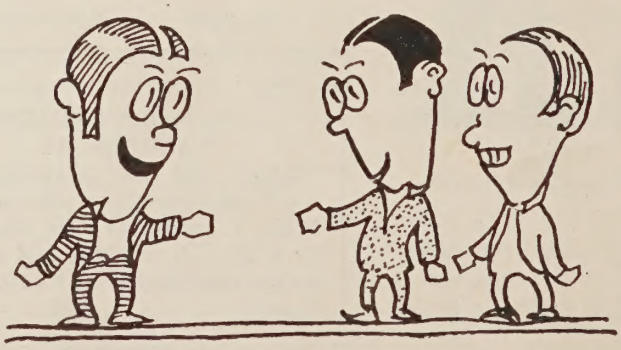


--but the effect decreases during the next class and--



--has completely disappeared by the end of the third.

A little study will help pass some courses--



--but a "bull" session puts a stop to this.

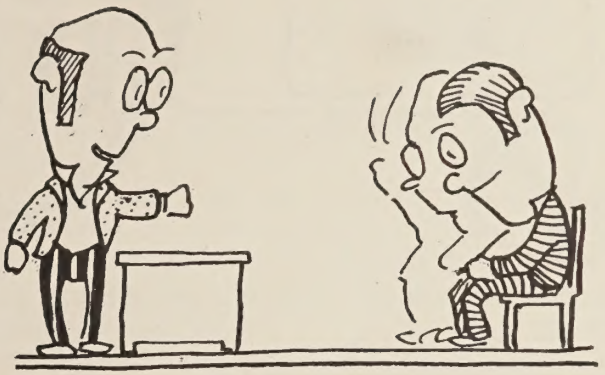
Better sta studying no

00 OR 1925

AS IMAGINED BY
F.S. WRIGHT

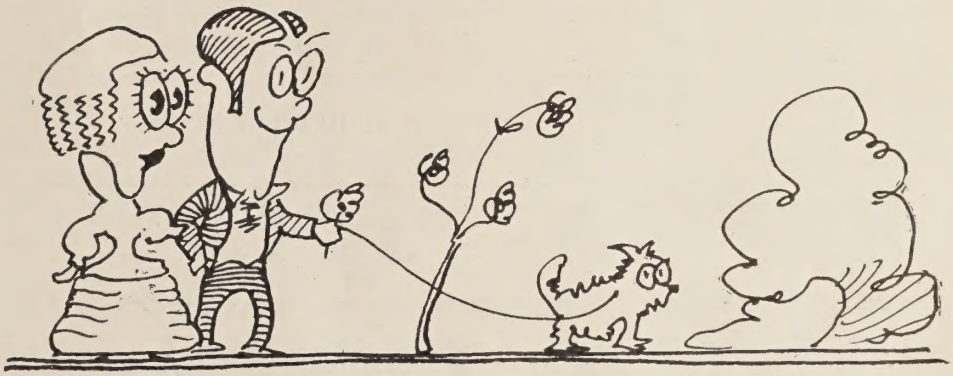
and we are soon
ady for the day.

A brisk walk to
class usually---



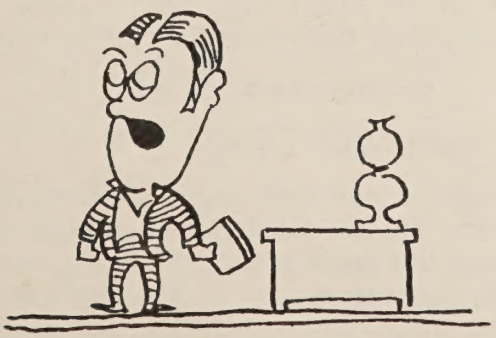
--keeps one awake
during the first lecture.--

A little dinner will
ake one up and--



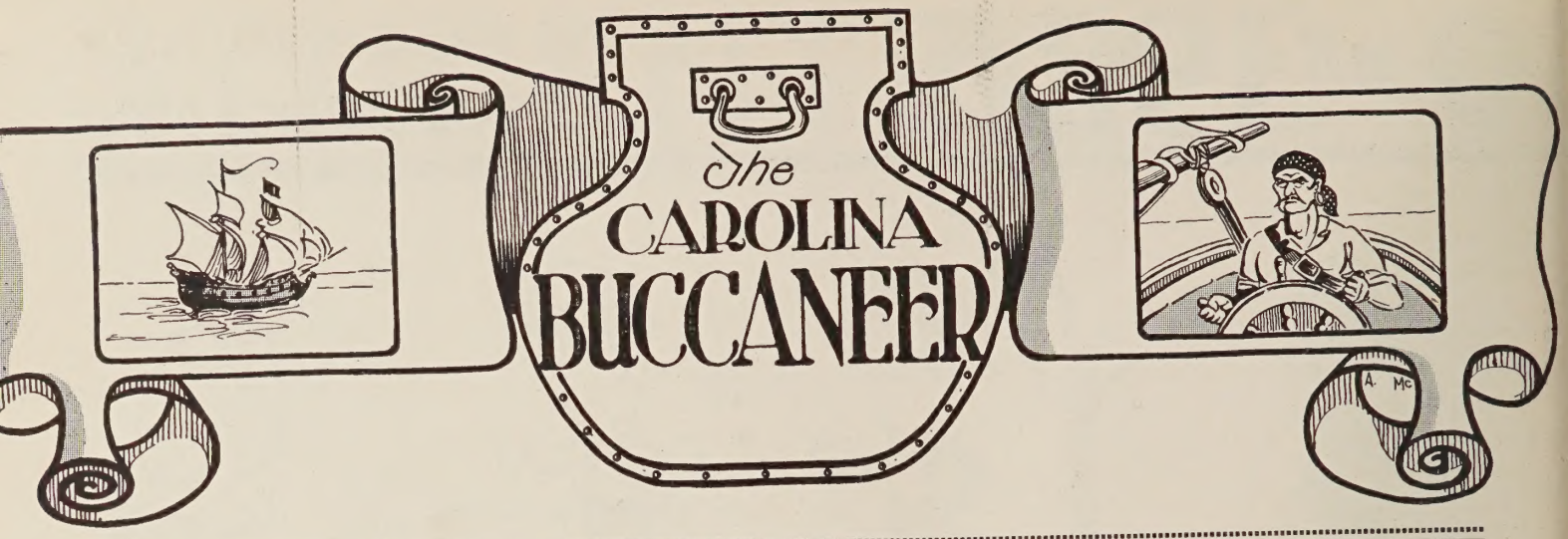
--an afternoon stroll with one of
the "popular" co-eds assists greatly.

no, a letter to "her"
first



Now we can start
studying - aw shaw --

--it's too late so we'd
better go to bed.



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Human Antiques

COLLECTIONS of antiques should not stop with the gathering together of lifeless, inanimate objects; but should include some of the beings walking about, and still outside glass cases. These are left-overs from a dead age as much as any wig used during the Revolutionary War.

Some of them still believe that prohibition is a good thing for the country; others believe that they cannot get along without some particular woman; still others think that the automobile should be used solely for transportation; a remnant from 1921-22 still have an idea that there is to be no more war; and a few still think that a college education will mean happiness. These persons may be renovated, and put into good use; but in the meantime, their place is in the corner with other curiosities.

Same Old Thing

PROBABLY no Antique Number has ever been produced without some comment on "the old-fashioned girl." Bless her heart, she has filled more space at all times than any other subject except war and politics, and the three are closely allied, and in many respects similar.

Eve was not the last woman to cause a man to go to hell, but she did cause one to, so it cannot be said that the present day woman is the originator of the movement. The modern girl is ridiculed and criticized from all sides, and rightly; but she is no more entitled to this ridicule and criticism than is this much bulled about "old fashioned girl."

However, regardless of the scarcity of subjects, this particular one is not worth the space.

If We Only Could

WE would welcome back the campus of yesterday.

We would welcome back the campus ugly, the campus which was not beautiful with newly dug ditches, with water lines, steam lines, electric lines, and registration lines, with heaps of lumber, with piles of brick, and with impracticable drainage system. Undoubtedly The Campus Beautiful is still a thing of the mind, is still an ideal; for it certainly does not really exist.

We would welcome back the time when we went expectantly to the post-office twice a day, and did not have our mail delivered to our door nearly every other day.

We would welcome back the lightless campus, the campus which did not have the numerous so-many candle power lights which keep a body awake at night with their strange and unfriendly glare, which destroy the beauty of the moon by blinding us so that it cannot be seen, and which do as much to annihilate the atmosphere of college as did prohibition. It has been heard that the faculty had the lamps planted in an attempt to reduce the price of the concoction of fire and brimstone made famous under the name of Orange County Corn. The glorious beaming of fifty uncalled-for strangers will naturally inhibit the use of the above mentioned stimulant, and there will be a reduction in demand and, of course, a reduction in prices of the commodity. May the Lord bless and watch over the faculty now.

We would welcome back the time when we were not disturbed or awakened at all hours by the ringing of the phones recently installed in all the dormitories.

We would welcome back an automobile-less campus. It would be right to discontinue the rule of requiring freshmen to exercise at the gym; for the freshmen, who are ordinarily unused to dodging about among such heavy traffic, now have exercise which in reality is not only a promotion to health, but to life itself. It would also be right to make the first floor of each of our numerous dorms, into a garage; because if things keep up the owners will drive their cars in anyway. Poor faculty members! They never leave their work until between midnight and one. And poor students! They never return from their play in Durham until between one and two. But, of course, the roar of many sorry motors does not bother those unfortunate enough to have time to sleep.

We would welcome back the days when a co-ed was a curiosity. She still is, but in a different sense.

We would welcome back the janitors who were not efficiency experts.

And most of all we would welcome back the time when the student body was small enough to be acquainted with itself sufficiently to be at least a friendly group, the members of which could say "hello, gentlemen" in a voice above a whisper.

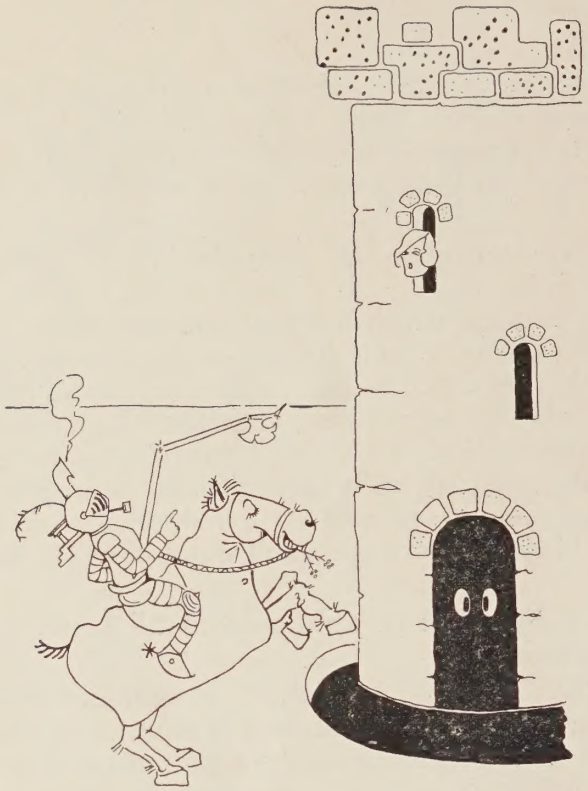
On The Other Hand

IT is extremely tiresome to listen to the old grads, the alumni, tell us how it used to be at this blessed place. We simply don't give a damn whether they fed horses in the basement of South or not, or whether there were only two hundred and eleven students here in such a year. Such reminiscences are out of place any time except at a reunion, or an alumni gathering of some kind.

We have been told over and over the things that happened in 1901, or in 1902, or in 1883. Nothing could be named that did happen, but everything is forgot only because it all was so unimportant. We have spent in all many hours listening at such things as, "In the year 1893 we stole the clapper from the bell in South." Such is all right once in a while for a short time, but constant repetition is monotonously boring.

Time and time again, when we have gone to Memorial Hall or some other gathering place with the hope of hearing something new and interesting we are told this: "I'm glad to be with you fine young men, the future citizenry of NORTH CAROLINA; here's how it used to be; here's how it is; and I certainly hope to have the pleasure of being with you all again."

Dear old alumni of dear old U. N. C., please have something to tell us which is worth listening to when you get to the dear old hill again. The library still keeps the history written by Dr. Battle, and the Alumni Trust puts out an immense and detailed catalogue, or directory, or something of that nature.



SIR TANLEE

Once upon a time when there was nothing but dragons, fair ladies, adventure, and brave knights, there lived, as usual, an exceptionally brave knight. The days of the knights were very boresome, and the wearer of armor had to contend with monotony when there was nothing else to contend with; so one day our hero decided to do something unusual.

After many weeks of meditation, the uncommon idea of going in search of adventure struck him. The idea pleased him, but because it was the thirty-first of December he did not set out until the next year. He had gone a scarce three thousand miles when he came upon a great and mighty desert. In this desert was a palace which appeared harsh and cold; but inside there was a maid who was fair and warmer. As the horse, approaching the castle, caught sight of the beautiful maid it stopped abruptly, but the knight was first to speak.

"Ah, there, little one," he said, "I love you much, I love you mighty—"

"Stop," cried the maiden, "Finish that verse, and I'll set the royal airedale upon you. You are quite a comedian anyway, aren't you?"

"That's the insidious thing about it", replied the knight, "not even my friends will tell me."

Finally it dawned upon the both of them that they were badly in love with each other. She then broke down and confessed that she was being kept prisoner by a terrible dragon. Immediately the knight went in search of the dragon, and to his surprise found him. However, he had had Commerce A and so knew just what to do. He sat down and told the dragon the story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* It was too much for the dragon, and his great heart burst with grief.

The knight married the beautiul maiden, started a round table of his own, and they all lived happily ever after.

UNIQUE ANTIQUES

Some people would rather
Assemble and gather
Old watches, both German and Swiss,
But I make my claim
To original fame
By collecting such corpses as this:

He asked for a drink of water
And called for H 2 0
But the absent minded druggist
Gave him H 2 SO 4.

I know it may seem
A ridiculous scheme
The tomb of deceased quips to rifle,
Yet honestly folks
The age of my jokes
Makes the age of King Tut seem a trifle!

On one occasion a gentleman had an opportunity to give his servant a ten dollar bill.

"Now, my good man, how much money have I given you?" he asked.

"A ten dollar William," said the servant.

"A ten dollar William!!" exclaimed the gentleman.

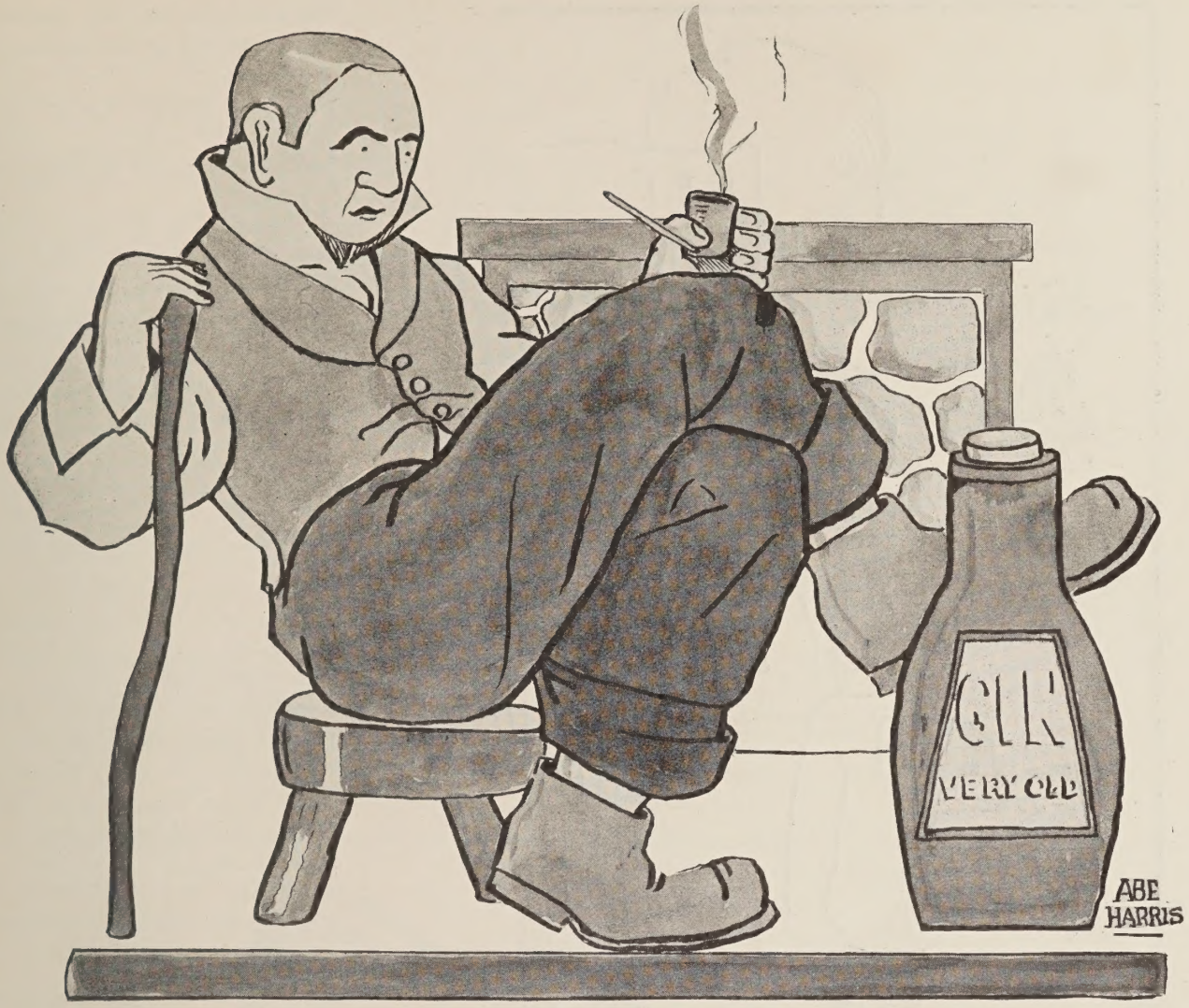
"Yes sir," said the servant, "I am not familiar enough to call it Bill."

There's a joke on my file
That made Solomon smile
So hard that he fractured a lip,
And caused Aristotle
To drop his milk bottle
And kick his poor nurse in the hip.

Waiter: Looks like rain today sir.
Diner, eating soup: Yes, but it tastes like dishwater.

It may puzzle your mind
As to how I can find
All these wheezes so ancient and tough;
They are handed in here
To our own Buccaneer
As new and original stuff!

"I've tried all over town to get my picture taken."
"How is that?"
"They all said they were scared to risk the camera."



A BOTTLE AND A FRIEND

"Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man?
Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man:
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man."

Oh, would that we might sing as this
With truth as much as Burns,
And drive our cares with liquid blass,
For which our heart so yearns;
But gone with Burns, and gone for good,
This bottle and this friend;
It seems that Fate and Fortune should
Attempt to make amend.

OLD SAWS REVISED

"It's a wise son who knows who his own father is."

"There's many a slip 'twixt the heel and the peel."

"People who live in glass houses should dress in the basement."

"Don't cross word 34 Verticle until you come to it."

"Don't put all your eggs in one omelette."

"It's an ill wind that blows dust in your eyes at the same time."

"A stitch in time prevents arrest for indecent exposure."

"It's a long road that no girl will walk back."

"A soft answer doesn't attract any attention."

Jack: Have the geese started south yet?

Mabel: I don't know. I haven't noticed the society pages lately!

I've loved ten women.
Just to think,
Eight of them
Must have had
Pyorreah!

Stupid: What makes this room look so empty?

Wise-guy: There's nothing in it!

SPIKE: Why does your physics prof. carry ballast around in his back pocket?
SPUD: Because he knows that hot air is lighter than cold.

PEPPER PASSES

(*Pippa Passes* jazzed and slightly altered for representation as a comic melodrama—all by Mr. G. Cohen.)

(Pepper, a beautiful but unspoiled millionaire's daughter, *springs and slats from her bed.*)

Pepper: Hark! Hark! The day breaks
Wide open, full of illicit essence,
But there is no noise and no real harm
is done.

(She does a handspring through her window and lands fried side up in the street.)

(Hebawled and Ottawin are in a little dove cote for two and are talking over the situation after having murdered Ottawin's husband with a Malay weapon in five letters.)

Heb. (to the tone of "The Bear Went Over the Mountain".)

Well, Love, I've killed him dead,
Yes, Love, his blood was red,
Now, Love, I'll hit the bed,
And sleep until the evening.

Otta. (in a way which enhances the deviltry of her nature.)

Oh, you horrid nasty creature;
The gore is ruining my oriental rug
That cost at least an hundred and ten
berries.
Heb: Cut it, kid!! I'm going now to
bed;
Remember, this aint the time to get cold
feet.

(Seventeen girls dressed in Turkish towels troop into the room and do a dance, singing simultaneously. They go out the same way they came in—through the door.)

* * * * *

Otta. Lately when I've killed my
hubbies
I've nearly cried. It hurts my fond
Affectionate nature so and then
Their dear cock-eyes, they get me.

* * * * *

(The voice of Pepper singing an innocent folk song is heard as she passes in a swell limousine.)

Somebody bumped off my sweety
While I wasn't looking at him.
He can hear the bird's tweetie-tweetie,
And Chester Gump's dear Uncle Bim:
To Mammy's the place that I'm going,
Down in dear Old Tennessee.
For a silver lining's showing
Through the clouds for you and me.

* * * * *

Otta. How did you hear that, baby
mine?
And that reminds me!! We lose
My poor dead hubby's silk mills
If somebody doesn't find the plans!
Heb. Now don't you worry, sweetheart
of my soul,
For everything is sure to come out right.

* * * * *

(The seventeen girls troop back onto the stage, clad this time in lady's sized face towels and led by a good old detective disguised as President Coolidge. He waves the plans above his head. The sight of the plans reform Ottawin and she is no longer disgusted with the sight of blood.)

Heb. and Otta. (Together) Hurrah for the plans and the flag!!

* * * * *

(The American Flag is raised back of stage and everyone stands at attention until the curtain is rung down.)

THIS TICKLED ARISTOTLE

Solicitous landlady: And how did you find your meat today?

Boarder: By merest chance, madam. I just happened to move my potato, and there it was!

MOVIE NOTES

Mary Pickford and Billie Burke give moderation as the reason for their survival to such a great age.

We are told by Gloria Swanson that she attributed her success in her beautiful costumes to the fact that she always buys her materials at bargain sales and makes the gowns herself.

Baby Peg has decided to let her name be used for advertising purposes by a face powder concern, but is still undecided about the reducing corset proposition.

MARION: I say, old salt, what's your name?
MARINER: Epsom, lad, Epsom.

"No, Jeannette, Dublin, Ireland, is not multiplying it by two."

USED IN ORDER TO PROVE THAT FOR "NECK" TO BE GOOD, THE "LINE" MUST BE GOOD ALSO.

THINGS THAT WE WILL NEVER SEE

A baby bull frog spitting in a whale's face.

Our roomie using his own razor blades.

A Baptist minister courting a Christian Scientist.

A cross-eyed man walking a tight rope.

Aeroplanes with cranks in front.

First Player: What made you tell Mabel you caught that pass in your mouth when you know you caught it in your hands?

Second Player: Why you poor boob, do you think I want her wasting a good kiss on my hands?

"I'm going to the dogs," said the student as he walked into a weenie stand.

The cow stood on the railroad track
A looking at the sky
Down the track came the Limited
O, see the pretty butterfly.

No, I never allow anyone to embrace me.

You don't? Let's dance then.

All right.

A little lass
A little neck
A little gas
A little wreck
For neck and gas
Don't mix, by Heck.

But little lass
And little neck
And little gas
No little wreck
Give out of gas
And stop, by Heck.

PROGRESSIVE ANTIQUITY

I suppose that everybody
Since the dim days of creation
Must have had the antique habit;
Doubtless poor old father Adam
Looked upon his chairs and tables
Said, "Alas they are too modern,
I must sell and purchase others
Of the period Anthropoidal."
Then the following generation
Ditched their own brand new possessions,
And with antiquarian fervor
Hunted in the family trash pile,—
Seized old Adam's chairs and tables,
Dragged them all into the parlor,
Pointed proudly at the worm holes.
In the days of Roman glory
Members of the first four hundred
Filled their rooms with junk from Egypt,
Egyptian sinks, Egyptian hat racks
Which the Gypts of distant ages
Pawned for others still more ancient.
After Rome and Latin languages
Declined and fell (see Mr. Gibbons)
Spain rose up among the nations.
Was their furniture all Spanish?
Now, now children, don't be silly—
Roman antiques were the fashion.
They all got drunk on Roman wine and
Went to bed by Roman candles;
So the custom never ceases
But like the brook goes on forever.
Even in the glorious present,
Anno domini and Coolidge,
If we wish to seem real stylish
We must forego and relinquish
American furniture made in High Point,
Buy up stuff with foolish titles—
Louis Quinze, Elizebethan.
But maybe in the far off future
I'll gaze down from up in heaven,
Smile, and give a hearty chuckle,
Laugh at the folks that spend good money
For my bed and Thermos bottle,
For my auto and Victrola,
Thinking they have got a bargain.

AN ANTIQUATED CRACK

Two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, were very much bothered by mosquitoes and finally hit upon a plan which seemed likely to hold them off. Pat got under the mattress of the bed for protection and Mike hid under the bed itself. They then turned out the light and tried to sleep. But before long, Mike noticed a firefly that had gotten into the room. "Pat, Pat," he called, "It's no use, they're hunting for us with lanterns."

THE SINS OF CICERO

(A Hysterical Novel)

CHAPTER I.

Marcus Tullius Cicero, dilettante, roue, and filet mignon, sat idly in the window of the exclusive Corpuscular Club. He idly tapped the ash from a scented Trophish Turkey, and idly turned the pages of the latest issue of *Vanitum Faribus*. While thus idly engaged he noticed a yong homo (not to be confused with bozo) in the passing throng. The young homo was clad in a toga of the correct crushed apricot shade his sandals had interlocked straps; but the band around his brow was THREE INCHES wide! Cicero referred to page 97 of *Vanitum Fairibus,* and shuddered distractedly. Next morning the poor young homo was found cold in death, a three-inch head band wrapped tightly around his throat.

CHAPTER II

Cicero strolled casually down the Yappian Way, accompanied by Brutus Calciminus. It was morning and he was resplendent in a fawn colored morning cloak, and a brass monocle. At one side of the road stood two hens, and beside each hen was a pile of eggs. "Ha! ha!" laughed Brutus, "That scene might well be entitled 'The Lays of Ancient Rome'."

When Brutus Calciminus was found on the Yappian Way, choked to death on raw eggs, all Rome was filled with wonder.

CHAPTER III

Cicero dusted his mauve tinted gaiters, and turned to the fair Dyspepsia. "I am a married man," he whispered, "yet I have done much for you. Since the Ides of March I have paid your rent, I have made you presents of propinquabants, and rescivisses, and what-nots; I have spent much coin on your flat, but little time in your flat. What will you do for me?"

"If you'll be good", she giggled, "you can kiss me—just once."

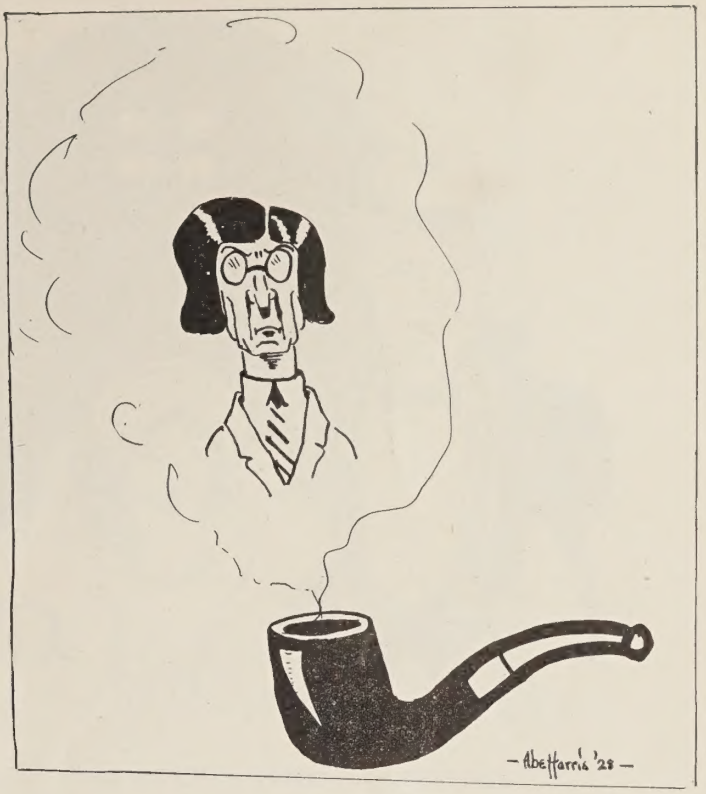
A night watchman discovered her lifeless body hanging from the portico of the Imperial Lunatic Asylum.

An optimist's ideal idea of death is to be able to live long enough after death to sell his junk as antiques.

Ma Jong Player: "Punk".

Ex-Poker Player (absent mindedly): "Punk 'ell, I'll call your bluff if it hairlips the town".

There was a girl
Once on a time
Who didn't cuss
And wore cheap hose
And skirts that came
Just to her toes;
Who didn't know the
Meaning of an auto-horn
Sad plight to be
We'll all agree,
But she'll improve
For as you see
This girl was born
On yestermorn.



DREAM GIRL OF PHI BETA KAPPA

WORDS MUTTERED BEFORE DYING

"Et tu Brute!"

* * * * *

"I have but one life to give to my country."

* * * * *

"These lions are absolutely tame."

* * * * *

"As a maker of home brew, I can't be surpassed."

* * * * *

"I can beat it to the crossing easily."

* * * * *

"I will marry your daughter, sir."

* * * * *

"I have a royal flush."

* * * * *

"I'm gonna fool her. This is a blank cartridge."

* * * * *

"Signals—56-23-85-92-39 hike! hike!"

* * * * *

"I'm agin the gov'ment."

* * * * *

"Help!"

* * * * *

"Excuse me, I didn't know she was your wife."

Our idea of the fastest flapper living is that impatient young thing who scratched off the seven year's itch in the well known three weeks.

AS IT USED TO BE

TESSIE: Ted, what does D—d stand for?
TED: Doctor of Divinity. Why?
TESSIE: Oh nothing, only brother says in his letter that they've got eight hundred and fifty Doctor of Divinity freshmen down at college.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS STATEMENT?

An ancient coin found near the tomb of King Tut bore the following date—3476 B. C.

To the freshman from the Styks:

Dear Freshmen: It is not very long now until Easter vacation and no doubt you will be needing a clean pair of underwear for the holidays. Please send in same at once as it will take quite a long while for it to go through a special process of fumigation. An extra pair will be available while yours is being washed.

THE LAUNDRY.

Did you have a nice Christmas dinner, Johnnie?

Naw, pa ran me away from the table before I got started.

Why was that?

Aw, they had to go and invite that ole preacher to dinner and when the cook brought in the turkey that ole preacher sad, 'Aw, what a savory odor', and—an—

Yes, yes, go on.

And I didn't know he meant the turkey and I—I said: 'You wouldn't have smelled it if ma could have got pa to change his socks.'

DURING ELECTION.

Physics Prof.: What do you think about the cause of gravitation?

Stude: I don't know much about it, but I think I'm for it!

Rolls: Does your car smoke?

Royce: Only when I try to back 'er.

PIGLY SPEAKING.

College Man: You've been studying all night. What were you doing?

Student: Rooting for Shakespeare!

English Prof: What could be more sad than a man without a country?

Stude: A country without a man!

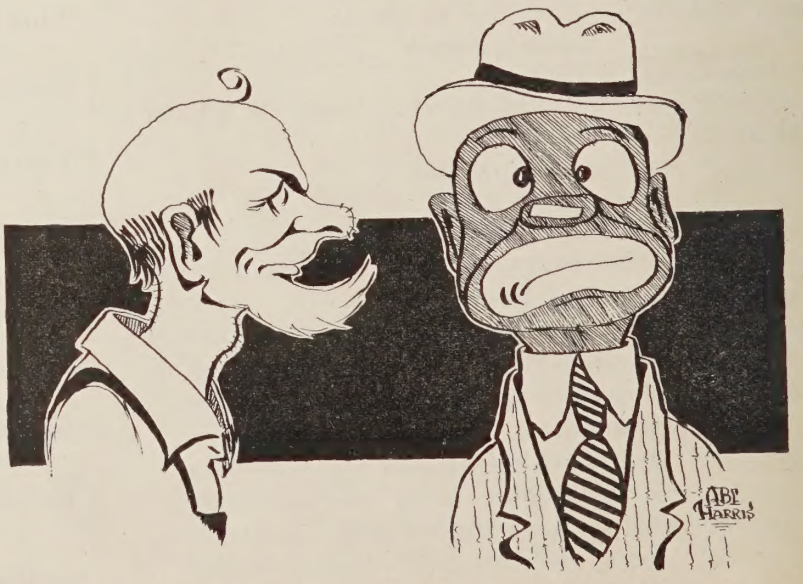
Breathes there a stude
With nerve so dead
Who never to his roomie, said,
"Cut out that Hell and go to bed?"

His Dryness: "What are your sentiments on prohibition?"

The red-eyed one: "Sad."

LAMENTATIONS OF A CO-ED

Have he gone, are he went;
Did he left I all alone?
O cruel fate, it cannot was,
It are impossible.



CARTER: What's thet on yer nose Sambo?
SAMBO INKS: Dat's what I'se tryin' to find out.

CAROLINA INN

NOW OPEN

52 ROOMS

Every Room with Private Bath

EUROPEAN PLAN

Rates: Single, $3.00-$3.50; Double, $6.00-$7.00

Make Reservations

CAROLINA INN

IRVING M. GATTMAN, Manager CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

She: Have you ever visited Venice?

He: If I've been there once, I've been a dozen times.

She: Didn't you simply adore the gondolas?

He: But I haven't been there yet!

An editor dropped a galley of type containing an account of a wedding and a patent medicine advertisement. He told a helper to reset the stories and the following appeared on the society page of the newspaper:

Friends in the city will be interested in headaches and dizzy spells on the evening of Monday, August 10th. Three bottles of Tanlac put me on Mr. A. Jacob McCarter, of Grifton, taking the vegetable along. The ceremony was performed in tiptop shape until recently when the couple will make their home with the Tonic.

The marriage with Miss Hazel Mullins added to his misery and he lost nearly all the friends of the couple. Tanlac vegetable pills for constipation in Dillon, South Carolina.

TRUE TO FORM

The mother of pearl must have been a frolicsome and flapperish oyster in her young days.

Four quarts of Scotch for a song
—bargain
Four quarts of Corn for a fiver
—bar gone.

DOBBS HATS

THE DOBBS WAREHAM IS THE ACCEPTED VOGUE IN MEN'S HEADWEAR FOR EARLY AUTUMN. IT IS OFFERED IN A VARIETY OF CHEERFUL COLORS TO HARMONIZE PROPERLY WITH THE SEASON'S FAVORED SUITINGS THE SHAPE IS A HAPPY COMBINATION OF GRACEFUL CURVES DESIGNED TO RESPOND READILY TO THE WHIM OF THE WEARER.

DOBBS HATS ARE $7.00 UPWARD.

DOBBS & Co ~ 620 and 244 Fifth Avenue ~ New York

Pritchard-Patterson's is the authorized Dobbs Shop for Chapel Hill

"MADE IN THE ENGLISH WAY"

WATCH FOR EXHIBITS

of our correctly designed MEN'S CLOTHES carefully tailored in the ENGLISH FASHION from DISTINCTIVE IMPORTED and DOMESTIC FABRICS. You will serve your pocket book as well as your wardrobe if we make your next suit.

Showing at SUTTON & ALDERMAN
February 10-11-23-24

TO ORDER $29.50 — Stetson — TO ORDER $29.50

"Nationally Known—Justly Famous"

"MADE IN THE ENGLISH WAY"

Columbian Iron Works
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Manufacturers of the Modern

COLUMBIAN

FIRE HYDRANTS—GATE VALVES
WATER WORKS SUPPLIES

A Southern Concern with an Improved and Approved Line at Your Service.

Columbia Hydrants and Valves in Successful Use in Over 1,000 Towns and Cities.

Write for Prices and Descriptions

GRINNELL CO., Inc., N. Charlotte, N. C.
Agents for the Carolinas

Rain or Shine

Our Service is the Best

Phone 167

JORDAN'S
The Dependable Bus Line

A VILLANELLE ON VILLANY

The villain always gets his in the end,
And never wins the maid so sweet and fair;
I'd rather have a villain for a friend.

He does the spotless maiden apprehend,
And drags her screaming to his hidden lair;
The villain always gets his in the end.

Her prayers and pleas he never does attend,
But goes to work with technique rich and rare;
I'd rather have a villain for a friend.

But heroes no such happy moments spend,
A thing so vile and low they would not dare;
The villain always gets his in the end.

To such cheap tricks no hero would descend,
Rough loving would mess up his pretty hair;
I'd rather have a villain for a friend.

I know my words will probably offend
Some moral prude, but really I don't care;
The villain always gets his in the end,
I'd rather have a villain for a friend.

1: In Brazil there are birds with bills a yard long.
2. What do they call them?
1: Book Exchange birds!

Bunco: Why does your dog follow you so much?
Junko: He's a Russian wolfhound and his name is Michzewwickz. Every time I sneeze, he thinks I'm calling him.

Kustomer (to kompanion): These are bargains.
Kountry Klerk (just learned the pronunciation): No'm them's chemises.

3. Sheets: Where in the Hell did I meet you?
2. Sheets: What part of Hell did you come from?

A tango dance record is now on sale, entitled: "Tango Rain No Mo'."

1925

Better Prepared Than
Ever to Serve You

The
University Cafeteria

APPLYING FOR A JOB

President: What did you learn at college?

Graduate: I can't tell you; it's a secret.

President: How's that?

Graduate—I was football quarterback.

The following book has been added to the Library: "Ten Nights in a Spar Room," by Jack Dempsey.

FRESH!

Girlie: Can you give me a couple of rooms?

Hotel Clerk: Yes, suite one.

Girlie: Sir!—*Wampus.*

First Stude: "I was with Mary in the Library last night when the lights went out."

Second Stude: "What did you do?"

First Stude: "Nothing."

Second Stude: "Couldn't you find her?"—*Showme.*

Vexed Wife: "Where have you been, Tom?

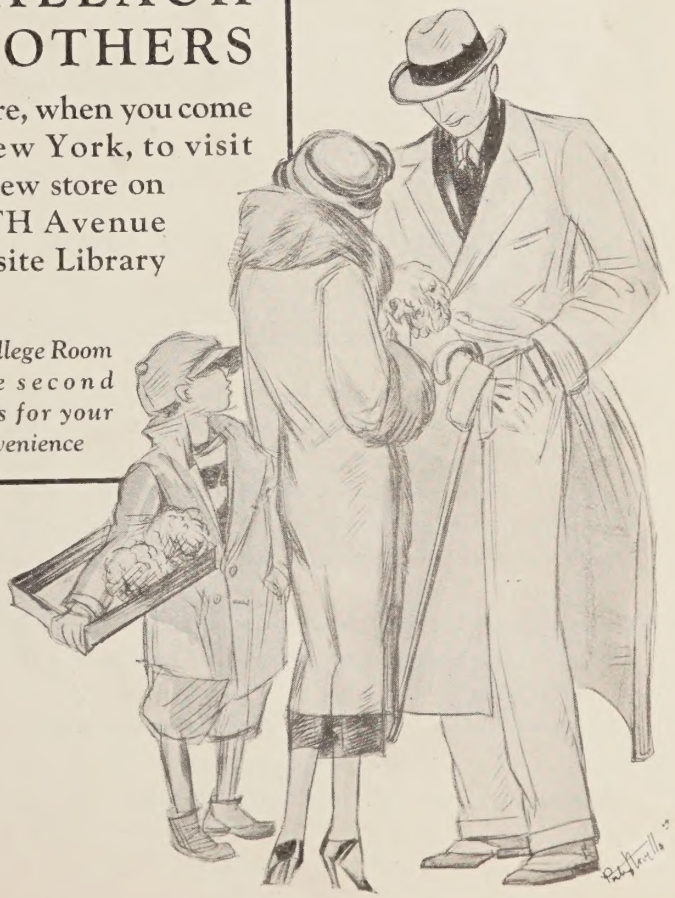
Tom: "To a chicken dinner, dear."

V. W.: "From the look of your coat the chicken must have been molting."—*Chapparral.*

WALLACH
BROTHERS

Be sure, when you come to New York, to visit our new store on FIFTH Avenue opposite Library

The College Room on the second floor is for your convenience



LUXENBERG
CLOTHES FOR THE COLLEGE MAN

The DINNER SUIT

CUT precisely according to conservatively correct ideas in notch and shawl collar models. Tailored in the LUXENBERG way of fabrics which insure excellent wear.

$39.50

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THOMPSON'S SMOKE SHOP
February 9-10-11

Our style memo. book sent free on request

Chapel Hill Insurance and Real Estate Co.

Real Estate
—and—
Insurance

RIDE WITH

ERNEST & DEWEY

Headquarters at

THOMPSON'S SMOKE SHOP

Did you ever stop to ponder as the old world turned around
That it's not the easy things you get, the wise men all have found;
Its not the low-priced baubles that make for happiness,
And nothing that you don't work for is worth a cuss, I guess.
Contentment never came with ease; you've got to earn your dough.
The sages say that work is all; I guess they ought to know.
Sure, it's things they have to work for that makes the world all smile,
And I never saw a bargain that ever was worth while

Banana: Has your girl got bobbed hair?
Oil: No.
Banana: So your girl is bald-headed!

Smoke curled sinuously under the door;
I could hear the crackling of burning timbers;
A woman screamed;
A siren screamed through the night air;
Outside the window everything was red.
No you are wrong. There is no catch in it. The House was on fire.

Prof. (to his class in surgery): "The right leg of the patient as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now what would you do in a case like that?"
Bright Student: "Limp, too."—*Yellow Jacket.*

AS IT WOULD HAPPEN NOW

Antony: "I am dying, Egypt, dying ....
Cleopatra: "For the lovamud, Marc, stop all that foolishness, give me the name of a snake in three letters beginning with A."

"You were up in the air yesterday," said the sports writer to the baseball pitcher who had been for a ride with the world flyers.

Dickens boasted that he had never written a line which would make a young girl blush. He has nothing on any author now.

DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

Joe Gish learns about women from

SIDONIE
the professional prom-trotter

I fell for Sidonie when I was fifteen and she was twenty-three. Now that I am twenty-one, and she is twenty-six, I love her still.

How can it be that Sidonie remains thus perennially young; sought for at every prom and house party; the delight of every hostess and guest; not of our generation and yet with us in everything? Every other debutante of her vintage is by now a more or less stayed matron. Her twin sister Coralie is the proud mother of two divorces. But Sidonie is with us still, unmarried by choice, charming and ever young. At the last house party, I asked her how she did it. She answered: "Joe, I have known you so long that I can be frank. Youth, I have always believed, is a question of information rather than of income. So I try to keep abreast of everybody else, and perhaps a lap ahead, on the theatre, sports, literature, dancing—all the pleasant things that make proms and house parties worth while. That's why I am dated up a season in advance. And it's all so simple. Any girl could do it—even as dumb a cluck as Coralie. Any man could do it—even you, dear Joe. You only have to read Vanity Fair."

If it does this for Sidonie, what wouldn't it do for you?

Joe Gish

10 issues for $2

VANITY FAIR

TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN

Dear Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Conn.:

Just being a Freshman, I haven't met Sidonie yet, though brother John knew her well. I am invited to the Lippincotts' next week end. She will be there. Here's TWO DOLLARS, for which send me TEN ISSUES of Vanity Fair.

Name, etc. .....

.....

.....

Illustration copyright by Vanity Fair

PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

THIS SPACE RESERVED

—FOR—

LUCKY STRIKE

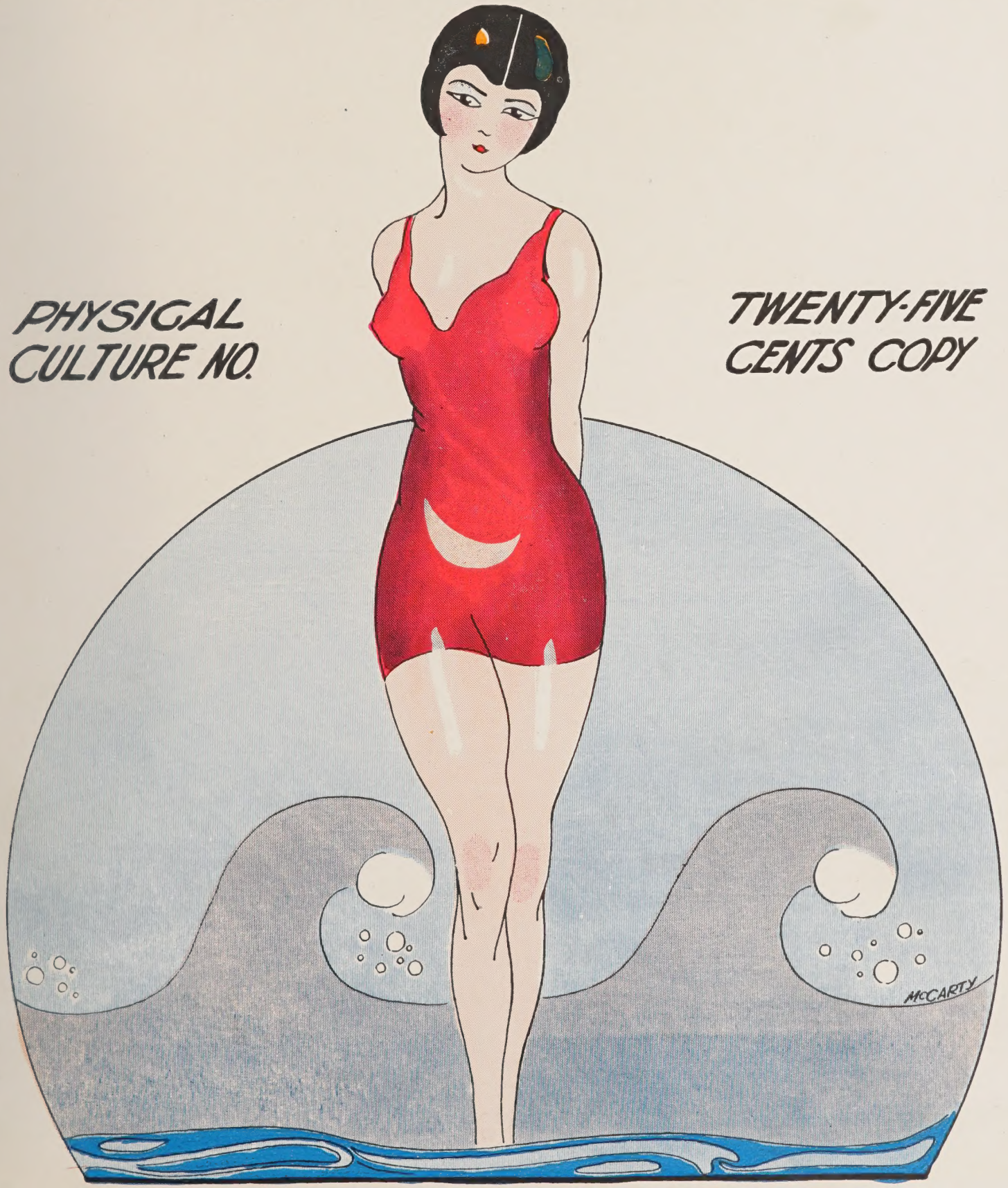
•CIGARETTES•

CHRISTIAN & KING PRINTING CO., DURHAM, N. C.

BUCCANEER

PHYSICAL CULTURE NO.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS COPY



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MAXIMUM SERVICE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE

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B—The School of Engineering
C—The Graduate School
D—The School of Law
E—The School of Medicine
F—The School of Pharmacy
G—The School of Education
H—The Summer School
I—The Extension Division
J—The School of Commerce
K—The School of Public Welfare

WRITE TO THE UNIVERSITY WHEN YOU NEED HELP

For further information regarding the University, Address
THE SECRETARY, Chapel Hill, N. C.

BALLAD TO A PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE

I found it just the other day
While searching through the book store rack—
Plunked down a quarter right away
And bore it to my lowly shack.
Believe me, it was worth the jack
For in it there was something keen
Enough to cause a heart attack—
That bathing girl on page nineteen.

Now generally I wouldn't pay
A penny for a three foot stack
Of magazines that love to bray
About your liver turning black
Or how to make your hip bones crack,
But in this copy may be seen
A feature that the others lack—
That bathing girl on page nineteen.

With manner debonair and gay
I'll rip that book from front to back,
Tear out that fool hygiene essay,
Carve up its innards—slash and hack.
Then armed with hammer and with tack
Against my closet door I'll lean,
And nail there with resounding whack
That bathing girl on page nineteen.

L'envoi
I do not give a gander's quack
For such a silly magazine,
I'd like to give it all the sack—
Except that girl on page nineteen.

PROFESSOR PINKHAM'S INVENTIONS

"Atlas I have it!" shouted the professor, well-known brother of the famous Lydia.

"No doubt," I wittily retorted.

"A simple method to prevent the ink from spilling when the bottle breaks," he informed me.

"How?" was my scathing comment.

"We will place no bottle around the ink."

"But then—"

"Then we can have no ink to spill."

"But how will we write?" was my clever argument.

"The other fellow will have no ink, so there will be no letters to answer."

"I see," was my well thought reply.

"Simple," said the professor. "Nothing to it."

"Nothing," I carefully agreed.

Doc: You drink too much coffee. Try a substitute.

Patient: I have already done it sir. I eat at a boarding house.

O. K. After All

Pure foods, rich in flavor, served piping-hot get you on the daily merry-go-round as nothing else will do.

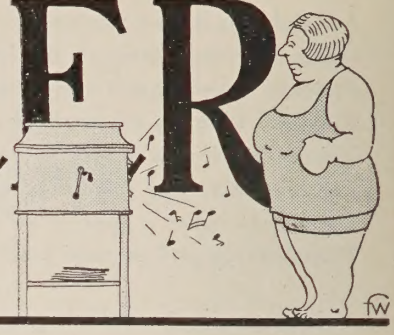
There is no guess-work about "The best is by long odds least expensive in the long run."

The "long run" point of view is cooked into our foods.

"Carolina Night-Time Playground"

QUALITY ~ SERVICE
GOOCH'S CAFE
SINCE 1903

BUCCANEER



Physical Culture Number

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WE ARE INDEBTED TO AND DO HEREBY THANK

J. T. Justice, M. M. Young, W. W. Anderson, M. Clapp, Jr., Joe Bell, A. J. Edmundson, L. A. Crowell, E. M. Anderson, J. Fred Kistler, J. E. Hawkins, John F. Cooper, R. B. Owens, Frances Hayes, J. N. Robbins, Harry U. Briggs, Edward Rondthaler, Thos. J. Shaw, A. A. Laney, Evans, J. H. Johnson, T. M. Dixon, Roy A. Shore, H. Edward Thompson, Moose, J. H. Stacy, who have contributed spontaneously, soporifically, regularly, and irregularly. We would also like to remind these that further contributions are welcome, and that there is alwaysroom on the board for anyone who turns in enough of accepta ble material per issue.

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WHERE ONE EATS IS A QUESTION OF INDIVIDUAL TASTE.

WE ARE THE LARGEST COMMERCIAL CAFETERIA IN THE ENTIRE SOUTH.

UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Your letter to your correspondent is a reflection of yourself. What impression is your stationery giving?

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is not judged by its cost but by its quality and its reasonable price may be a pleasant surprise.

Sold plain and die stamped by R. W. FOISTER

Fine Stationery Department HAMPSHIRE PAPER CO.
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Don't Forget That New Suit for Easter Holidays

Newest London Lavenders for the College Man

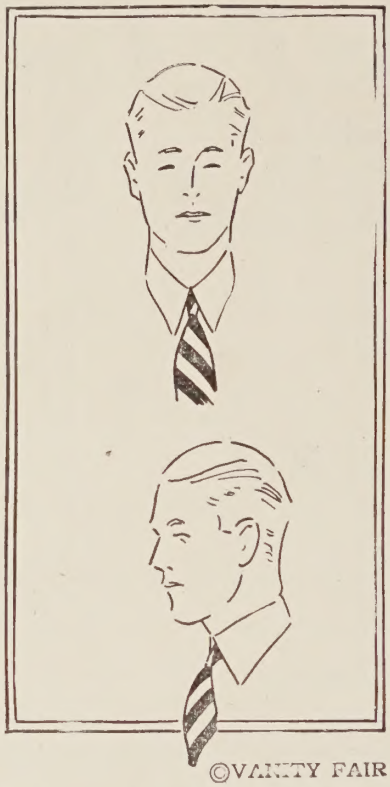
$25.00-$33.00

Schloss Tailoring Co.

Exhibiting at Patterson's

March 13-14
March 23-24

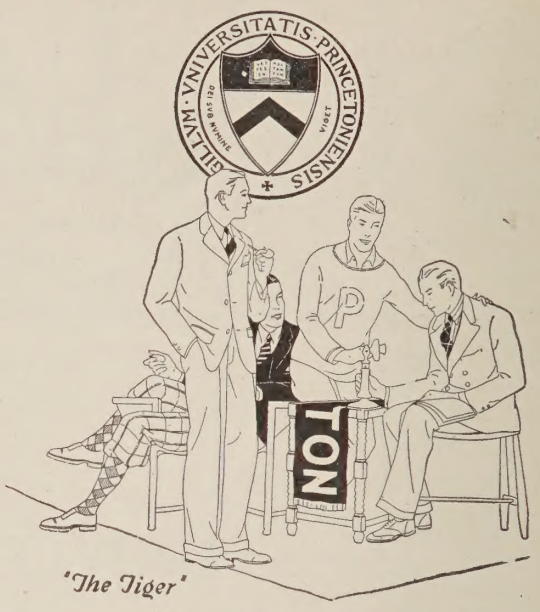
Fashion Versus the Height of a Man's Collar



©VANITY FAIR

Regarding a man's dress, fashion should only be followed when it becomes the wearer. One exception to this rule is the height of a white or coloured starched collar. These are now worn low, and even the man who has a long neck should abandon his leaning towards high collars in favour of the dictates of fashion. As a matter of fact, a high collar is not only noticeably out-of-date, but it draws attention to the fact that a man has a long neck and accentuates, rather than obliterates, this feature. There is something stiff and formidable about a high, starched collar that is not in the mood of present-day fashions. It spoils the otherwise good appearance of the well dressed man with the easy careless touch of today. A smartly cut collar should come quite low in front where the collar and tie meet, and should have the appearance of the topmost illustration rather than the lower one. The height of a collar in back will not affect this appearance, for, when properly cut, it will seem lower in front and will be decidedly more becoming than the now out-of-date collar which is high both in front and back.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write the "Well Dressed Man" care the BUCCANEER and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.



"The Tiger"

Braeburn

SMART STYLED CLOTHES FOR COLLEGE MEN

Tailored at Rochester

ANIMAL!

Senorita: Were you in the ark?

Senor: Of course not.

Senorita: Why weren't you drowned then?

Judge: Your face looks familiar.

Prisoner: I'm the barman in the Boar's Head tavern!

Work and Service
Is Our Best Advertisement

You Back Us
So We Back Your Comic

Lacock's Electric Shoe Shop

(The Shoe Shop of the Students)

Free Shines. Half Soles, $1.00 and Up

PUNCH SHERBET

DURHAM'S

"Blue Ribbon Brand"

ICE CREAM

Durham Ice Cream Co.

"Ice Cream Specialists"

MAIN AT DUKE STREET

Phones 58 and 59

FANCY ICES BLOCKS

MY ATH-A-LETIC ROOM-MATE

I love to lie abed each morn
While hastening time doth loom late,
And watch him do gyrations wild. . . . . .
My ath-a-letic room-mate.

I snicker, as I realize,
That tired limbs will soon sate
The thirst for strength and muscle of
My ath-a-letic room-mate.

I never heed that time rolls on,
And haste to my class-room late;
I love that early morning treat . . . . . .
My ath-a-letic room-mate.

1950

Sue: Somebody wants you on the radio dear.

Susan: Just ask them to hold the wire a moment, please!

A man knows he's in love and doesn't know anything else at the time.

He used to lay bricks on smoke stacks, but now he's laying a corpse.

Memories that will last for years

DID you spend six dollars a day on your holiday last year? Probably that and a great deal more. And what did you do that was unique or thrilling? What did you find to carry away? . . . Sunburn.

Why not go to France this year and have an entire change, a mental stimulus, a new outlook, and memories forever?

You can book passage for one hundred and forty dollars on the big, one-cabin liners. French as France itself. You can even make a round trip for one hundred and sixty-two dollars, tourist class, with individual cabins, as is done by the college boys and girls.

When you get there—Paris, the capital of the world's gayety, the races, the new modes, the shops aglitter, the restaurants, where you dine in a marvelous way. The French Alps, the Pyrenees, are like nothing you've ever seen . . . villages perched on the eaves of the world, and wild and gorgeous mountain passes. There is a lifetime of education for every member of the family in a few weeks' trip.

You can tour and live well on six dollars a day—bring your own car, uncrated, or rent one reasonably . . . . Walk into France at the French Line gangplank in New York . . . at Havre, the port of Paris, just another gangplank . . . then the boat-train—and in three hours you are in Paris.—Write for booklet on France.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique
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Agencies in Principal Cities of Europe and the United States

The Password in the Fraternity of Good-Grooming

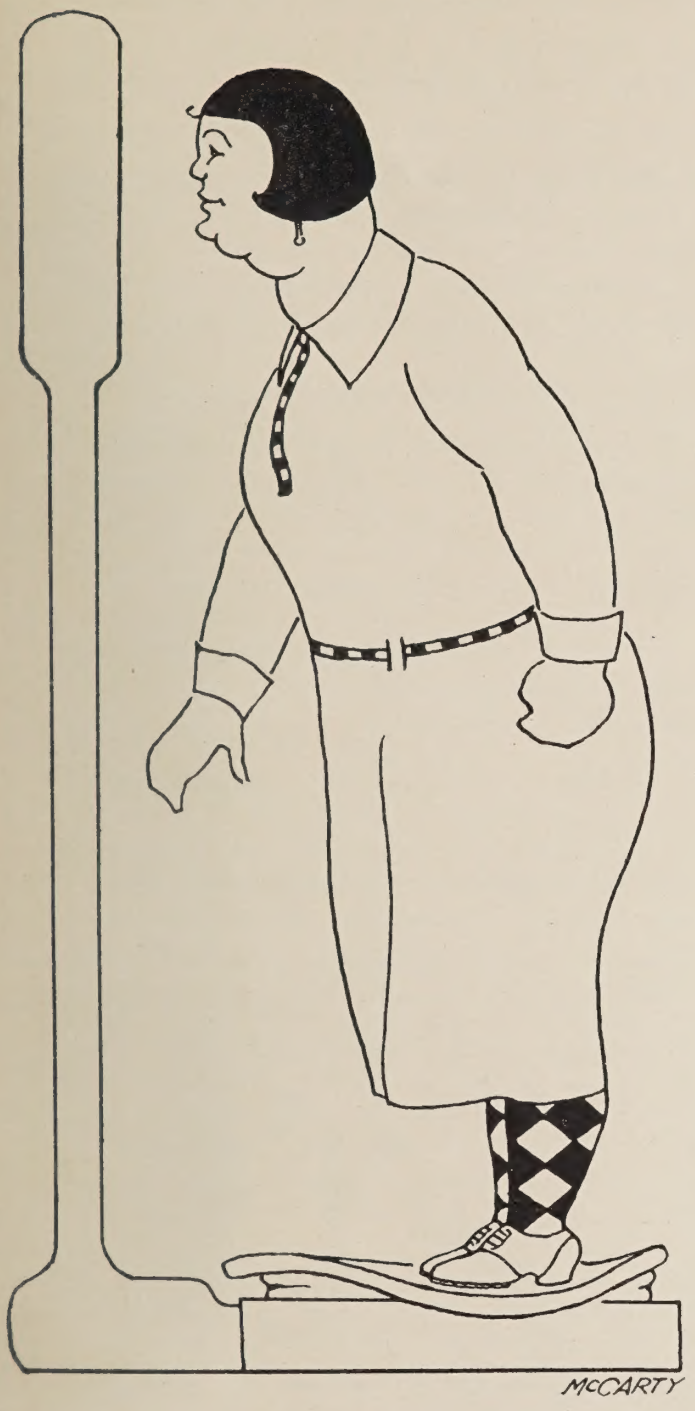
The smartly dressed college man in choosing a suit for Spring, will choose a collegiate style, Royal Park, tailored under our direct supervision by our tailors at Fashion Park. A form tracing coat with British label and ventless box back. Trousers in the newer wide width. These suits impart a nonchalant ease and an evident good-grooming.

$45.00-$47.50-$50.00

Our Own Label Suits With Extra Trousers, $35.00

Exclusive Spring Shades---Egyptian Sands, Hyland Fawn, Channel Grey and Royal Lavender.

Markham-Rogers Company



SHE WAS FAT?

NOW LOOK AT HER!

"CAN I REDUCE?" she cried. Of course. But she wouldn't believe it until she tried *our* method. Here is her photo after taking the treatment for forty years.

"Dear Obeso:

Now look at me! You done it! Here is my picture with the scales in plain view. Isn't it unbelievable! !

Besides, your method has enabled me to get a new job.

Heartily yours,

Anna Tent,
Care Barnum and Bailey.

YOU TOO CAN DO IT!

Here is her actual reduction table:

Height in inches	*Age in Years*
3 ft.	yes
2 ft.	maybe
1 ft.	no?
—1 ft.	oh! no!
—2 ft.	no! no!

Don't exercise, diet, use drugs or bind yourself in rubber things. Although Anna is a white lady, a gentleman did it for her with a razor.

Now she wonders if the part she lost is going to heaven.
Don't delay: You may start losing before our treatment arrives.

OBESO - BOX-CAR 10999 - DYNAMITE SPRINGS, UTAH

I PROMISE TO IMPROVE YOUR BODY AND BRAINS OR BUST!

Ten years ago I was a common tramp. Now look at my photo! I am as good as any college professor!

Clever Conversation Counts!

Away with the vicious allopathic M. D.who fills you with pills and rations. Develop your line. Take CORN-JUICE, nature's own remedy.

Corn-Juice Done It!

Send $200.00 to cover cost of branding, packing and profit for booklet of my experiences.

EMMETT-T.—TEE,
Throwback, Idaho.

30 DAYS AGO THEY LAUGHED AT ME NOW I AM SOUGHT AFTER

"I have learned that success in life depends upon a firm grip and never allowing yourself to slip; the sharks of life are always waiting.

"Thirty days ago I sent for that priceless little volume, "How to Distill Liquor on Your Own Premises", and then became popular over night. So magnetic was my personality that my popularity spread to the police force and then to the county chain gang.

"It was here, amongst the clang of the hammer and the crush of the rock, that I became the perfect specimen of physical manhood that I am today."

(Testimonial by Robba Bank)

If you would do as Mr. Bank has done, remit 25 cents at once and we will send you the cause of the trouble by return mail.

Address:

MONKEY RUM LABORATORIES,
Fusil Oil, Indiana.

FURTHER "VIEW POINTS"

SUCCESS is based on an enlarged bicep and a supernormal chest expansion, in addition to a regular trip to the osteopath and the chiropractor. Energy is wasted unless used in running around the track, getting rid of surplus fat, taking exercises for the back, or fooling the public.

A standard of success is the getting of your picture in some magazine, and having it titled, "The Body Beautiful".

SUCCESS

No doubt but what Abraham Lincoln spent at least ten hours a day in the gymnasium,—therefore he was a success. He presented the hundred per cent American and his Gettysburg address, which he could not have done had he not gone through a course in physical culture.

Life consists in the putting on of muscle, and the putting off of common sense. If your children are starving send a dime and they will be cured,—but don't cease to take proper exercise.

All the intelligence needed is enough to tell you that you are in the propor position when the camera is snapped.

Therefore, don't eat anything which you would like to eat, exercise regardless of your duties to civilization as a whole, clip the coupons, send ten cents, and let the rest of the world go to the devil.

NO mental process should enter into anything that you do,—look at the remarkable physique of the bankers, the statesmen, the real successes. They all weigh exactly what the standards on the front of the scales say they should weigh.

What need is there to aid in the general progress of mankind when you know that *you* have a record in throwing the discuss.

Keep the body clean, forget the mind. Read all of that literature which purports to convey the truth, and that which supposedly deals with confessions and dreams, such that they are. The reading of this will lower the mind until it becomes a thing of no consequence; then indeed can you care for the body in manner that truly befits the Immortal Society of Parasites.

MATTER VS. MIND

Take the dog for instance; of course his forebrain is less developed, but he has much more time to run the streets and woods and develop the body. Why? Because someone feeds him. And if no one did, what then? He would only have to steal food or slay some creature weaker than himself. So with the human—as far as the individual is concerned he need not worry—he can be a parasite or a thief or a killer—no thought required for that.

Do what your stomach says do. Is it not much more vital than the mind? And above all, supposing that you have an ulcerated stomach, see a chiropractor. By simple manipulation of the spinal cord he will eliminate your troubles. The same thing applies to ingrown toenails and gangrenous arms.

Educate the trichinella spiralis to a point where it prefers the nervous tissue of the brain to the muscular tissue of the arm.

The hookworm lives yet has no brain. You can do so also. But, by the way, since healthy feet are developed only by going barefooted, something had better be done to exterminate this worm before carrying the foolishness to such a point. Possibly the so ignorant M. D. really can do something in this matter. (So far they are doing much toward preventing all living things following in the path of the promoter of parasitism).

OF course, everyone will take this advice!

Let the railroads and manufacturing plants cease to operate—that's all right. It's much better to have a nation of Greek gods than a nation of mere men who have to really work with hand and mind.

From now on there will be no such thing as dissipation. Before this no one has ever thought to advise against it. But now, since the advice is put forward, everyone will react favorably to it—people so often do.

Quit eating so much, and there will be less requirement for stock raisers and farmers; and some of these can win a prize and a trip to New York; for they then will have the time to spare.

And, of course, everyone will establish a private gymnasium; because there is only one thing to live for, that is a superhuman, engine-like body, as mindless as the machine of steel.

RESULTS

There will be no more sickness, no more accidents, no more births, no more anything which will require the services of that profession which for years has looked to the development of mankind from a physical, mental, moral, and human standpoint; which has always been ready at call, regardless of race, color, breed, nationality, or financial and social standing.

In fact, the human element will disappear altogether.

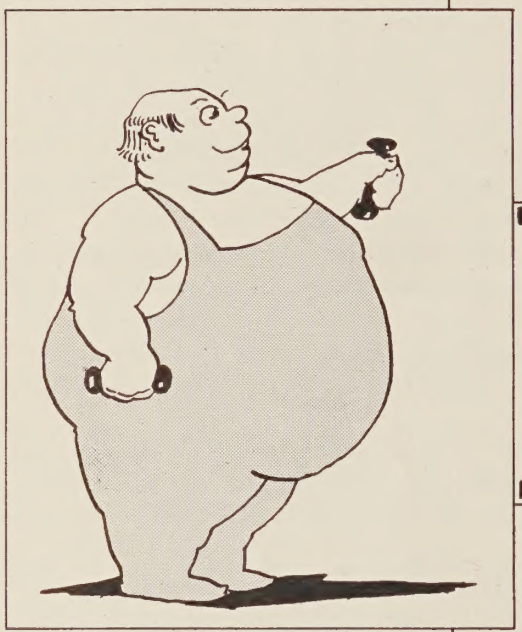
But in case something should arise in the nature of disease, be a faddist, be one of those whom Barnum said were born every minute, call in a sensationalist, one who advertises his wares, one who has a shoe to fit every customer, and you will be cured by a little rubbing or a few simple manipulations, regardless of what your trouble may be. For instance, a case of pneumonia will be removed from the body as easily as other magicians remove a rabbit from a hat. The hand is quicker than the eye—clip the coupon.

The BODY BEAUTIFUL-

RARE SPECIMANS

Right: Icky Ieseinhien, formerly with the Roof Garden Mistakes, is now undergoing training with the National Society of Stonecrushers at Atlanta, Ga.

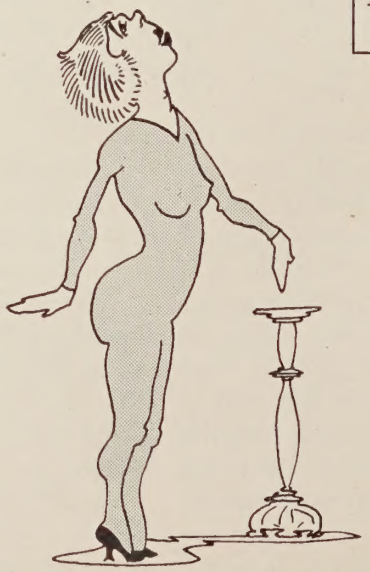
Below: Calter Wamp, famous originator of Reduce to Music Records, broadcasts daily through station B-U-L-L. He is hard to pick up.



Selected by
C. TED SMITH

Photos by
F. S. WRIGHT

Above: The Great Godelpus of the Freaks of '42 now playing at the Metropolitain Museum

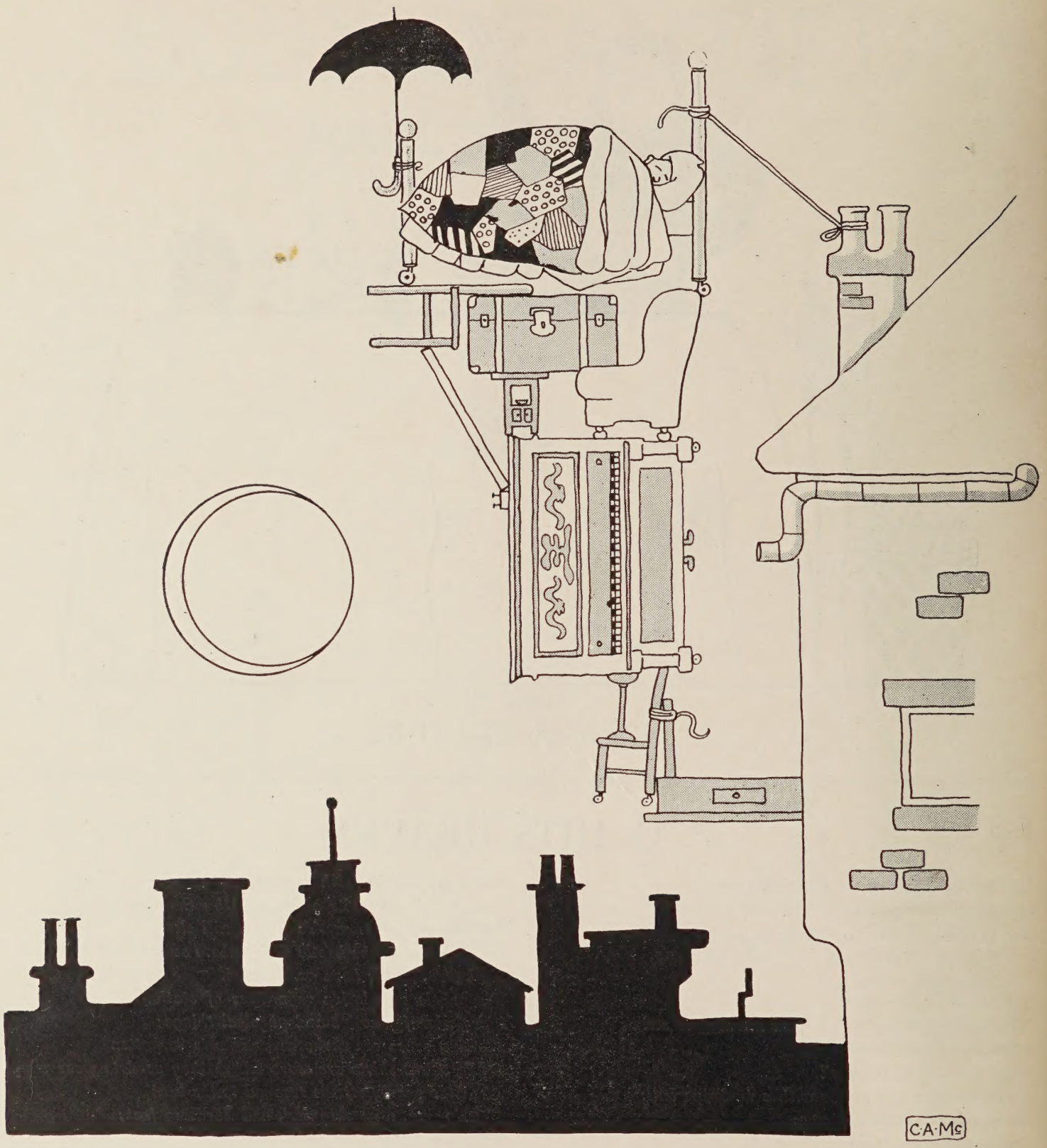


Right: Miss de Meanor, one of the Follies of Nature now playing the part of a water spout.
She is supported by her husband.

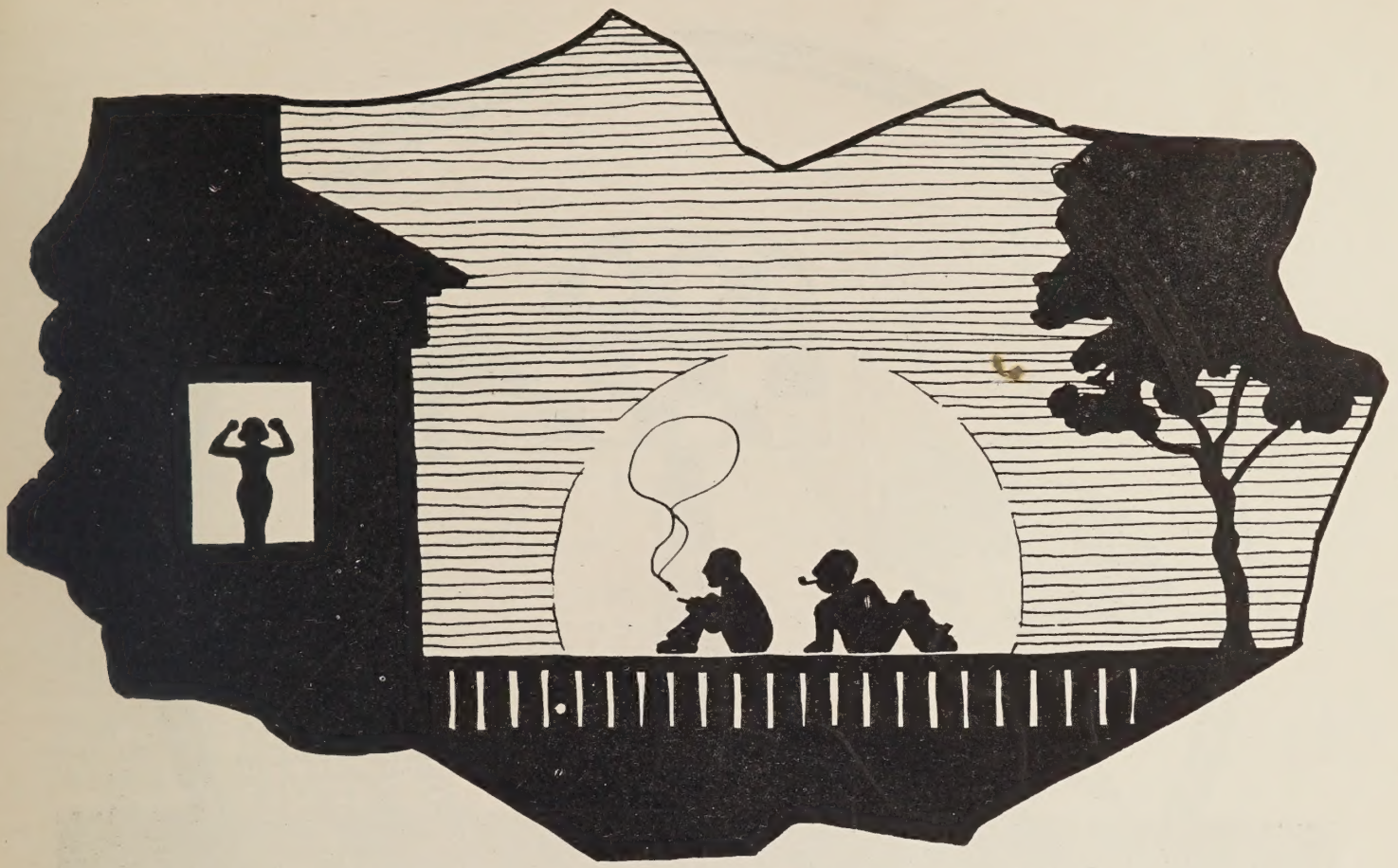
FIZZICAL CULTURE

P. C. HITS HEAVEN

The insidious vulture of physical culture
Has got a death grip on the world of to-day,
And in cities celestial as well as terrestial
It's holding a maddening, McFaddening sway.
The plump cherubim,
And the stout seraphim
Are shedding their feathers and learning to swim;
While Peter and Paul
Show the way to them all
By performing cute tricks with a medicine ball.
All angels of the better class
Are striving to get nimble
And lift themselves above the mass.
An angel now is deemed an ass
If he attempts to sound the brass
Or tinkle on the cymbal;
The harp is awfully out of style
And rests upon the rubbish pile;
The holy saints with lung complaints
Swing dumbbells with a martyred smile;
Friend Gabriel waits at his post by the gates
For the day when earth's drama will close;
He makes the time hustle and gathers some muscle
By balancing his horn on his nose.
The whole population regardless of station
Has fallen for active and physical things;
Flowing robes are verboten and halos forgotten
While sweat shirts are worn where they used to wear wings.
The wide pearly streets resound to the beat
Of tripping, rope skipping, and hurdling feet;
The veriest dub gets rid of his tub,
And takes a workout at the Athletic Club.
Wise angels, prize angels,
Take-exercise angels
Are working like Trojans to keep strong and well;
Plain angels, sane angels,
Can't-stand-the-strain angels
Are packing suit cases and leaving for Hell!



THE FRESH AIR FAN ATTIC



PHYSICAL CULTURE ENTHUSIASTS

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS

The First of a Series of Rectangular Lectures Introducing Professor A. Anvil Armand Hammer, whose subject is,

"How I Became The Strongest Man On Earth"

When I was forty-odd years old, I hit upon the idea of becoming the strongest man on earth. Previous to this I had suffered from back ailments and all sorts of pains in the head and neck. Neither Blackdraught nor Mrs. Joe Person's remedy brought me relief, and I was in despair. Finally, some one told me to see Strongly D. Lionsden, the physical culture expert. Lionsden . . . I had heard of him for years . . . . advised me to develop myself, which was the same idea, you remember, that I had. Lionsden's idea was to start developing myself at the top and work down, but my friends, and also the doctors, advised me to start at the middle and work in, assuring me, however, that I had solid foundations at both ends. Thus began the long and strenuous fight against my weaklingship. For sixty-odd years I did nothing but develop and develop, and here I am today safely past the century mark. But you are not interested in what I am but why I am. That I will try to explain fully if not briefly.

My first instructions were to pick up small objects not including cigarette ducks. As I was unaccustomed to work, I devoted most of my time to picking up pebbles. Every day I would go to the beach and throw sand in the sea; the sea would rush back at me in a fury and I would run away from it. This continued day after day for four years until I was able to pick up larger objects and run quite a way. My family was astounded when one day I picked up a chair single-handed. It was the turning point in my career, for from then on I knew that strength would be mine. After that my exercises became more varied. One of my favorite muscle-builders was tree climbing. There were four trees in my front yard. One I distinctly remember. So often did I climb that tree that during one summer, I knew every leaf on it personally. There were countless other exercises which I hesitate to explain. Of course there were local exercises for the development of the different parts of the body, such as, drinking apple cider to develop my adam's apple, and necking to develop my neck. I won't even attempt to name all of them. Now I will close my address with a brief summary of how it was done. I would never have acquired the strength I now have had I not developed. I tell you this for self-defense. Don't listen to quack physical culture experts. They are all alike. The secret is simple when you see it. Just develop.

HE: I heard you were the belle of the ball last night.
SHE: I guess I was. All the boys tried to ring my neck.

HOW I MISPLACED MY CEREBRAL CORTEX

Read my sad story and weep. The beginning of my downfall was about a year ago when I was bitten by the strong-man bug. I ordered a set of lessons from King Lieterman that was guaranteed to make a welter-weight champion out of a tubercular white rat, or money cheerfully refunded. Two weeks later, I feverishly tore open the envelope containing exercise one. It read: "Twine your legs behind your ears and roll around the room three times—five if the room has paper on the wall." All this seemed rather radical for a mere beginner, but filled with noble determination, I tore the paper from the walls and began twining and rolling. Later in the day, I was placed in sections on a hospital bed.

One month later, I started on exercise two. Number two was a parlor trick, something to amuse the ladies with. It consisted of sticking a foot in each hip pocket and then balancing on the chin. From this time on, I divided my hours between the hospital and the mastering of the exercises sent me. In place of the last lesson, I received a personal letter from either Mr. Lieterman or his secretary.

"By mistake," it ran, "we sent you lessons intended for an advance student in circus contortioning. We regret our error. Please return the lessons."

I collapsed into a chair when I read the note and pensively scratched my head with the lower end of my spinal column. Months wasted in folding myself into small parcels. True I can secrete myself in the sugar bowl or wrap myself around a floor lamp, but such are considered gaucheries and frowned upon in the best of society. So far, I have noticed only one good result; I can tie a bow tie without frothing at the mouth or causing grandmother to don her earmuffs.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The scientists of the Physical Culture department of the Buccaneer staff have spent much of their time during the last few months in research work pertaining to the best way to raise a baby. No expense or trouble has been spared. Experiments were conducted on rabbits and it was found (regardless of what other authorities may say) that the best way to raise a baby is to pick it up by the ears.

Here lies the clothes of freshman Bratt,—
Who thought a skunk was a muskrat! ? !

Here lies the love of Hogshire, E.;
Who sent her flowers—C. O. D.!

ARE YOU AFRAID

What would YOU do if, while walking with you, a young lady was insulted? Would you be able to protect her? Could you overcome the ruffian with a well directed quotation from Aeschylus?

If a young lady should insist upon your entering her house with her even though her parents had retired, would you know how to resist? Don't be a COWARD! Improve your arms!

Have you the moral courage to drink your soup if that is the way you like it? Accept no rebuffs from anyone. You want to be a man, don't you? Then be a real one. Accept no substitute.

Write for our free pamphlet, showing a couple of dog biscuits in muscular poses. Enclose 50 cents for postage.

BECOME POPULAR OVERNIGHT

Athletics sometime play an important part in a girl's popularity. Physical culture and social conquest totter along hand in hand. All a bashful girl needs is a golf prof to teach her to drive into the rough. All an awkward girl needs is a baseball player to teach her how to throw her curves. Yes, moderate, carefully chosen exercise improves the figure—and men are *so* susceptible.

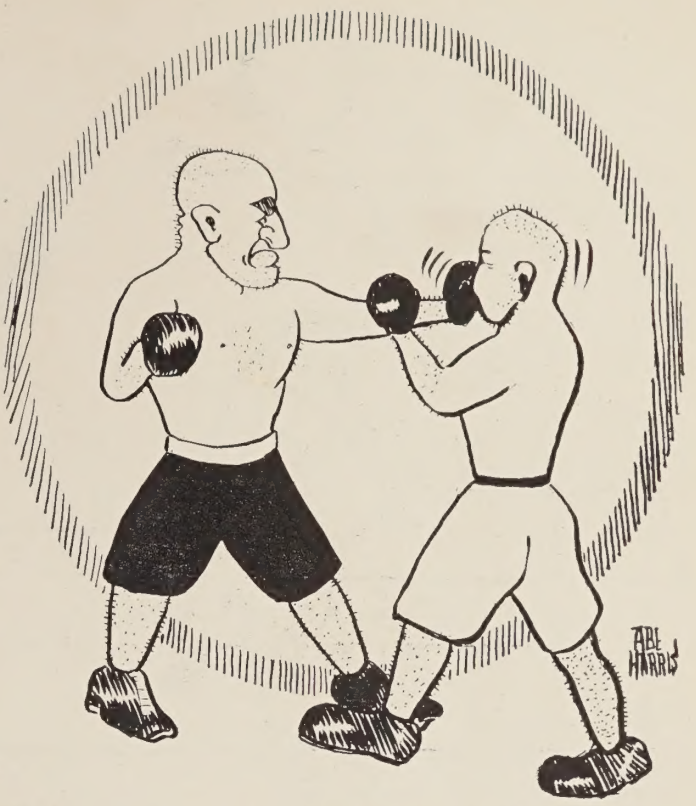
You might take for example Muriel. Muriel has tortured a piano since early childhood. She is just learning to do Chop Sticks fairly well and her technique isn't so hot on that. She thinks that Wagner's "Tomato Ketchup" is the best thing he ever composed. But here's the point! During some nineteen years of key stroking, Muriel's fingers have become unbelievably slim, soft, and beautiful. Men like to sit close to her and let those beautiful fingers rest gently in their own.

Then there is Carolyn, the village song-bird. Carolyn has strained so often to reach high C that her vocal cords are severely knotted. Her rendition of "I Am a Nightingale" makes one yearn for a shotgun. But while battling trills and runs, Carolyn's throat has rounded into a column of 99 and .44% ivory smoothness. Men like to sit close to her and let their fingers slowly caress her wonderful throat.

Skinny little Paula took up golf several seasons back. She goes around in approximately 90— a hole, and just recently saw the point in the joke about which end of the caddy to hold. But in the course of her toppings and slicings and hookings, her small arms grew smooth and now cannot be beaten for curved voluptuousness. Oh yes! The men like to sit close to her and feel prickly little thrills chase over them as they press their fingers against her warm, beautiful arms.

Finally there is Hester. Hester is freckled, ungainly, not at all pretty, but somehow she never lacks for a date. Athletics is the answer. Sweet Hester is captain of the girl's track team and is a well-known cross-country runner. Men like to sit close to her.

The reason men leave home is because they cannot take it with them.



Have you ever been Diag-nosed?
(HOW MUCH FOOD IS FISH ANYHOW?)

FEMININE CULTURE

The girl that kisses and tells the world
Is merely one of the throng;
The girl that don't, yet leads you on,
Is the kind to shoot at dawn.
The girl that kisses, and tells but few,
Is one I'd call a corker;
The girl that don't, and tells the world,

MUST BE A D— GOOD TALKER!

Father: Mary, recite to mother what you learned at Sunday school.

Mary: The Lord is my Shepherd, I should worry.

SILLY SATIRE

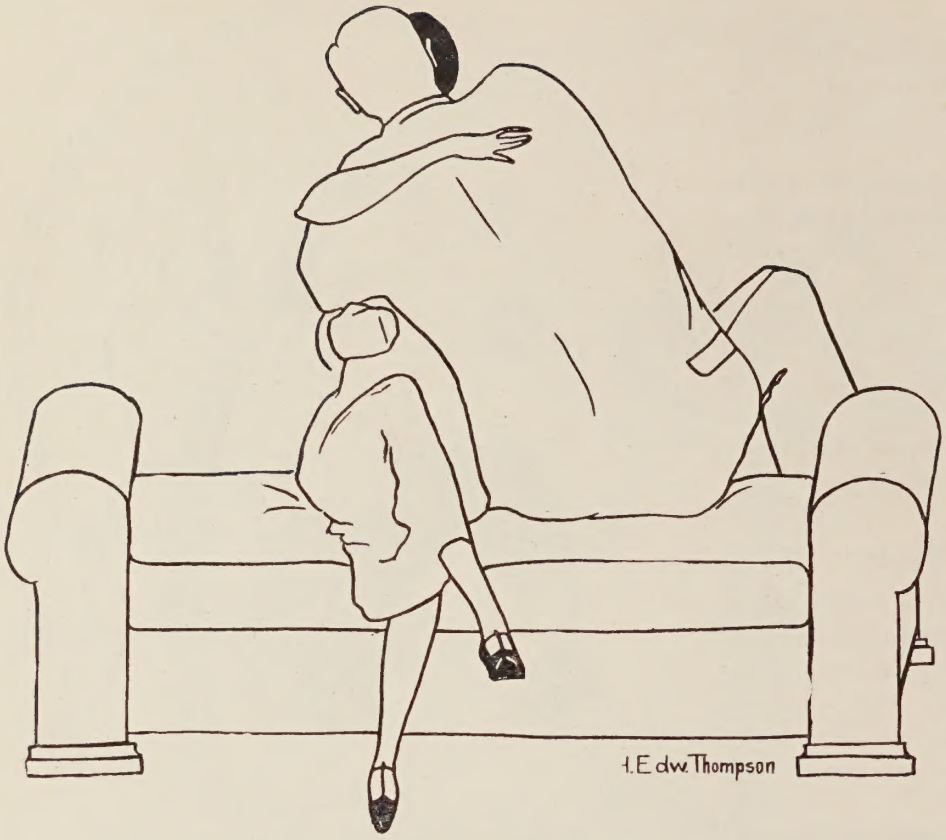
The most inadequate faculties in the world are those a man has when he wants to kick himself.

Who paid the fire insurance when Rome burned?

A spoiled egg is spoiled, but a spoiled child is sometimes fresh.

If some pedigreed dogs could talk, they would not speak to their owners.

A German thought Americans were short-sighted because their national anthem begins with: "Oh say can you see."



COVERING THE SUBJECT.

"WE EAT TOO MUCH"

By Dr. Frank Crane.

"Yes we do," said the broke student, as he came out of the cafe at 11:37.

NONE SUCH

1st Battler: Wotchano, Egbert?

2nd Battler: Nothin. A subway mustasaulted yuh las nite from th' looks of yer map.

1st B.: Aw, do'try ter be so funny. Yer couldn't uv stood a round uv wot I took las nite.

2nd B.: Aw, th'ell I couldn't uv!

1st B.: No yuh couldn't uv, Cecil, why th' bird I fought tol' muh confidenshully just aftuh they brung muh to that he neveh had seen such a fightuh!

June: I let Tom date me every night now because his visits have such a cultural influence.

July: You mean physical cultural —they improve the neck.

FAMOUS FIZZES

——— water
Sport tro ———
off ———
——— le
———ical Culture
Soda water.

The height of extravagance: buying an all-day sucker at five o'clock p.m.

THE SPOON, WAITER!

There was to be a large Catholic picnic that morning and those invited had taken excuses with them to school. As all the excused children were leaving the room a little boy popped up to the teacher's desk and asked if he could go, too.

"No," said the teacher, "you haven't any excuse, and besides, I don't believe you are a Catholic."

Oh, yes I am a Catholic," replied the boy. "And I've got to go on that picnic. Why the priest is my father."

GONE TO PIECES

Fido was a nifty dog,
Despite his simple mug,
Till Fido ate some dynamite
And then a lightning bug!

"Go fetch me my keg from the attic,"
To the man of the house I said:
He slipped on the stairs 'fore he got it,
And came down with a jar instead!

A dark night is one on which you strike one match and then another to see if the first is burning.

Fadder: Ikey vare you been?

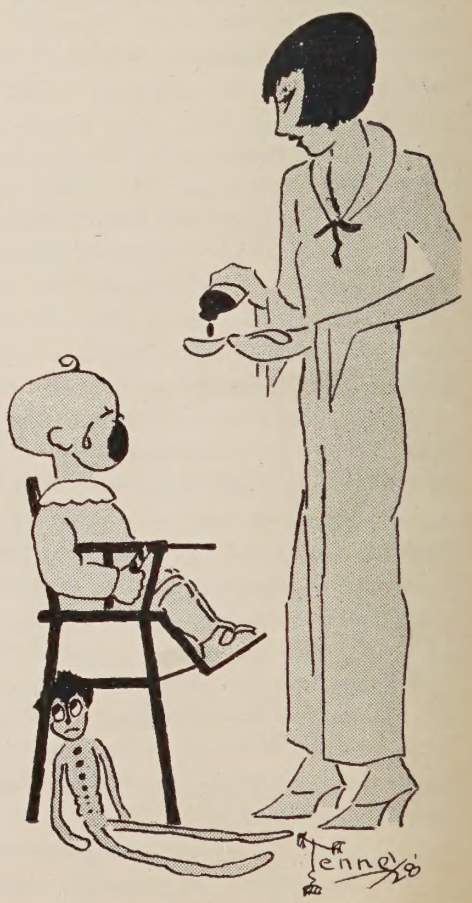
Ikey: Been?

Fadder: Yes. Been vot you tink I mean, gone?

Old Grad: I don't remember a thing I learned in college.

Prof: You are very fortunate.

No, Iscariot, door springs don't run water.



THE MEDICINE BAWL.

AIN'T IT HELD?

HARK! THE SOUND OF FEMALE VOICES

——one of my records got broken so I only do eleven a day but——

——every time I bent over some horrid person said "watch out, you'll——"

——then she put a trump on my ace and I said "I don't see why people allow——"

——told me to eat spinach and toast three times a day so I said "what do you think I——"

——and he simply shrieked "pung" and I said "do you think this is a——"

——husband positively refused to get out of bed an when I turned on the Wallace record he said "what the——"

I wisht I was the simple boob
What wrote a latin book;
I'd kill myself to show the world
The course that nature took.

My brother is a text book,
A-sitting on a shelf,
And no one ever moves him,
Unless he moves himself,
But I'm a little latin jack,
Virgil is my name—
And the way they use me every day
Is just a DOGGONE SHAME!

AN OLD MAN'S LAMENTATION

I've kissed when I thought I loved,
I've kissed to win a bet;
But the kiss I'll always want
Is the kiss I didn't get.

I've kissed them in the moonlight
When they said they wouldn't permit;
But oh how much I cherished!—
That kiss I didn't get.

I held HER in my arms,
I thought she would submit;
But when I tried to kiss her!—
My actions seemed unfit.

I've had my share of kisses,
And some I haven't forgot;
But I'd gladly give those kisses—
For the kiss I never got.

And now I'm cashing in,
And still I don't forget
The girl I tried to win—
And the kiss I didn't get!

A RUBBER TALE

I drove my racer hard and fast,
I drove it fearlessly:
I drove it through the flaming tar—
And rode on tirelessly!

P. C. TIPS

1. From an aesthetic viewpoint, your forearm should be no larger than your thigh.

2. If the weights you are exercising with now are too heavy to lift off the floor, it would be better to buy lighter ones.

3. After taking a course in shadow boxing, do not expect to be a better fighter than Jack Dempsey.

4. When you have improved your muscles to the point where you can lift 3,000 pounds, you will stand a good chance to win a lifting contest.

5. Nudity is sometimes advised while taking your exercise, but it is not necessary to continue this state in public.

6. Everyone should be able to stand on their heads but it is not essential to know this trick before taking up typewriting.

DEVELOPING A BUST

THE FIRST PHYSICAL CULTURISTS

MY SPEED ARTIST

I met her on the beach,
Beside the foaming sea;
I thought I'd try my luck,
So innocent was she.
I sang her songs of love,
Sweet tidings from my heart;
At length she raised her head
And said, "Let's skip that part!"

"I think that's a good one," chuckled the diner as he tried his third egg.

"Clothes for Every College Man"
Said the notice at the right.
I think it was a—— —— lie
Cause I'm in jail to-night.

When your mouth is full o' tooth-paste
And your eyes are full o' soap
And your towel's hanging somewhere out in space,
When you're plenty late for breakfast
And an early class to catch—
Then there's not a drop of water for your face.

Then you howl and fuss and beller
And you cuss the other fellow
Call him many wicked names and awful forms,
So you wait and miss your breakfast
And perhaps you're late for class
For the water isn't running in the dorms.

"What's a veterinary, Chloris?"
"A retired surgeon."

A VARIOLOGY:

As the novelist says it: D—n!
As the sweet young thing says it: Darn!
As the farmer says it: Durn!
As kid brother says it: (damn).
As the collegiate one, golfer, business man, etc., says it: DAMN!!

WHY I AIN'T MARRIED

I loved my darlin' an' she loved me,
But her ma didn't like my pedigree.

A CHAPEL HILL TRAGEDY

(One Act)

No one can find poor Johnny McBlain—
He tried to cross the street in the rain.

"Your face is beautiful, my pretty maid."
"You should see me a-swimming, sir," she said!!!

No, dear, they don't use buckets in an ink well.

Maybe there ain't no loving
Where there ain't a bit o' love—
But I'se sho seen it raining
When there wa'n't no clouds above!

DRINKIN', WINKIN' AND NOD

Looking back to the days of yore, and reminiscing over some of the grand old parties that used to be pulled off in and in the vicinity of the venerable portals of Dear Old Swain and Bynum, one might think that an appropriate name for the German Club would have been the "Swig and Flask."

But now with the days of the Eighteenth Amendment, campus lights, and the Student Council on the war path with the Pathe' slogan of "Sees All, Knows All", we move that a cup of water from the Dear Old Well be drawn forth to christen anew this one-time glorious group of disciples of Bacchus and Terpsichore, the meek and sober "Jig and Fast" Society!

"Where can I get a gross of eggs?"
"At the grossery store, I suppose."

GODS OF WAR

From Carolina Folk plays, Vol. 8813, Sept. 1998.

ACT I, SCENE I

(The curtain rises, of course, after the usual tinkling of bell. George Washington, Caesar, and Napoleon are seated at a table in a room of the war department of some future home.)

CAESAR

Et tu Brute! It's time we drank again. Perkins, bring in the oldest Bourbon.

NAPOLEON

Can the drinks; I want Josephine. Gee, this is a slow life. Worse than Elba. What say we start a revolution.

CAESAR

Cleopatra for me. Let's take the ladies to the "Passing Show" tonight?

NAPO

Fine!

WASHINGTON

Remember, boys, I'm father of my country and I can't leave my children.

NAPO

Oh leave the children with Cal Coolidge.

WASHINGTON

He is not reliable.

CAESAR

Yonder comes a news reporter! Let's get out of here. This publicity stuff beats me.

(Curtain followed by applause which brings the house down.)

Waiter: Anything wrong, sir?

Farmer: (who has just essayed an olive) Hell yes! Somebody's spilt salt on them plums!

NEAR: How do you like prohibition?

BEER: Well, it's better than no liquor at all.

"Last week, I got my first vacation in thirty years."

"Did you go away?"

"No; my wife died."

Her eyes were black as jet,
The pretty girl I knew;
I kissed her, her hubby came,
Now mine are jet-black too.

DOWNE: The ship is sinking!
UPPE: Whadda we care, it doesn't belong to us.

Model: You know my figure isn't that distorted!

Impressionist: Calm yourself. It's your soul I'm painting, not your figure.

Frenchman: Your American women overdress.

Yank: You must have seen one wearing spectacles!

Our idea of an optimist is a dying man who writes a testimonial for a patent medicine saying: "It Cured Me."

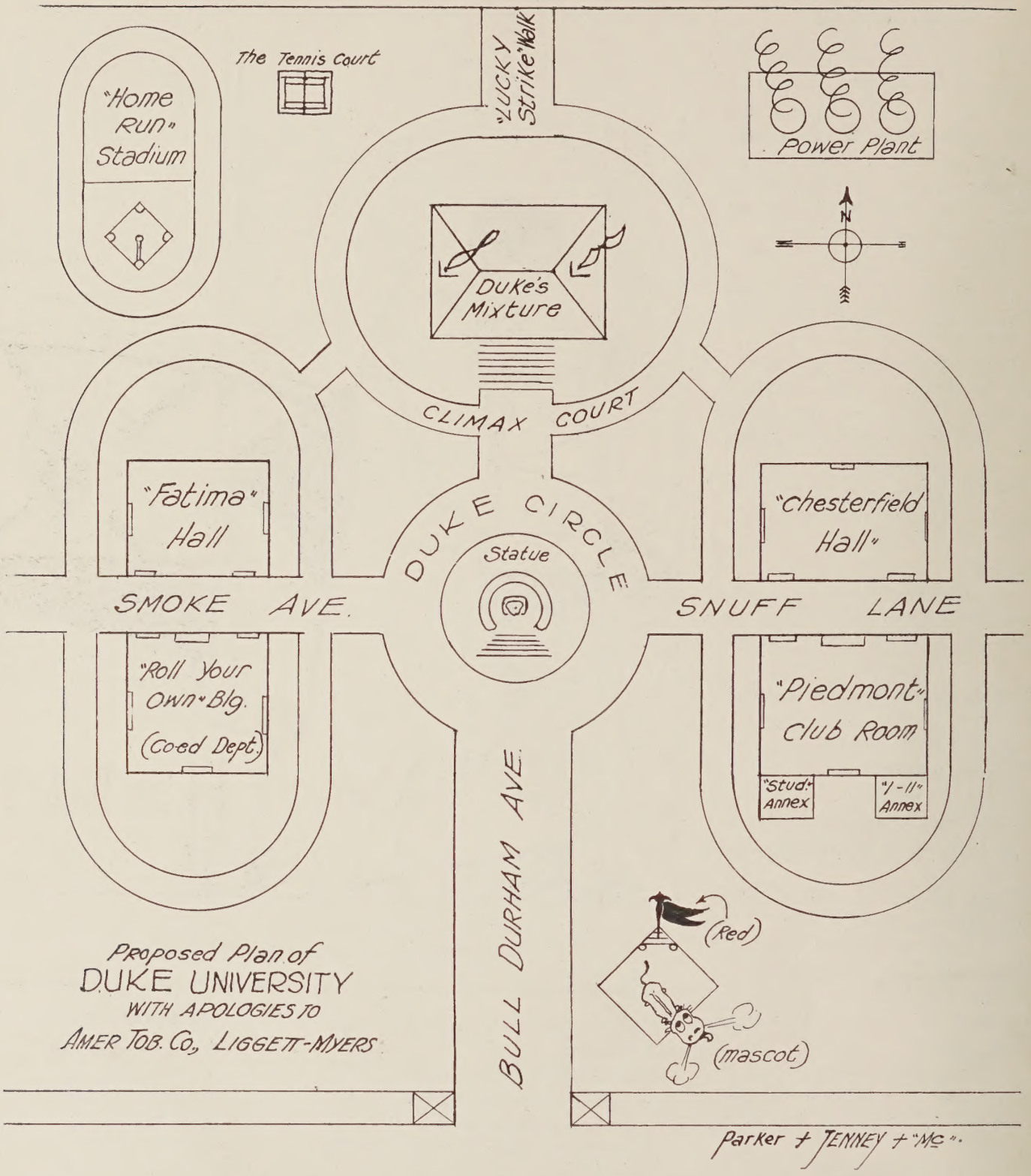
He who laughs last is generally the patent medicine agent.

FAMOUS BULLS

1. ——— Durham
2. ———dogs
3. ——— Headed.
4. Fulla———.
5. ———frogs
6. Plain———.
7. ———sessions
8. The cow's papa.

Bill: I RIT my Girl.
Dill: Did you have any LUX?

Tee: Have you had Psychology?
Bee: No, I've been vaccinated.



HINTS TO OUR NEIGHBORS

HOLIDAYS

1. Sept. 29, Lord Chesterfield's birthday.
2. Oct. 18, J. B.'s birthday.
3. Jan. 3, Bull Durham's were conceived.
4. March 8, Beavers gave up control of water power.

YELLS

1. Who are we?
   Can't you see?
   Nobil-i-tee! !
   Duke. Duke. Duke.

2. Ssssss—BOOM!
   Pop, Fizz,
   Gurgle, Gurgle,
   WATER POWER.

CHAPEL HILL AND DURHAM BUS LINE

Transportation Specialists Since 1911

DAILY SCHEDULE

Lv. Chapel Hill	Lv. Durham	Lv. Chapel Hill	Lv. Durham
8:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	3:00 P.M.	3:10 P.M.
9:00 A.M.	9:35 A.M.	4:00 P.M.	4:00 P.M.
10:10 A.M.	10:00 A.M.	5:00 P.M.	5:08 P.M.
10:50 A.M.	10:50 A.M.	6:00 P.M.	6:15 P.M.
12:00 M.	11:40 A.M.	7:00 P.M.	8:00 P.M.
1:00 P.M.	1:10 P.M.	9:00 P.M.	10:30 P.M.
2:15 P.M.	2:15 P.M.		

It is part of Chapel Hill and University tradition to consult Pendergraft concerning Bus Transportation. This has been true since 1911.

Efficient service has made the C. H. & D. Bus Line dependable. A regular bus service of 13 complete trips each day. Taxi Service at your command.

DROP IN---

For POPCORN *Before*
MILKSHAKES *After*
THE PICK

Carolina Confectionery

The Home of Good Candies and Fancy Fruits.

ALL KINDS OF SANDWICHES AND PUNCHES
FOR PARTIES, SMOKERS, FEEDS

For Sale!

House and Lot on Pittsboro Street, Adjoining the Carolina Inn Property

Price $8,500.00

Chapel Hill Insurance and Real Estate Co.

Chapel Hill, · · N. C.

Why Mr. P. C. Bunk has chronic dyspepsia every year, and how he cures it. (Yes, it is certain that he is an ardent physical culturist, but like all others of his kind he sensibly calls in a physician when he really becomes diseased.)

Three mathematics professors got married last summer. It is hinted that the professors are all experts in figures.

Commerce Prof.: Who made silk famous?

Student: Coles Phillips.

Critic: The leading lady wears too many clothes.

Follies Director: But you see, she's very modest. She insists on the pearls.

How much do you think it will bring,
All this grain that you have, Farmer Brown?
Eight gallons an acre by spring, sir,
Worth forty-five dollars in town.

She: He is really an experienced fighter.

He: Quite so. I hear that he boxed peaches down in Georgia all last vacation.

TRIOLETS ON TOILETTE

Would you look just as well,
Oh maiden fair,—
Could you look just as well
And hold me in your spell,
If drug stores didn't sell
Peroxide there?
Would you look just as well,
Oh maiden fair?

Could I still love your face
As once I did,
Would I still love your face,
If ever you erase
The powder that you place
To keep it hid?
Could I still love your face
As once I did?

Could I still be your slave
Were lip stick void,
Would I still be your slave
And enjoy each kiss you gave,
Or would you make me rave
For Formaloid?
Could I still be your slave
Were lip stick void?

Would I your praiser be,
Do you suppose,—
Could I your praiser be,
Or would I madly flee
Were I by chance to see
You minus clothes?
As I have said before,
Do you suppose?

Modern Hamlet: "The woman's the thing whereby I will flunk three courses."

BEST FORM AT DANCES

"Fair One, will you thrill my epidermis by allowing me to embrace your tender form for the next wiggle?"

There's one thing certain
Said old man Peck;
A boil on the stove
'S worth two on the neck.

Aesop, two thousand years ago, said: A boot on the Prof. is worth two on the foot.

Your best efforts when accepted, will popularize your Comic with millions in

College Humor

"The Best Comedy in America"

Chicago

Announcement:

College Humor

is now published every month

YOU will find your best material attractively presented with such leading national figures as:

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Meredith Nicholson	*Phyllis Duganne*
Ellis Parker Butler	*Thyra Samter Winslow*
Stephen Vincent Benet	*Courtney Ryley Cooper*
Katharine Brush	*Dana Burnet*
Arthur Somers Roche	*Cosmo Hamilton*
George Jean Nathan	*Wallace Irwin*
Donald Ogden Stewart	*Percy Marks*
H. C. Witwer	*Robert Benchley*
James Montgomery Flagg	*Octavus Roy Cohen*
John T. McCutcheon	*Dorothy Dow*

Holworthy Hall

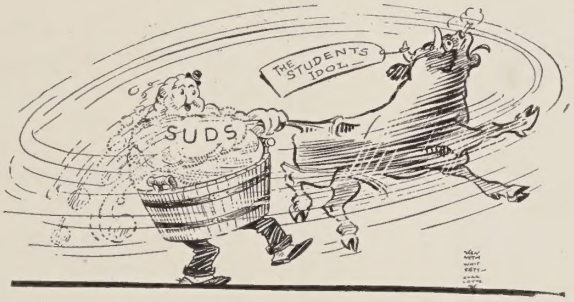
Covers by

Rolf Armstrong, Penrhyn Stanlaws, John Held, Jr., and others

Other Illustrators for 1925

Arthur William Brown, R. F. Schabelitz, Gilbert Wilkinson, Ralph Barton, Franklin Booth, James Montgomery Flagg, John Collins, and Charles Sarka

We Sew on the Buttons!!



Some Physical Culture
With Direct Results

Just Send it to the Laundry

Laundry Department, U. N. C.

We Sew up the Rips!!

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WATCH FOR EXHIBITS

of our correctly designed MEN'S CLOTHES carefully tailored in the ENGLISH FASHION from DISTINCTIVE IMPORTED and DOMESTIC FABRICS. You will serve your pocket book as well as your wardrobe if we make your next suit.

Showing at SUTTON & ALDERMAN
March 9-10

TO ORDER $29.50 — Stetson — TO ORDER $29.50

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"MADE IN THE ENGLISH WAY"

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Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County

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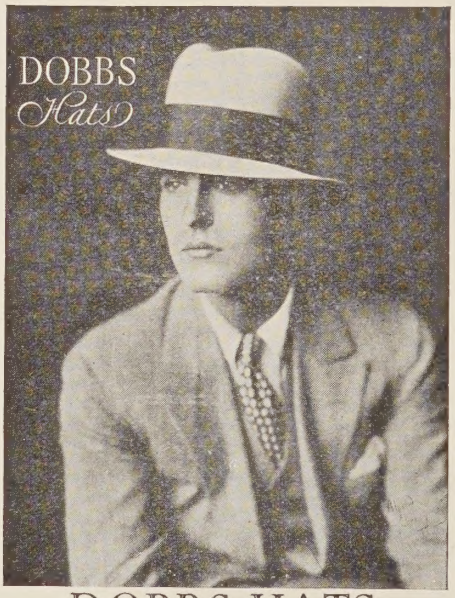

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UPON OCCASIONS WHEN A TOUCH OF INFORMALITY IS APPROPRIATE THE DOBBS DORKING IS A PROPER HAT. THE BEST DRESSED MEN IN LONDON AND NEW YORK WEAR THIS TYPE OF HAT WITH NEGLIGEE ATTIRE. IT IS ONE OF THE SEVERAL HATS OF DOBBS DESIGN NECESSARY FOR A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT.
FROM $7.00 UPWARD.

DOBBS & Co ~ 620 and 244 Fifth Avenue ~ New York

Pritchard-Patterson's is the authorized Dobbs Shop for Chapel Hill

He—"Do you want to marry a one-eyed man?"
She—"No, why?"
He—"Then let me carry your umbrella."—*Purple Parrot.*

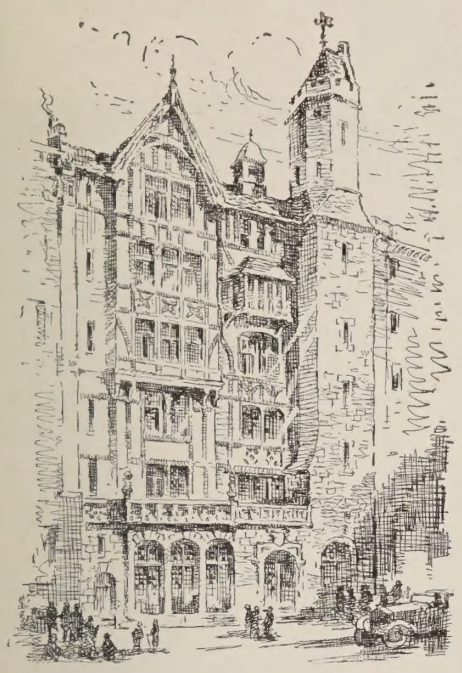
Jester—"'Tis bitter cold without."
Watch—"Without what?"
Jester—"Without breeches."—*Widow.*

Izzy: "What is the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?"
Dizzy: "Search me."
Izzy: "Why, ammonia comes in bottles and pneumonia comes in chests."—*Pitt Panther.*

Prof: "What's the difference between 'You will call on a girl' and 'You have called on a girl?' "
Young Man: "Usually one frat pin."—*Cracker.*

Weary Willie—"Would youse rather lose your life or your money?"
Dusty Rhodes—"Me loife. I'm savin' me money for me old age."—*Tiger.*

Co-ed: "You can't understand women that way—really, you should live in a girls' dorm."
Ed: "That has been my lifelong ambition."—*Dirge.*



Design of
Finchley House
Suggested by "Backs"
of Old Trinity College,
Cambridge, England

NOTICE

PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT IN THE NEW LOCATION, IN FIFTH AVENUE, FINCHLEY HAS ARRANGED A UNIQUE, COMFORTABLE, AND RATHER EXTRAORDINARY FLOOR WHICH IS DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE DISPLAY OF WEARABLES FOR COLLEGE MEN. SUITS, OVERCOATS, HATS, SHOES, SHIRTS, WOOLIES AND VARIOUS ACCESSORIES OF NOTABLE STYLE AND QUALITY.

FINCHLEY
Fifth Avenue at 46th Street
NEW YORK

The new musical comedy came to town. The billboards read: Fifty Beautiful Girls; Forty-five Gorgeous Costumes.

Ten students were killed and several dozen horribly mangled in the rush at the opening performance.—*Virginia Reel.*

Mrs. Sambo: Sambo! Sambo! Wake up.

Sambo: I can't.

Mrs. Sambo: Why can't you?

Sambo: I ain't asleep.—*Centre Colonel.*

The main difference between a girl chewing gum and a cow chewing her cud is that the cow usually looks thoughtful—*Outlaw.*

"IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU—"

"Say, are you going to the postoffice?"
"Uh-huh."
"Will you mail my letter?"
"You bet."
"Wait just a minute till I finish it."
"All right."
"Got a stamp?"
"Yeh."
"Put it on here?"
"Uh-huh."
"Say, what's your girl's address?"—*The Loa.*

HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST

Brunswick Records

By

Margaret Young
Al. Jolson
Nic Lucas
Isham Jones' Orchestra
Ray Millen's Orchestra
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Oriole Tennsee Orchestra

and other World Famous Artists

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FINE FURNITURE 106 W. Main St. *BRUNSWICK RADIOLAS*

DURHAM, N. C.

HOW TO REDUCE

There are two simple ways to reduce: diet and exercise. In the first case the object is to starve without making yourself hungry. The following menu has been prepared by an expert at figures.

BREAKFAST

The juice of two door knobs
One cup of evaporated coffee
Two pieces of toasted corn flakes.

DINNER

One tomato soup bone
Fried fish scales
Potato greens
Creamed duck feathers
Sliced cucumber seeds

SUPPER

Two hard-boiled egg shells
The whites of two eyes
Sawdust with pigeon milk.

A few simple exercises taken three times an hour will help to remove much superfluous fat. The following have been recommended by an ex-convict:

1. Lying on your back on the floor, jump up and touch the ceiling twenty-nine times.

(The success attendant upon this exercise depends entirely upon not letting the feet touch the floor at any time.)

2. Lift your left foot about a foot from the floor; now have someone move the floor and grasping the piano firmly in your right hand, raise it above your head thirteen times.

3. Standing on your head, place your hands on your hips and take a deep breath. Repeat until the hips have been completely removed.

In a couple of days, following these directions, you should be reduced to a scrap heap.

Dad blew himself for the new Packard. He is a glass blower.

Wife: You don't seem to like rice.

Husband: No; it's associated with one of the great mistakes of my life!

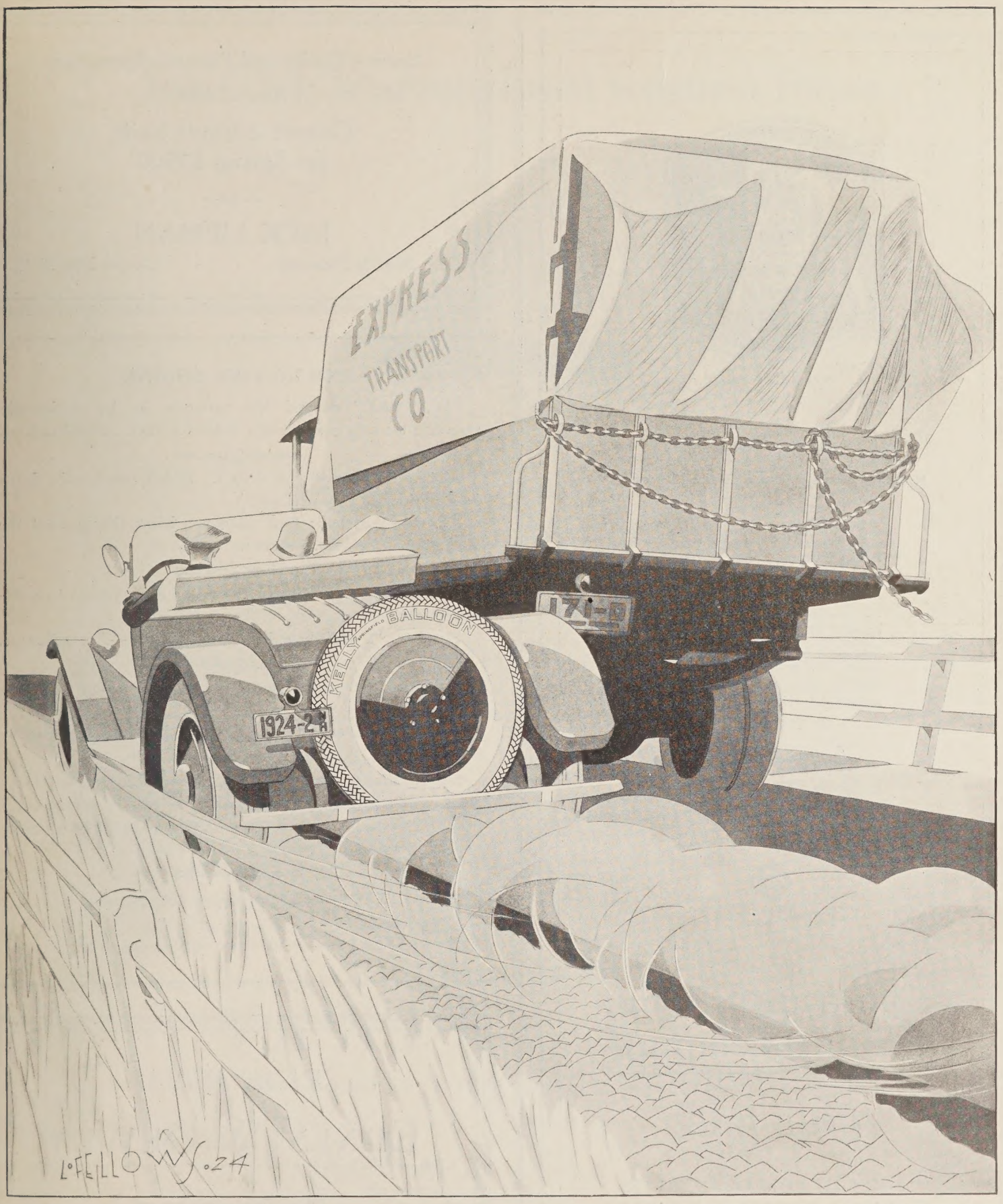
Snort: Is this street straight?

Stranger: Yes, why?

Snort: Well it don't look it.

Doctor: Is the patient out of danger yet?

Doctor No. 2: Not exactly. The nurse is still on the case!



"Aren't these Kelly Balloon tires wonderful, Fred! I was all braced for an awful jounce when you ran off the concrete, but it never came."

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

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—At—

JACK LIPMAN

Next to Pickwick · · Chapel Hill, N. C.

AND NO FIRE ENGINE

"Fire! Fire!" shouted the caveman, as he accidentally started a blaze by rubbing two sticks together.—*Virginia Reel.*

Alberta—"No, now; we musn't. Didn't you see the deans have decided to stop necking?"

Albert—"Aw, hell; first thing you know they'll want the students to stop, too."—*Siren.*

Ophelia: "Complaining again? Why don't you go to a chiropractor?"

Hamlet: "I don't have backbone enough."—*Texas Ranger.*

Indignant Spouse: "How dare you come here at this hour of the night?"

Husband: "Every other place closed, m' dear."—*Record.*

She (at dinner party): "For goodness sake, Gerald. Don't wash your silver in the finger bowl. What will people say?"

He: "Well, it's a cinch I'm not going to put it in my pocket dirty."—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

Huck: "I fell through a window this morning."

Ted: "Get hurt?"

Huck: "Yes; got a pane in my side."—*Juggler.*

RIDE WITH

ERNEST & DEWEY

Headquarters at

THOMPSON'S SMOKE SHOP

NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT

Joe Gish learns about women from

BEVERLY
the sweet Southern Girl

Every fall our Sanitariums are filled with wrecked aunts who have been chaperoning vacation parties of "sweet Southern girls." They are the original clinging vines, and Beverly was one of them. She was always losing something. Or her shoe hurt. Or something was in her eye. She was sure there were snakes in that grass. Was that a spider? Her greatest mental exertion was to call for a coca-cola.

I took her to the opera, when she came to New York. I whispered: "There's Jeritza!"

She: I d'clare! Which, the man or the girl?

I: The girl, of course.

She: What show is this?

I: Tosca. It's an opera.

She: I d'clare! My foot sure does hurt.

I: Sh! They're going to sing *Strange Harmonies.*

She: Uh-huh. Do you suppose it would matter if I took my shoe off?

I: Er . . I don't know. . That's Bodansky conducting.

She: I wish he had a few saxaphones.

At supper I tried new conversational stances. Paul Manship . . Marie Laurencin . . Mah Jong . . The theatre . . Books . . Sports. She topped every ball. The knockout was when she asked if the waiter had an aspirin tablet.

That very night I filled out a Vanity Fair subscription coupon for Beverly. It was from Vanity Fair that I had obtained my own start as a man of the world . . It will change her, too . . I shall come back in a few months . . She will no longer be a dumb Dora . . I might propose. Only a few months.

But, six weeks later, I read of her engagement to Basil van Siclen, the most eligible bachelor in New York, patron of the modern arts, whose million dollar mansion had long awaited a mistress whose social graces were equal to his own.

Why don't you subscribe for some sweet Southern girl?

Joe Gish

10 issues for $2

VANITY FAIR

TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN

Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Vanity Fair:

I am glad to learn the secret of Beverly van Siclen's success. But I happen to know that Basil himself isn't really such a bright bird. For six years *he* has taken Vanity Fair. Which reminds me, enclosed find TWO DOLLARS to cover the cost of TEN ISSUES.

Name, etc. .....

.....

.....

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PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

Men of keen judgment who can well afford to pay more

prefer

Camels

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

CHRISTIAN & KING PRINTING CO.

BUCCANEER

GENE ERWIN

For Easter then—

we'd suggest Candy,

And Hollingsworth, the gift of gifts, to send her at Easter time is most seasonable.
And such expressions of delight, "Oh's" and "Ah's" of pleasure, and shining eyes and "Thank You Dear!" repay the giver, when Hollingsworth is sent.

NOTE—Sutton & Alderman, sole agents for Hollingsworth in Chapel Hill, carefully pack and mail all orders. Easter orders should be mailed by Thursday, April 9th.

"Send her candy—
for Easter"

Hollingsworth

Unusual Candies

When you travel you will find Superior Service, Greatest Comfort and highest degree of Safety on the

Safety Coach

Our superior equipment and efficient organization guarantees excellent Bus Service.

Buy Tickets from Our Agents

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Raleigh, N. C.

MALBOURNE HOTEL, Durham.

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CLOTHES FOR THE COLLEGE MAN

The FLY-FRONT *Coat*

BROAD shouldered, easy hanging—their conservatism proclaims their smartness. Cut in light weight and winter weight woolens in patterns approved by college men.

34^{50} *to* 49^{50}

NAT LUXENBERG & BROS.

841 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SHOWING AT
PENDERGRAFTS *April 20th and 21st.*

Our style memo. book sent free on request

He: "So your brother made the team?"

She: "Oh, I wouldn't say that. But, of course, he helped."

—*Life.*

Hobo: "Kind sir, have you a quarter to spare a poor man?"

Student: "Go on across the street—I'm working this side."

—*Chaparral.*

"Did you have a local anesthetic?"

"No. I went to a hospital in Boston."—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

They stood outside the theatre
And watched the crowds go by.
"How good the popcorn smells," said she,
With something of a sigh.
'Ere he replied there came to him
The many times he'd fed her.
"Let's move a little closer, dear,
So you can smell it better.

—*Widow.*

ONE A MINUTE

He: "The Newmarried's have a little Ford."

She: "What! So soon?"—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

For Sale!

The Strowd Plantation

1,200 Acres of Beautiful Hills and Meadowland, on the edge of Chapel Hill and alongside the paved Chapel Hill-to-Durham Boulevard, are put on the Market.

Chapel Hill Insurance & Realty Co.

Chapel Hill • N. C.

The Pullman Philosopher

"HAIR is the meanest substance in the world," said the Pullman Philosopher. "Here on my bald spot where I want it, I can't raise it. Whereas on my face I have no use for it, but it grows there like weeds. I haven't shaved today because pity for my suffering face stays my razor hand."

"In the words of Munyon," said I, "there is hope!" And I made a dive for my sample case.

In two minutes I had him standing in front of a wash-bowl—coat and collar off and sleeves rolled up.

"It's no use," he groaned, "the water's cold and this razor is dull." "Forget it," was my brutal comeback. "Work that half-inch of Mennen Shaving Cream into lather. Use plenty of Mr. Pullman's arctic aqua. Don't bother with towels or finger rubbing.

"Now it's all over but the shaving," I explained. "That slather of lather has changed your bristling whiskers into soft pinfeathers. Scientists call this Mennen action 'dermutation.' *You'll* call it a miracle."

After a few easy razor strokes his face was as smooth as a girl's. The Philosopher wrung my hand in gratitude.

"Just rub a little of this Mennen Skin Balm into your hide," I directed. "It disappears right away—no grease, a pleasant odor, and it makes your face feel great."

"Don't thank me," I interrupted his hymn of praise, "thank the Mennen chemists who have created a Shaving Cream that makes whiskers surrender and a Skin Balm that makes faces smile."

Your druggist has 50c tubes of Mennen Shaving Cream—and tubes of Mennen Skin Balm at the same price. A word to the wise—

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

"MADE IN THE ENGLISH WAY"

WATCH FOR EXHIBITS

of our correctly designed MEN'S CLOTHES carefully tailored in the ENGLISH FASHION from DISTINCTIVE IMPORTED and DOMESTIC FABRICS. You will serve your pocket book as well as your wardrobe if we make your next suit.

Showing at SUTTON & ALDERMAN *April 4th*

TO ORDER $29.50 — Stetson — *TO ORDER* $29.50

"Nationally Known—Justly Famous"

"MADE IN THE ENGLISH WAY"

ANOTHER FLASH

"Whither away, stranger? What wouldst?" cheerioed St. Peter, as he leaned out over the pearly gates.

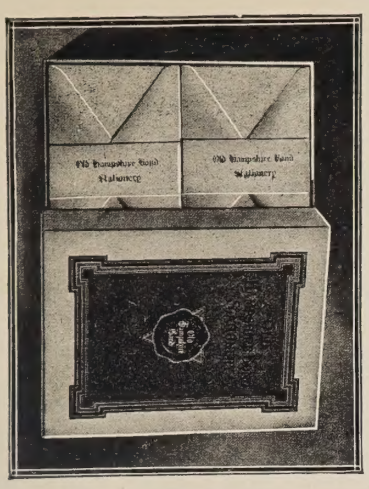
"Gosh, let me in," muttered the wandering soul of convict No. 999, just released from the electric chair, "I just had the shock of my life."—*Lord Jeff.*

DR. DANIEL T. CARR

DENTIST

Tankersley Building

Phone 69



A WRITTEN HANDSHAKE

A letter is like a handshake to the one who receives it—weak and lifeless or vibrating personality. If you wish your letter to characterise the latter, use

Old Hampshire Stationery

It's Popularity Proves its Worth

Sold plain and die stamped by R. W. FOISTER

Fine Stationery Department HAMPSHIRE PAPER CO.

SO. HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

"Love me, Jimmy?"

"Wild about you, honey."

"Honestly, Jimmy?"

"Sure honey; why?"

"Then why doesn't your chest go up and down like the men in the movies?"—*Witt.*

SOPHISTRY

He: "Er—I'd ask you to marry me if I knew just how to say it."

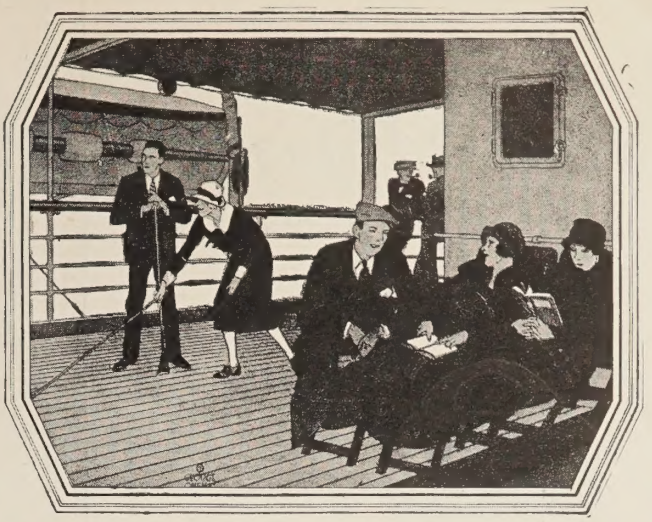
She: "Oh my!! And I'd say yes if I could get up the nerve."—*Virginia Reel.*

SAME OLD STORY

Judge (to culprit)—So we caught you with this bundle of silverware, eh? Whom did you rob?

Inexperienced Burglar—Two fraternity houses, sir.

Judge (to orderly)—Call up all of the downtown hotels and have them claim this stuff.—*Puppet.*



Tourist III Class to France

$162.00 round trip

HAVE you rested in the gardens of the Tuileries under an orange sunset . . . till the slow dark came . . . and a little moon like a silver boat swam upside down in the fountain? . . . Have you seen the Venus de Milo, velvet loveliness without equal, in the Louvre? . . . Have you seen the Petit Trianon of Marie Antoinette, and Fontainebleau of Napoleon?

Have you seen the markets at dawn—and the Ritz at thé dansant hour—and Montmartre at night? Have you tasted sole at Voisins, and *fraises de bois* with thick, sour cream served in a little brown pot? Have you seen the quaint cafes of the moment, and the regal Opera of Paris? Have you seen modes launched at the races—and fortunes lost and won?

Of course a trip to France is possible now by way of the tourist III class. . . . You travel for ninety dollars, in individual cabins on a giant French liner, or a round trip for one hundred and sixty-two dollars. The food is practically the same as for passengers who pay much more, though there's less variety. There's plenty of deck space, salons, smoking rooms—dances—and a jolly crowd.

When you get to France, you can tour—for six dollars a day. Why not try it this summer? . . . Doesn't it sound more attractive than the vacations you've been taking? Why not find out more details by writing for booklets . . . they are a trip in themselves.

French Line

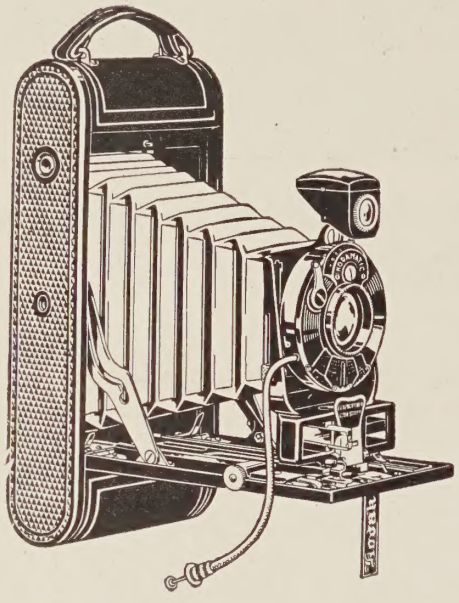
Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, 19 State Street, New York

Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities of Europe and the United States

Over Ten Years

Kodak Finishing

For Students



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Pictures Tell the Story

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1⅝ x 2½ (vest pocket)	4c
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PRESENTS

That Uproarious Roaring Star of
College Comics' Kingdom

The
Carolina Buccaneer

—IN—

A SENSATION OF ROARING GLEE

—ENTITLED—

The
Footlights Number

The Biggest, Brightest Batch of Blarney and Bull
With the Cracks of the Campus and the
Foibles of the Faculty

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER is published nine times during the College year by the Publications Union of the University of North Charolina, Chapel Hill. Subscription, $2.00 a year, 25 cents the copy. Address all communications and contributions to Post Office Box 831, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The Editors retain the privilege of slight revision of accepted material. Entered as second-class matter April 15, 1924, at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
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I do a lot of whirls and turns
When I get out of bed,
Unless I've had a snootful on
And then it's just my head.

ONLY A CO—ARSE GIRL

Buccaneer

FOOTLIGHTS NUMBER

FREDERICK H. GOSH

PRESENTS

"MIXIN'S"

A terrible thing in three acts by

FREDERICK H. GOSH

Art Director.....F. H. Gosh
Stage Manager.....F. Hasty Gosh
Costumes by.....Mr. Gosh
It got that way, by.....Frederick H. Gosh

Note: Credit is due to others.

F. H. GOSH.

CAST

Rhubard Jones, a poor tenant farmer.....Mr. Gosh
Elzory, his kittenish wife.....somebody else

Note: You can't expect me to take this part too.

F. HASTY GOSH.

SCENE: Kitchen of Rhubarb. Great desolation and sorrow apparent.

Note: This time I have decided to have the play about poor people.

MR. GOSH.

After a curtain speech by Frederick Hasty Gosh, himself, the electrician beats a tattoo upon several dishpans as the curtain raises on Rhubard and Elzory seated at a table.

ACT I

Rhubard: Ah, me!

ACT II

Elzory: Ah, me!

ACT III

Elzory and Rhubarb: Ah, us!

The curtain comes down with a thud.

Waiter: Menu, Sir?

Hayseed: What do you mean me for?

WOULDN'T LIFE BE GREAT?

Suppose, oh best beloved, that the mere mortals on this mundane maze behaved like the demi-gods of musical comedy.

Consider how beautiful it would be if everyone from the rich bootlegger down to the Secretary of State expressed their thoughts in sudden bursts of melody!

For instance, the hostess would lean toward her guest and inquire: "One lump or two?"

With an ostentatious clearing of the throat, the guest would then carol:

"I like a little sugar in my coffee,
I adore a little sugar in my tea.
But whether one or two lumps is the better,
Is something that has always puzzled me.
So to settle all the matter,
I eradicate the latter;
And to make the question warmer,
I eradicate the former—
You may be at libertee to sweeten my coffee and tea with three!

Or perhaps a brutal husband would reproach his wife for allowing his pants to become seatless. Clasping her hands to her bosom, she would warble tremulously:

"I get the meanest blues
Whenever my sweet dad-dy rants.
I'd rather take to booze
Than keep on sew-ing up his pants.
I grab my needle and I run around
Fixin' what he wears out just by sittin' down.
Holy Moses! Life ain't roses.
When you've got those frowsy trouser patchin' blues!"

As a final example, the lunatic would no longer rave incoherently. Sitting in his padded cell he would thus express himself:

"Every ole song is silly and wrong
But tweedle dee dee, tweedle dee dee.
The tune I speak of is the one that I love—
Called tweedle dee dee, tweedle dee dee."

A: How did you like the musical comedy?
A Square: Pretty good, the girls had some good lines.

"QUOTH THE RAVEN"

Bottles of spirits all remind us
We can make our nights sublime.
And awakening, leave behind us
Joys on the sands of time.

Joys that perhaps another
Imbibing of Volstead's solemn pain,
A forlorn and disheartened brother,
Drinking, may take heart again.

Let us then be up and brewing
With a heart for any fate.
Still distilling, still imbibing,
Learn to drink it, and then—wait.

SONG PLUGGER'S NIGHT-MARE

In the evening by the moon light, I have fallen in love with some other fellow's gal. She loves me and, Oh! Gosh! Oh! Golly, I'm in love. It had to be you; I've got to see my mama every night or I can't see her at all. Now she is a June bride and I'm the aggravatin' papa, and yes, we have no kids.

Bill thought "molasses" was a Scotch song.

SOME VITAL QUESTIONS

What did Chesterfield?
Why did Plymouth Rock?
What did Bismark?
What did Carribean Sea?
Why did Scotland Neck?
When did Lucky Strike?
Where did Pharoah?
Why did Minnie Ha-Ha?
What did Voltaire?
What did Rousseau?
Who killed the Dead Sea?
What did Charles Reed?
Why made Julius Caesar?

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH ANY MATINEE IDOL SUCCESSFUL DANCER

As I went into his / her spacious, elaborately furnished dressing-room, she / he came toward me with a cry, and her / his face lighted with surprise. "How jolly!" she / he said. "I haven't been interviewed today."

"What is your favorite pickle / gin ?" I asked, for a starter.

"Nobody ," she wittily replied.

"Nevertheless," he "But I am crazy about Heinz's cold cream—invigorates the skin and refreshes the face, you know. I always have it in my boudoir." / den."

"To what, if any, do you attribute your success, if any?" I asked.

"My love of the outdoors ,"

"Horseback riding and fencing," was the reply.

"But remember," she / he said as I left, "Nothing helps for success like pluck, and good hard work, and a personality like mine."

They call them Footlights—
I think "Leglights" suit them better.

HABEUS CORPUS, GILDA

I am very fond of dancing and wine,
And of luxury and everything that's fine,
But I'd spare my best potation
And forego my evening ration
Just to watch the gentle Gilda shake and twine.

First Foibles Girlie: They say that climbing is good for the hips; so I'm going to Maine next summer.

Second Foibles Girlie: Oh, you awful thing! As if there aren't lots of nice men here who could help you to get into society!

"THE END OF A PERFECT DAY"

MRS. MULLINS ON THE SUMMER SHOW

How are you this beautiful spring morning, Eva? Did you say that your Cross Word Puzzle is going to get up a musical comedy?

It is? My, my, isn't that nice! Well, last summer our little set at the hotel gave one to keep the dear old Inn pepped up and they elected me president and if I do say so, the show was a real success.

Of course I hadn't had much experience before except fixing a Roman toga out of an old sheet for Egbert to wear in a high school play and trimming it with purple off of that old dress you remember I bought at the sale at Wanfitches when the salesgirl was so impudent to me when I asked her if she were a regular church attendant. But I never was afraid of work; so I accepted the direction of the whole show. We made Mr. Larkin, the one I told you was after Elsie Howell's money and who ran off later with that Defeasant woman, the lead and he really looked almost *seductive,* Eva, except for the place where he was getting bald.

Oh, no you aren't bothering me in the least. I'm glad to tell you how we fixed our show up. Mrs. Defeasant had to take the female lead and we all told her she was so pretty that really she should have been a chorus girl and we never spoke truer words, but then I never heard anyone prove that the hussy *hadn't* been on the stage!

You've got to go? Well just let me tell you about our jokes. One of the best ones was when Mr. Larkin said, "I'm an artist," and Mrs. Defeasant said, "And I'm a model". Then Mr. Larkin said, "Well that *is* tough, isn't it?" Artist's and Models you see, my dear, but everyone didn't catch the point just at first.

Then I dressed the Chorus in their own bath suits and tied sea weed around them and they really looked lovely except that Irma Brown was bow legged and they didn't keep step.

You really aren't worrying me a bit, Eva, and there isn't any reason for your going. Well, good-bye!

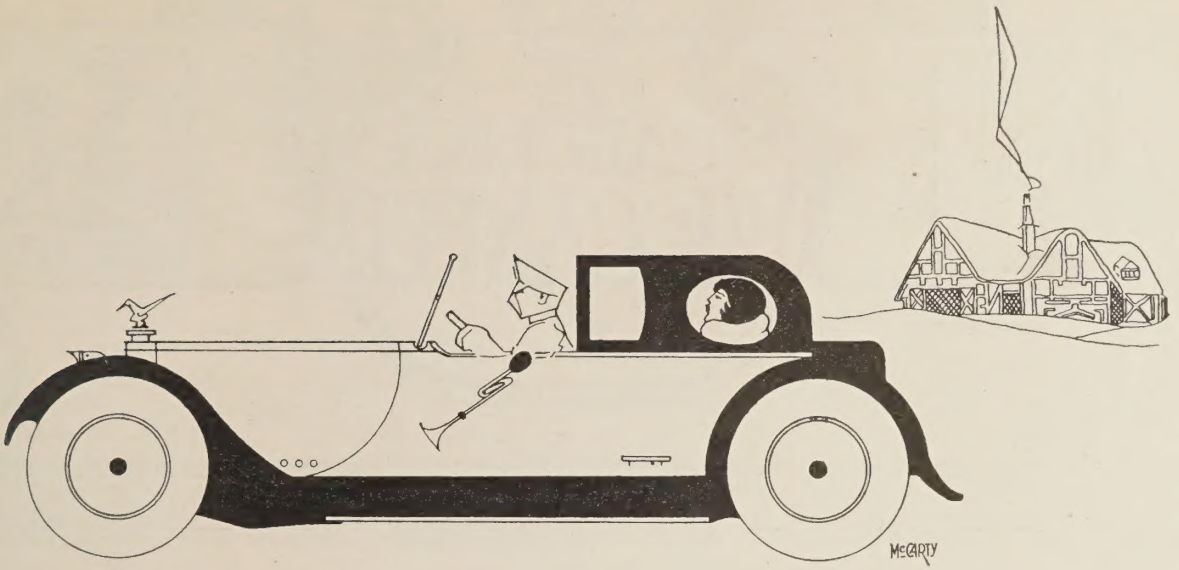
BARELY OFF STAGE

THE CURSE OF AN ACHING HEART

Barbara la Barr, the beautiful dancer, the darling of the continent's smart set, was playing the wheel furiously that night. But over her hung a star of ill-omen, and she could do nothing but lose, lose, lose. Soon she had lost all. Rising like a wraith from the roulette table, she staggered from the room, only to return in a few minutes with a bill. With a furious gesture she flung it down. All was suspense—then again she lost.

The lovely la Barr left the room, and reeled into the garden. There she drew an automatic from her voluptous bosom. She breathed a heavy sob. There was no other way out.

"I shall!" she murmured with a tremble of the lips. "I'll sell it and put the dollar back in the baby's bank."



THE POOR CHORUS GIRLIE

(Genuflections to Harry G. Smith)

(*Refrain*)

I'm only a poor chorus girlie
With an ankle and a knee,
And not a soul on God's green earth
To love and care for me:
But I don't do things I shouldn't
Nor wear much Parisian clothes;
So let's join in and sing the song
That everybody knows.

(Close harmony)
OH FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!

I

I haven't any mama
To keep me out of harm,
But I've got a diamond necklace
And a swell Long Island farm.

II

I lack the social graces
Of Miss Adeline de Pine,
But my form is quite sufficient
To keep the boys in line.

III

I've met them at the stage door
And I've ridden and I've dined,
But I never let them go too far—
A girl *must* be refined.

IV

No, I haven't any husband,
(Now) to shield me from the world,
But I draw big alimony
For a little chorus girl!

(*Refrain*)

I'm only a poor chorus girlie
With an ankle and a knee,
And not a soul on God's green earth
To love and care for me:
But I don't do things I shouldn't
Nor wear much Parisian clothes;
So let's join in and sing the song
That everybody knows.

(Close harmony)
OH FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!

WHAT THOSE DAINTY, REFINED CHORUS GIRLIES ARE SAYING

"Say, Mabel, pipe the Methuselah trying to date me. I'm goin' to take my boy out of college—I need protection."

"The bird on the aisle looks good for a meal, Agnes. *Wink.*"

"If they don't sweep off this damned stage, I'm gonna quit the act!"

"There's the producer in that box *Smile,* girls—off-season is comin'"

"What a dumb bunch of fruits bought tickets tonight!"

Artist: What is a cubist?

Student: One who teaches blockheads.

FAMOUS SAYINGS BY INFAMOUS FOLKS

"Give me liberty or give me death," cried the flea who had mistakenly taken up his abode on a skunk

"My kingdom for a horse," gasped the distance runner as he began the last lap

"Ma only regret is dat Ah's only got one life to give to mah country," said the negro as he retreated from the scene of action, "Or maybe Ah'd take a chance on one ob dem."

"It's a long road that has no end," agreed the speeding motorist as he plunged from the ferry landing into the river.

"Little folks do big things," laughed the insect as he lit on the elephant.

"De die am cast," murmed Sambo as he rolled a natural.

VOL. II MARCH 25th, 1925 NO. 7

Q. E. D.

A TRAGIC COMEDY

By R. L. Felton, and directed by him with the assistance of G. A. Cardwell, Jr., and Ted Smith.

Chas. W. Gold, Jr. ..... Producer and Business Manager
Charles Andrew McCarty ..... In charge of costumes and designing
Fred S. Wright ..... Assistant to Mr. McCarty
Lyrics and *Lines* by W. B. Vaught, R. K. Fowler, E. R. Patterson, Spencer Murphy, T. B. Freeman, J. M. Saunders, Brown Shepherd, H. E. Link, Jr., W. S. McIver.
Designs, Costumes, and *Scenery* by Brooks Tenney, Eugene Erwin, Nash Johnston, J. S. Starr, Abe Harris, James P. Sawyer, Alex Laney.
John C. Finley, Assistant to Business Manager.
Finley T. White, in charge of advertising, assisted locally by Norman C. Cooper, and nationally by Ludwig Lauerhauss.
Properties in charge of John D. Ross, assisted by R. C. Taber, and also, F. F. Simon, M. L. Stadiem, and Phil R. Whitley.

CAST

Plaster, of Paris ..... Played by Ourselves
Cast A. Ways ..... Played by Ourselves
Iron, of Foundry ..... " " Ditto.
Wax Molds ..... " " "

THE SCENES OF THIS PLAY

Are layed anywhere on the campus, but from our experience they seem especially fitting when somewhere in the vicinity of that idol of the sentamentalists, the old well, apparently the birth place and eternal throne at the University of North Carolina, of what is said to be an inherent thing, namely, the Carolina Spirit.

OVERTURE.

Hark the Sound ..... by A. Tarheel Born.
Rise Carolina Men ..... by A. Tackin Seat.
Marching Down the Field ..... by P. Destrian.

PROLOGUE:

In which we find that it only takes fifteen units to enter the University, that the personal contact with the student body will mean more than an education, that expenses are nothing to consider when entering college, that Chapel Hill was the birth place of Democracy, and that Ponce de Leon went in the wrong direction when searching for the Fountain of Youth.

ACT I

In which we enter the University of North Carolina; and by our entrance think to revolutionize the educational processes, but find that the idea is not original at all with us, for vast hordes preceding us, and huge numbers of our exact contemporaries have the same thoughts.

We are greatly awed at the number of cracks in the walls and in the professors, wondering how so many can be in such a small room and in such small men. Are also awed by the class presidents, the lack of rugs, the speedy janitors, the speech by the president, the size of the rats, the Y. M. C. A., the dumbness of college men, the size of our bill, the age of eggs, the cost of books, football players, and even editors of college publications.

We learn that the institution is co-educational, and don't think we like that very much.

We discover Davie Poplar, visit the freshman rock pile, learn to "split Carolina", are taught that the ivy on South Building is sacred, begin to think that it all amounts to something, demonstrate the belief that the word Carolina is a pass-word to heaven, become intimate with the sophomore class, and are deceived by even ourselves.

We leave for vacation, to show the fond parents a boy of whom to be proud.

(The curtain falls for three months to denote passage of time, and while time passes the orchestra renders "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles").

ACT II

In which we return with a sweater like those "the boys" were wearing when we left, and B V Ds like those we were wearing when we left, except a wee bit more ragged. Greet everyone with a "glad to see you, hope you had a big summer". Give everyone who looks new to the place a man of the world glance, and procede to show what a beastly education has done for us.

Are awed at nothing and wonder why others are. Decide that the Honor System is wrong, that Democracy is impracticable, that the coaching system is at fault, that the campus should be repainted, that classes should be abolished, that the faculty should be ostracized, that the student body is disrupted, and that everyone is mistaken except Darwin.

We talk about when we were freshmen, how we are going to make our millions, why Clara is popular, what we did when we were seventeen now that we are eighteen, how to reorganize the government on a working basis, and when to wear a bow tie.

Find that co-education is still here and *know* we dislike it.

Decide to go to Alaska and be a man of the great open spaces.

Don't know whether we'll be saxaphonists or trumpeteers, but disturb the remainder of the campus trying to be both.

Pass enough work to come back, and leave to show the home-town females what they have missed by our being absent.

(Vacation and the curtain fall at the same time the orchestra is rendering "Ain't We Got Fun").

ACT III

In which we enter again the sacred portals of this learned institution, and in addition to hoping everyone has had a wonderful summer, lie and say that ours has been the happiest, biggest, gayest summer ever. Pat everyone on the back before and after leaving. We set about rebuilding all we destroyed, reconstructing the dreams we had in our first year, satisfying ourselves that the sophomore class can do no real damage, re-establishing the fallen ideals of the campus, and on the whole playing our Pollyanna part perfectly.

Decide that everything is fine except co-education, that the ivy on South Building really is sacred, that the college songs are more sweet to our ears than ever, that we hardly know how we can ever get along without Chapel Hill grits, and that the air itself is supersaturated with goodness.

Begin to figure how we can graduate by attending two summer schools and passing seven courses a quarter instead of our usual two and a half. Begin to think we see the light.

Change our minds about Alaska and decide to go to South America since the natives there need us more. Don't know whether to go as an ambassador or as an explorer.

Are awed at nothing, but effervesce with admiration for everything, setting an example to the world by grinning perpetually and eternally.

Leave for home to show the prominent men there how we are going to make the Chamber of Commerce mean more in the future.

(The orchestra plays "Sunshine Will Follow the Rain"; but our hopes fall with the curtain, nevertheless).

ACT IV

In which we straggle back a piece at the time, and decide it will take the whole year to graduate after all. Tell about the rotten summer we had, and don't expect anyone's was any better. Furthermore, don't give a damn.

Find co-education still here, and are thoroughly convinced that we have a hearty dislike for everything pertaining to it, especially the appropriations, the "dorm", and—the co-eds.

Wonder why we ever came here, why they don't use the cement in Davie Poplar for sidewalks, why they reserve the fifty yard line for freshmen, why we ever worried over Democracy, why they don't paint something else besides the dear old well, why we continue to allow ourselves to be bull-dozed, why everybody seems so enthused, why the clock doesn't stop before time to alarm, and why another war doesn't come.

Decide to go to the devil instead of Alaska or South America. Then decide we'll not go anywhere except home.

Find an easy course and are thereby enabled to graduate. Understand, strange to say (we being educated), that we are entitled to undergo that sublime torture known as graduation. Are herded together in gowns of mourning, and have the governor, hisself, hand us a statement that a group of mere men consider us fairly intelligent.

Pack up for the last time, wondering what we'll do now; and go home to show the whole town how we fooled it.

(Curtain collapses in a faint).

CURTAIN SPEECH

In which we try to convey the idea that thus it has been, and thus it is to be; but to eliminate any anxiety on the part of the audience as to the final outcome, we state that everything comes out all right and we become farmers and bank cashiers and grocery clerks as was originally intended. And with that we bid all those who have remained, who are only ourselves, a fond good night.

SOME OF THE REASO

FOR OUR LIGHT FEET

A SONG HIT

SUCCESSFUL PLOT FORMULAS

(Every one of these is sure fire. If we weren't going into the ice business we wouldn't reveal all of them.)

FOR A TRAGEDY: A woman has a husband and lover at the same time. The husband comes home unexpectedly and shoots.

FOR A PROBLEM PLAY: A woman marries but decides that she loves her old sweetheart after all. Her husband, a minister, preaches a sermon against divorce and then comes home to find them together.

FOR A VAUDEVILLE SKIT: A young husband, doubting the faithfulness of his wife, returns home unexpectedly and finds two forms lovingly entangled on the sofa. He tears them apart and finds that he is in the wrong apartment.

PROFESSOR PINKHAM'S INVENTIONS

(In Which the Professor Revolutionizes the Theater.)

"Aha!" bespoke the professor, brother of the famous Lydia, as he unbent from over his weighty tome.

"Aha!" was my apt reply.

"I have it!" he ejaculated.

"You would," I wittily retorted.

"A plan to keep theaters from being crowded."

"Impossible," was my encouraging comment.

"Why," he propounded, "why is it that the best shows are always overflowing with spectators?"

"Why?" I cleverly mimicked.

"Because the chorus girls are on the stage."

"Where else would they be?" I ingeniously interpolated.

"So naturally the spectators have to go inside the theatre and gaze at the girls' er—beauties."

"Naturally, but—"

"So we will keep the girls on the outside of the theaters," he went on. "Then there won't be such a rush to get on the inside to see 'em."

"But why would anyone go inside the theater if the attractions were on the inside?" I neatly queried. The thing was getting too profound for me.

"Exactly," said the professor. "Then the theater would not be overcrowded. The problem is solved."

"I see," was my scathing answer.

"Simple, isn't it?"

"Awfully!" I fiercely retorted.

Mary slipped upon the sleet
And fell upon the street
Bloomers reached most to her feet—
They said she was anteek.
Laura slipped upon the sleet
And fell upon the street;
Silken things their eyes did meet—
They said she was uneek.

Nora: Why is it so much harder for an immigrant to get into the United States than for a freshman to get into college?

Bayes: In the latter case the literacy test is omitted.

JAPANESE ROSE

(A criticism as if done in collaboration by George Jean Nathan, Allan Dale, Heywood Broun, and the Crossroads. See if you can distinguish them.)

We heard the greater part of another musical production last night. It seemed to be a great success, especially the refrain of the song hit. It went, "Japanese Rose, Japanese Rose, Japanese Rose," etc. After it was sung two or three times, a couple of comedians named Hi and Lo came out and sure enough they sang a song which ran I'm Hi, I'm Lo!" They were mixed up somehow with the bandit who was also the prince and whom the princess had never seen but who had sung the delightful ditty "Japanese Rose, etc.", at her from somewhere backstage and won her love.

Why such a comedy should attempt New York at this or any other season is certainly comic to us. The gels, Ha! Ho! are strong and the men are beautiful. Despite this, the jokes could tear from us nothing more promising than a *recherché* horse-laugh nor did I at any time care a street car token whether the bandit and prince should really turn out to be the same boob or not. Not even the fate of the conventionally be-yew-ti-ful princess moved us. However, if there is one thing I like seeing better than a good play, it is good acting and I must admit that I have enjoyed Booth's performance several hundred times and never anything since. As a matter of fact, there really can be said to have been no production since.

Nevertheless, your correspondent, for one, must admit that he had tears in his eyes from the birth of the Princess in the first scene to the capture of the villain in the garden in Act III, as shrewd a bit of writing as has been seen in our theatre in many a moon. The entire play was a sweet bit from the past, coming like a breath of spring, or an April morning, a lyric thing which stirred our hearts and memories.

On the other hand, if *Japanese Rose* does not make the hit which we predict for it, it will almost certainly be a flop. The best play seen here in years, despite the most frightful writing ever written in the Nordic era, and beautifully acted except for an entire lack of dramatic proficiency, when we consider the small resources and poor stage facilities, we think that this is one of the amateur performances we have criticised and are finishing in our room at 2:30 and is not that mighty late for a little boy like us to be up?

SHE WAS A GOOD GIRL 'TIL THE LAUNDRY SHUT DOWN.

It has been discovered that Jessie James held up so many stages simply on account of the chorus gals, ha! ho!

No, Bettie, they didn't throw Moses in a Cattle Stampede when they pitched him in the Bull Rushes.

The height of absent mindedness goes to the tobacco chewer, who throws his razor out of the window and spits in the dresser drawer after shaving.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOME NEW YORK SHOWS

By One Who Has Read About Them

"WHAT PRICE GLORY?"

Lt. Casey: Come here, you ....!"

Corp. Jones: I'll be .... If I do!"

Lt. Casey: "Where in — — have you been?"

"ARTISTS AND MODELS"

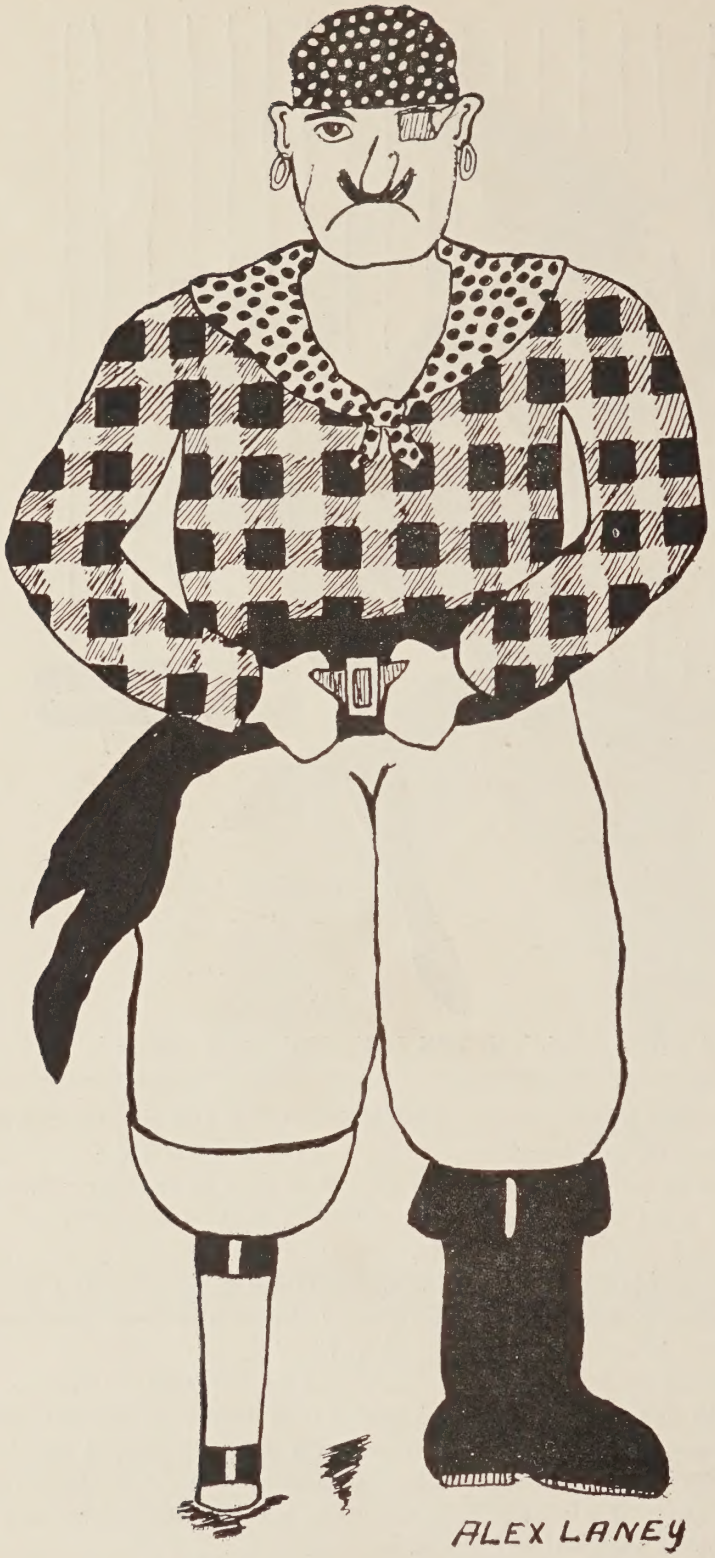
Scene I: A troupe of acrobats go through with some hackneyed stunts. The chorus comes out—each clad in a towel. The acrobats borrow the towels.

Scene II: The comedian sings: "No Man Knows About a Woman." The chorus comes on the stage and the point of the song is lost.

"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE"

Rose: "Shure and bejobbers, phwy do college boys wear thim wide belts?"

Abie: "Oi gevalt—for keeping up the pants!!"



A FOOT LIGHT

Cy: That man is as famous as Mendelssohn.

Nic: How's that?

Cy: He wrote a divorce march.

DEMENTIA

A drama of College Life.

(Written after peruing several novels of collegiate life)

Scene I: Claude's room. The wall is covered with Holeproof hosiery adds. The desk is covered with copies of Rabelais. The floor is covered with knickers and lumberjack shirts. The whole place is covered with atmosphere.

Claude: And tomorrow comes the epic struggle between our boys and the cohorts of the Pink and Tan.

Egbert: Democracy is nothing but bunk.

Claude: Will our team falter before the onslaught of our bitter rivals?

Egbert: And religion's not a bit better.

Claude: Or will they gloriously uphold the honor of our Alma Mater?

Egbert: Moreover, I don't think much of the sanctity of marriage.

(A group of boys rush in with the president's B. V. D.'s which they have just stolen.

Scene II: A class room.

PROF.: And so, gentlemen, in the face of chains and slavery, I uphold the doctrine of evolution.

CLAUDE: And they call me a barbarian because I'm not a fraternity man.

EGBERT: I was drunk Tuesday night.

CLAUDE: The cruelty—the injustice of it!

EGBERT: And I was drunk last night too.

PROF: As for me, give me evolution or give me bichloride of mercury.

Scene III: A college dance. The orchestra drinks whiskey through the saxophone. Amorous couples stagger to sheltering sedans. The floor is littered with broken commandments.

CLAUDE: We had *such* fun over in Billy's dorm.

EGBERT: That girl in green is a crook.

CLAUDE: We made a big pot of fudge.

EGBERT: I had her out one night, and believe me she's *hot.*

CLAUDE: And then we played the banjo and sang songs.

EGBERT: Say, sleep in somebody else's room tonight, will you?

(A group of boys rush in with the clapper of the fire bell.)

Fred: "Hey, son, you got a Saturday Evening Post?"
Stone: "Yes, what do you want with it?"
Fred: "Bring it out, I want to hitch my mule."

Hot: "What's on at the Pick?"
Shot: "Yolanda."
Hot: "My Laundry—I'm ruined for life."

History Prof.: "What was the Mayflower Compact?"
Brite I: "It was a dorine in which the Puritan flappers carried their complexion."

CHORUS GIRLS I HAVE KNOWN—

When I asked Maude if she liked yachting, she said "Go ahead—I'll try anything once."

Daphne claimed that she worked to support her blind mother. Her mother must have been blind or she never would have raised Daphne.

Once I offered Joan a frat pin. She indignantly replied that her frats had all the buttons on them.

Cleo specialized in high kicks and low cracks.

Margie had a verse of scripture tattooed on her back.

Beth insisted that I misunderstood her. After having one eye nicely blacked, I heartily agreed.

When I took Sybil to a costume ball, she became absent-minded and went home with a man dressed as a sailor.

Fanny wanted to know who wrote the "Physiology of Love."

One evening Gloria got terribly drunk and made an intelligent remark.

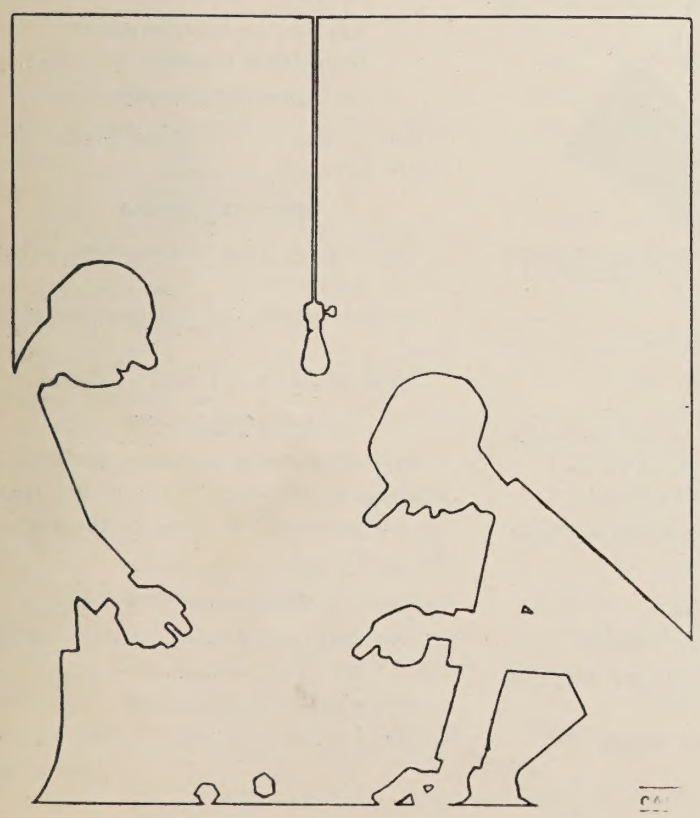
Peggy kept pure by eating garlic.

We'll be ultra-modern, when we form an inter-planet baseball league.

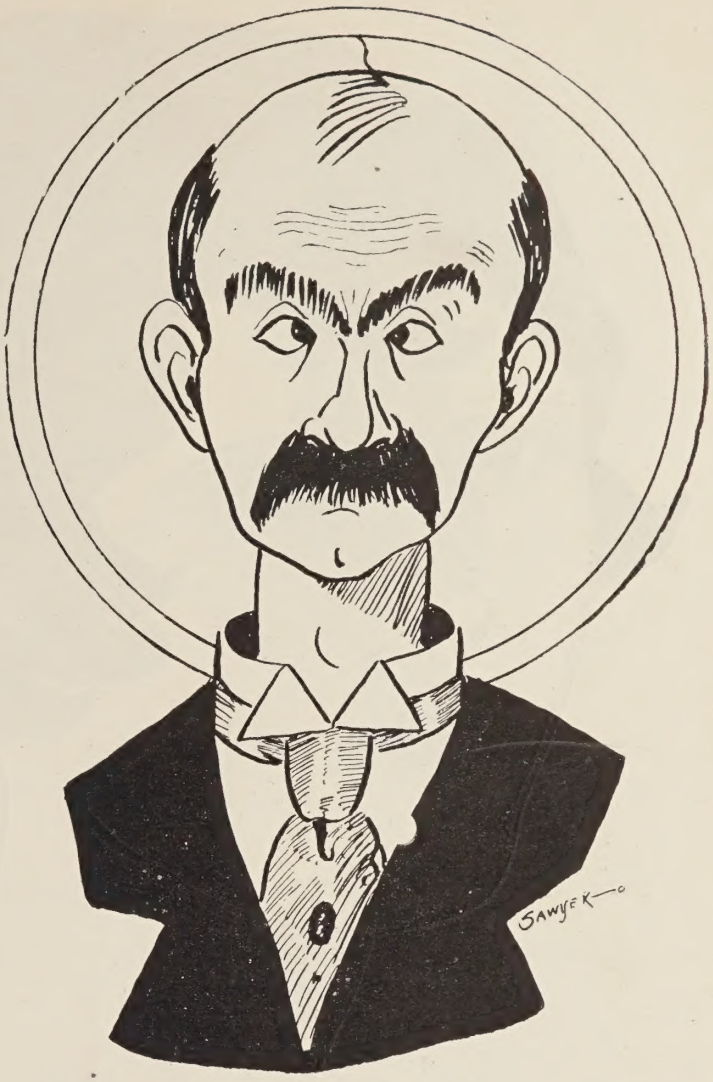
Salesman: This phonograph needs no introduction.

Gus: Why?

S.: It speaks for itself.



THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS



"EAST IS WEST"

Agri.: Did college equip your son with anything useful?

Culture: Yes. The cigarettes he smokes drives away mosquitoes and the sweaters he wears make good scarecrows.

Wife: (As sugar is being passed). Use the tongs, William.

Bill: It ain't hot, is it?

Aviator: It's all off. The propeller is broken, and we'll fall 6,000 feet.

Bathing Beauty: I hope we don't fall in water. I can't swim a stroke!

First Critic: Did you see the opening performance last night?

Second Critic: Yes.

First Critic: Who played the hero?

Second Critic: I did. I sat through the whole show!

She: What is a prospect?

She No. 2: A rich man with heart trouble!

I'm a college boy, a wild one
Who has sown without thought to reap;
I've discarded worry—am carefree,
And am betting my all in one heap.

And among my pastimes are females,
The spot-light, the painted kind;
The ones who think of the present
Who to past and to future are blind.

I've followed the Follies and Scandals,
I've lived part my time with Revues,
I've known my part of Frivolities
And from Fancies have taken my cues.

But after all it is foolish
For of all below heaven's dome
There's only one star on my stage of life—
And she's this girl back home.

THEY WEREN'T BULLS

Artist: Now this next is 'Cows' after Rosa Bonheur.

Observer: The cows are beautifully painted, but where is Rosa?

Senorita: I think John is a little hoarse.

Senor: I think you're mistaken; he's a Jack Ass.

Don't pull off tonight what you can wear tomorrow.

A kick in the jug is worth two in the mug.

The height of dumbness is awarded to E. Normus Fool. He sleeps in an ice box, so he'll feel good when he gets near a fire.

Hold Up: "Trow up yer hands er I'll shoot."

Stude: "Shoot. I wear Paris Garters, no metal can touch me."

A funny guy
Is Homer McFetts,
The things he remembers
He seldom forgets.

People who live in glass houses certainly have lots of panes.

First Co-ed: That history prof. asked me for a date today.

Second Ditto: And did you give it to him?

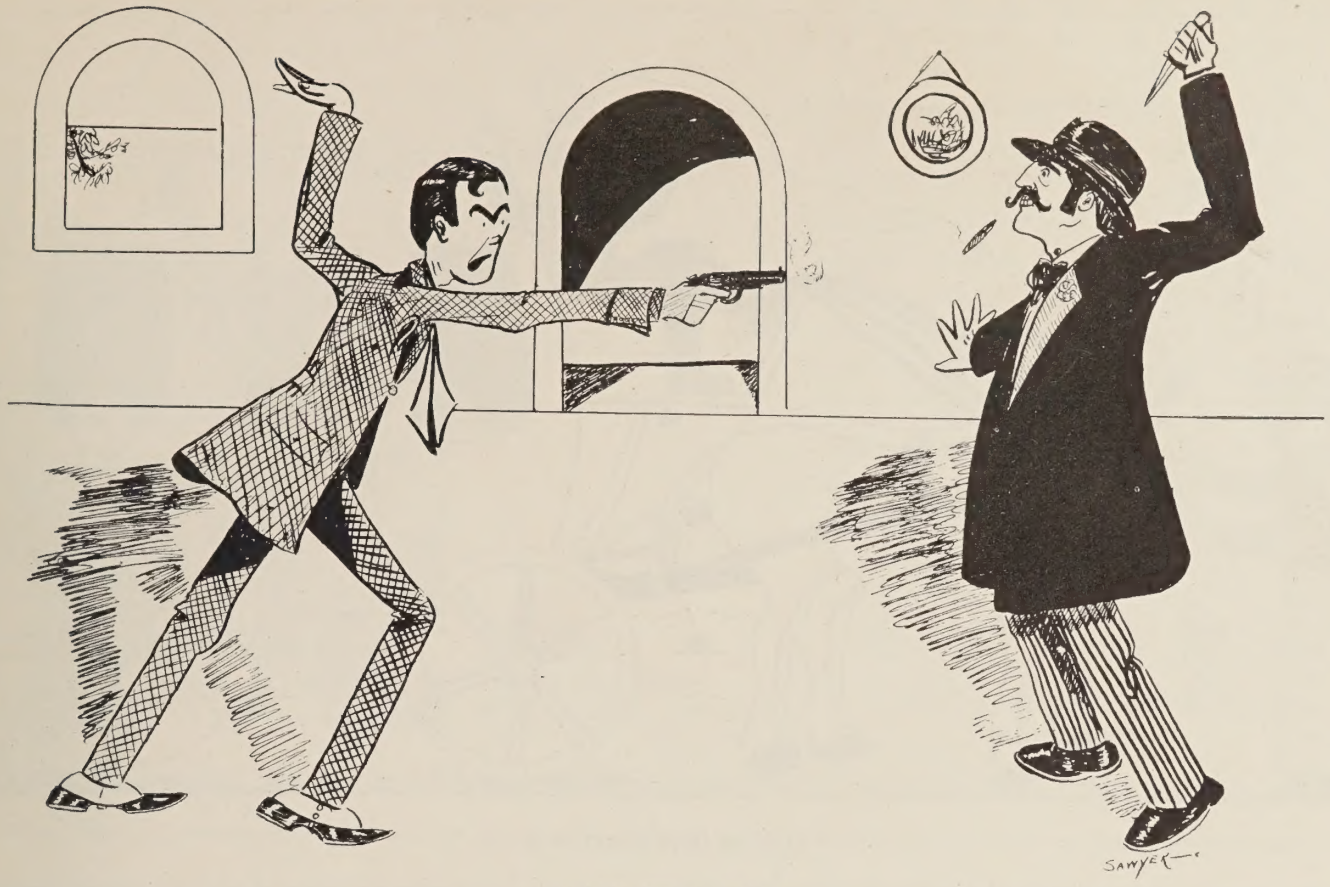
First Co-ed: No, I didn't know it.

Invitation to a stenographer's ball reading as follows: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

Too bad about Abe getting shot, wasn't it?

Abe who?

Abe Lincoln.



A SHOOTING STAR

JUST JESTS

Barber: Nex'.

Absent-Minded Stude, looking up from a copy of the *Police Gazette*: Who does?

"Shure, an' it must be the animal in me," said Mike, the brick layer, as he laid another brick.

Commerce: What course do you expect to graduate in?

Aye: In the course of time.

It used to be the family trees but now its the family check-books.

Patient: I must positively insist on knowing the worst!

Doc: Your bill will be $50.

Aesthetic: What's this, a volcano in action?

Artist: No, a college campus painted by a cubist!

She: Do you call a lyre a string instrument?

He: No, a stringing instrument.

Parlez: Did you have any trouble with your French in Paris?

Vous: No, but the Parisians did!

1: I could die dancing!

2: There are better ways to die than to be trampled to death.

Corporal: Hey you! Why haven't you shaved?

Private: There were six others using the mirror and I think I saved somebody else!

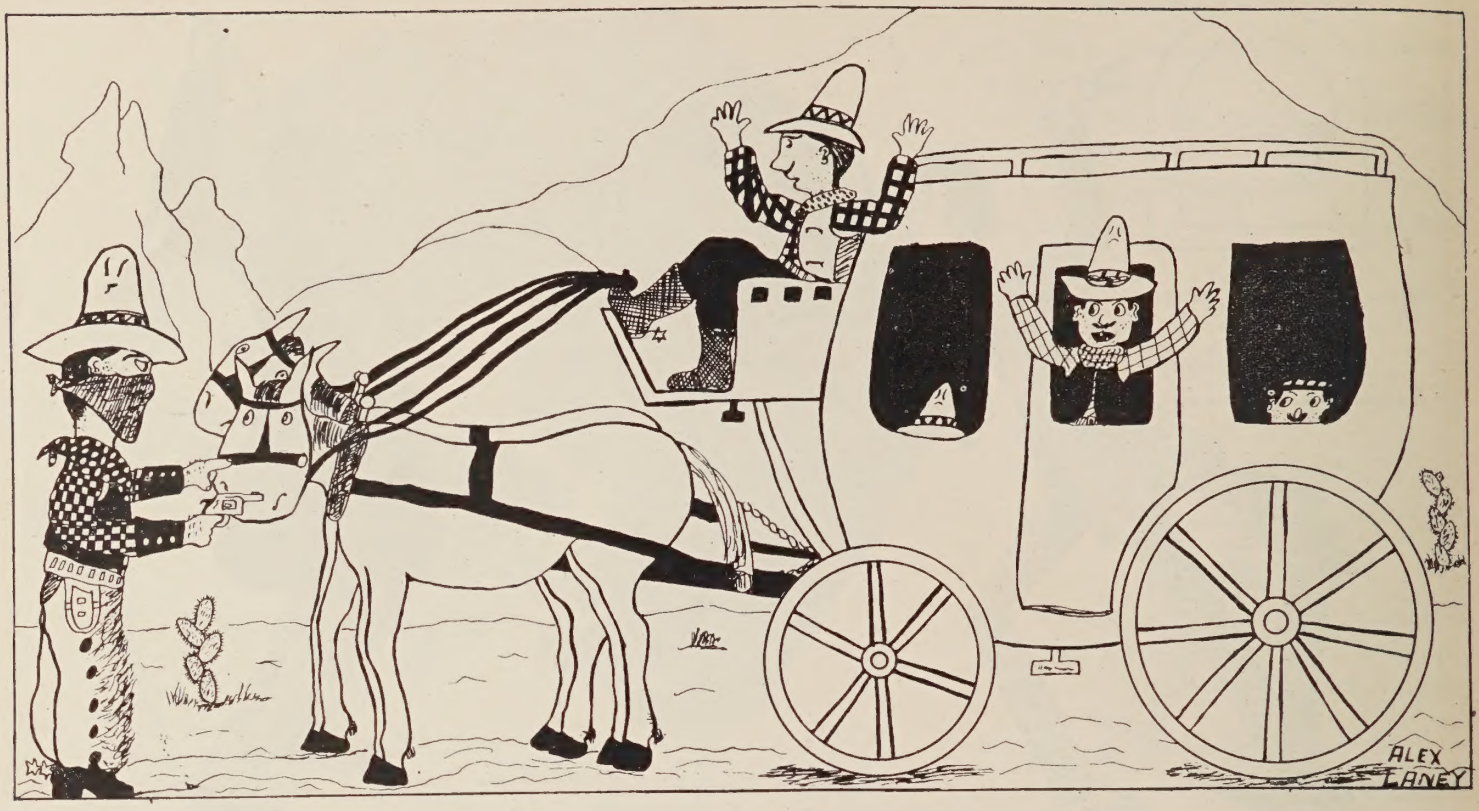
"The doctor says I must stop smoking."

"Oh, don't yet. We will soon have enough coupons to buy that new Ford."

ELIZABETH

Although she tricks me at times and makes heavy inroads into my private stock during chilly weather, I'm very much attached to Elizabeth. She's built to perfection, too. Her "understandings" are well formed and rounded as though they were the work of a master in art. It's true that she's a little wobbly behind, but that isn't necessarily a default. She used to wear lots of paint, but now only the keenest observer can detect any on her. She is, I think, like a French girl in her ways; you know, sort of jumpy in her actions and always making odd little gestures and doing something unexpected. And yet, I'll tell you, it's hard—when she and I are alone on some isolated bypath and I feel her throb and grow warm to my touch—it's hard to think that I've got to give Elizabeth up so soon—Elizabeth, my Ford.

Button up your face, your teeth are showing.



THE STAGE DIRECTOR

STRAINED RELATIVES

A kindly multi-millionaire
Lay ill upon the point of death,
And to his young and spendthrift son
He muttered with parting breath:
"One little thing I ask of you,
When you have sunk my worthless bones—
Seek out my martyred ma-in-law,
The one I called old Grandma Jones.
Long years ago, in senseless rage,
I drove her out into the night.
And now, in thinking matters o'er,
I fear I didn't treat her right.
You can identify her by
A purple mole upon her knee.
Go! Hunt for her! Give her a home!
And let her live in luxury."
He sighed and passed to his reward,
Away from scenes of mortal strife.
The son, not heeding his dad's plea,
Commenced to lead an evil life.
One night, when full of potent corn,
He wandered to a burlesque show,
And fell hard for a dame who kicked
A mean leg in the second row.
He thought he'd like to meet the girl,
No matter what her morals were—
To make a lengthy story short,
He took her out and married her.
Next morn he woke with deep regret
And gazed upon his chorine bride;
Her teeth were false, so was her hair—
And wrinkles all her face did hide.
Her figure was unspeakable,
Her legs were skinny as can be.
Moreover, as he stared, he saw
A purple mole upon her knee!
He leaped with fervor from the bed,
And filled the air with awful groans,
"Ye gods!" he cried, in accents wild.
"Ye gods, I've married Grandma Jones!"

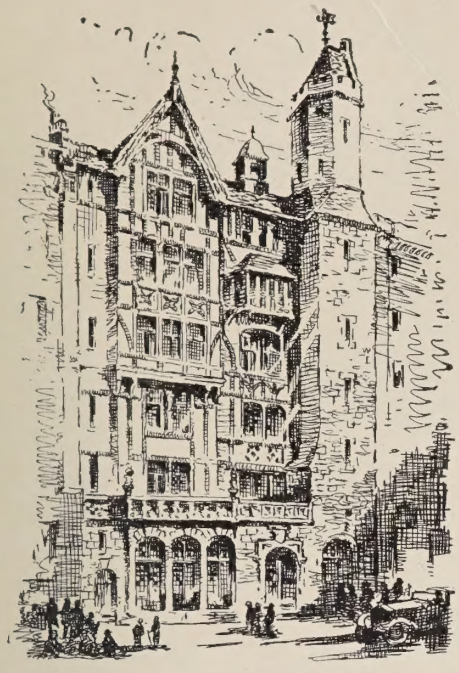
Dumb: "Have you read 'To a Nightingale?' "

Belle: "Naw, how do you manage to make 'em listen?"

Prof.: What is a vacuum?

Stude: I have it in my head but I can't think of it just now.

"Stop! there is a principal at stake," shouted the cowboy, as he rushed upon the Indians about to burn up a school teacher.—*Virginia Reel.*



Design of Finchley House Suggested by "Backs" of Old Trinity College, Cambridge, England

NOTICE

PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT IN THE NEW LOCATION, IN FIFTH AVENUE, FINCHLEY HAS ARRANGED A UNIQUE, COMFORTABLE, AND RATHER EXTRAORDINARY FLOOR WHICH IS DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE DISPLAY OF WEARABLES FOR COLLEGE MEN. SUITS, OVERCOATS, HATS, SHOES, SHIRTS, WOOLIES AND VARIOUS ACCESSORIES OF NOTABLE STYLE AND QUALITY.

FINCHLEY

Fifth Avenue at 46th Street

NEW YORK

Breathless Butler—"The chauffer's running away with your wife, sir."

Husband (yawning)—"What's he running for?"—*Black and Blue Jay.*

Sophisticated Maid (trying to arouse the interest of an indifferent Yale Senior): Look out, Johnny, I'm going to scare you. (Kisses him.) Now, Johnny, you scare me.

Johnny: Boo!—*Yale Record.*

Prof: "I take great pleasure in giving you 81 in math."

Stude: "Aw, make it a hundred and enjoy yourself."—*Orange Owl.*

Long-gone: I shay, iz ish a hand laundry?

Chin Hung-Lo: Yessee, allee samee is.

Long-gone: Well, wash m' hands.—*Phoenix.*

Gogo: What were Columbus' reasons for discovering America?

Stopstop: He wanted to find a short route to the Indies.

Gogo: Hell! Why didn't he wait till they finished the Panama Canal?—*Yale Record.*

DR. ROBERT R. CLARK

DENTIST

Over Bank of Chapel Hill

Sailing West to India

SINCE the days of Christopher Columbus men have felt the call to "sail due west to find India". In an organization like Westinghouse, such pioneering spirits find happy haven as research engineers. Their every thought is a question—every energy bent to discover new and more effective answers to baffling problems.

Immediately Westinghouse began to build alternating current machines of high voltages, for example, the problem of insulation became acute. For thirty-five years high voltages and insulation have formed an endless chain of problems. As voltages have been increased, improved insulation has been demanded. As insulation has been bettered, voltages have been still further increased.

One striking contribution of Westinghouse research engineers has been the perfection of an entirely new insulation material—Micarta. Possessing many of the qualities of metal, paper, fiber, mica, gum, rubber, Micarta differs in radical respect from all of these.

It serves industry indirectly as improved insulation material, and also directly because of superiorities when used for gears, propeller blades, and the like.

Only the imagination can set a limit on the field for the research engineer —or for an organization that centers around him.

Westinghouse

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

The following advertisement was seen recently in a mazazine:

Bailey, Banks, and Biddle Company

Watches for Women

of

Superior Design

and

Perfection of Movement

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Purchaser—"What is the charge for this battery?"

Garageman—"One and one-half volts."

Purchaser—"How much is that in American money?"

—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

"What sort of a writer is Theodore Dreiser?"

"Very sexessful, my dear."—*Purple Cow.*

"The sweetest pipe in the world"

It's a W D C
W D C
TRADE MARK
The Milano is made in 26 smart shapes in smooth finish, from $3.50 up; rustic finish, $4.00 up—all *insured* for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.
MILANO
The Insured Pipe
Insurance Policy
covering one
W D C
MILANO
PIPE
This snappy style is No. 1780
WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The Return of the Opera Hat for the Well Dressed Man

©VANITY FAIR

For some time past the well dressed man has worn his top hat (a silk hat) for evening wear instead of the old-fashioned crush or opera hat. In London and Paris, the top hat is always worn with a dinner coat sa well as with a dress suit, but of late the opera hat has come back into fashion among such men who are wearing dinner jackets more than they used to for semi-formal occasions. There is much to be said in favor of the opera hat. It is the most convenient hat for theatre wear and takes up less room in the lap or under the seat than any other hat made. Its dull surface is more suited to wear with a dinner jacket than the glossy surface of the top hat, but, except for theatre wear, the immaculate looking, very dressy top hat still has first place for the most formal occasions when dress clothes are worn. In the season in New York, dress clothes are much worn and are certainly in better taste than a dinner jacket for mid-winter wear on almost all occasions, but as Vanity Fair has often remarked, a man displays bad taste when overdressed just as he does when under-dressed, and if dinner jackets are to be the order of the evening, then dinner jackets should be worn for whatever the occasion may be.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write the "Well Dressed Man" care the BUCCANEER and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

Blue Bell Overalls

For

Blue Blooded Men

He had been married about a year and had taken to spending his evenings downtown with the boys. One night his conscience worried him. So he called his young wife up.

"Hello, kid," he began; "say, slip on some old clothes and run down and meet me on the quiet. We'll have a good dinner and then we'll get a machine and smear a little red paint around. How about it?"

"I'll be delighted to join you, Jack, but why not come up here and get me? There's nobody home."

As the husband's name was Tom, he now spends his evenings at home.—*Lehigh Burr.*

Sign in Ku Kluxer's office window: "Will be back at once. Out to lynch."—*Bison.*

Voice over the phone: Are you the lady that washes?

Lady: No!

Voice over the phone: You dirty thing!—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

Dear Old Lady: Can you please tell me the berth rate for the Twentieth Cenury?

Agent: See the government statistics, madame. This is a Pullman office.—*Lampoon.*

"Now listen, son, don't go doing any Paul Revere stuff over rough back roads."
"Don't worry, Dad. Since I had these Kelly Balloons put on there aren't any rough roads."

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

Craftbuilt Printing

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

Christian & King Printing Company

Craftbuilt Printing

212 NORTH CORCORAN STREET
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

"The Wolverine"

Braeburn

SMART STYLED CLOTHES FOR COLLEGE MEN

Tailored at Rochester

She wasn't much of a chicken, but she was a hell of a good egg.—*Lehigh Burr.*

"Good morning, Mrs. O'Connor, and is Pat at home?"

"Sure, and where are your eyes, Dinty Murphy? Isn't that his shirt hangin' in front of ye on the line?"—*Yale Record.*

Shocked and disillusioned the beautiful young bride burst into paroxysms of burning tears. She had just compared her husband to the B. V. D. advertisements.—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

Daughter (embracing the father): Daddy, you are a perfect dear, aren't you?

Pater: Well, if it's over twelve dollars, I'm not.—*Illinois Siren.*

"Why do the boys like to play golf with Eleanor?"

"She always makes a wild drive into the woods at the 14th hole."—*Gargoyle.*

"It was a ghastly night in a morgue, and suddenly——"

"Ah!"

"I heard a corpse coffin!"—*Gargoyle.*

DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

Joe Gish learns about women from

EMILY
the Incurable Romantic

Emily was one of those intrepid girls who will rush out into the cold night with nothing around them but a man's arm. That in itself might have been borne, but just as everything was getting pleasantly clubby, I discovered her secret vice.

She is a slave of free—almost illicit—verse. She pours out her soul in unfettered rhythms for a whole evening at a stretch. The picture above shows Emily observing that "the moonlight on the sea is my love engulfing thee." I am seen going down for the third time.

If Emily had only stuck to the safe and regular line she might have acquired a husband and the Gish fortune. But she deserves no sympathy. Try as I did, I couldn't get her to read *Vanity Fair* instead of *Poetry*. And thus she failed to learn that even romance must be taken with a certain lightness in this day of spigot-bigots.

Joe Gish

10 issues for $2

VANITY FAIR

TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN

Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Conn.
Dear Vanity Fair: Emily isn't the only poet around.
Read this: I never saw Miss Emily,
I never hope to greet her;
But kindly send me *Vanity*
To coach me lest I meet her.
Enclosed find TWO DOLLARS for TEN ISSUES.
(*Yes, dear reader, that last line is true poetry.*)

Name, etc. .....
.....
.....

Illustration copyright by Vanity Fair

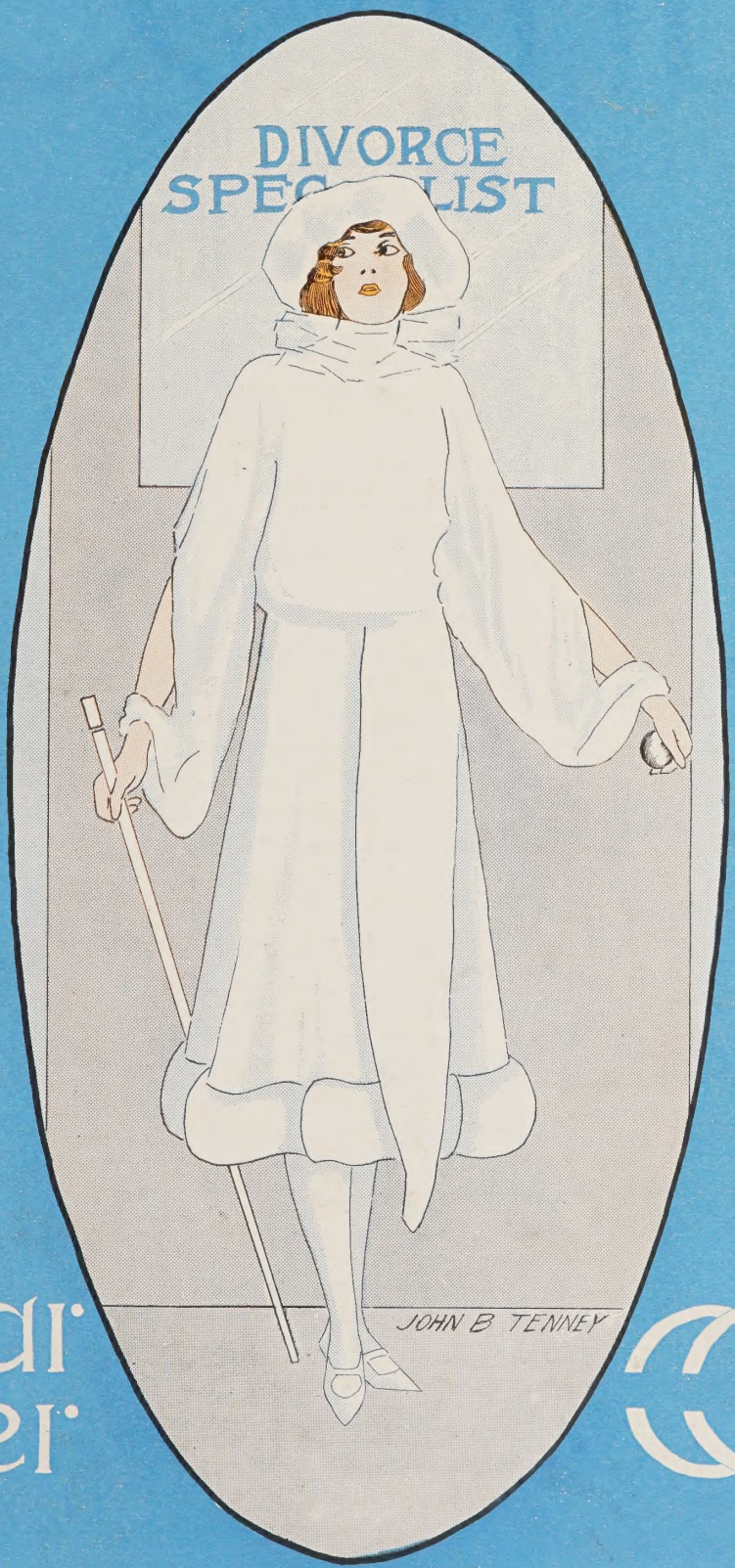
PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

Rich fragrant mellowness

(Those three words belong to **Camels***)*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

BUCCANEER



singular number

DIVORCE

Hollingsworth

UNUSUAL CANDIES

MOTHER

I love your hallowed hands
That blessed me on your knee,
The fairy lips that pressed my own,
In days of childish glee;
I love the eyes, that tear dimmed
Have smiled their love to me.
May God reward your tenderness
Your kind and thoughtful care,
And make each day your happiness,
Bespeak the love you bear.

SEND THIS FRAMED VERSE AND A BOX OF *HOLLINGSWORTH*
TO MOTHER ON *MAY 10th, MOTHER'S DAY*

SUTTON & ALDERMAN

Druggists

CHAPEL HILL . . . . NORTH CAROLINA

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW ON EARTH!

That's our job. To bring to you only the newest and smartest ideas in things to wear - when you want them. The fact that thousands of college men depend on us proves that we're succeeding

Look for announcement of our next exhibit

WALLACH BROTHERS
New York

He (after five minutes of embarrassing silence): Don't you think that the floor is unusually flat tonight?—*Purple Cow.*

Officer: Eyes, right!

Negro Private: Who's right?

Negro Serg.: Shut up ,nigger, he's right.—*Emory Toreador.*

First Student: "I wonder how old Mrs. Jones is."

Second Student: "Quite old, I imagine. They say she used to teach Caesar."—*Dirge.*

She: Say something soft and sweet to me, dearest.

Romeo: Custard pie.—*Puppet.*

Four Weeks in France at the Cost of an Ordinary Vacation

A GOLDEN noon under striped umbrellas—chicken en casserole fit for a prince and his court . . . Barbizon. A million jewels in the air, tossed against the sky—the spirit of history in lovely and stately rooms—gardens that make you dream of the long ago—Versailles, with the fountains playing. Moonrise from Sacre-Coeur. Twilight in the Bois.

A day at the races with every mannequin in Paris looking her very smartest. Dinard, Deauville, Le Touquet, Biarritz—and all the chic world of three continents spending millions to make a spectacle for you.

The Riviera with summer prices—jeweled with little red roofed towns and sparkling beaches, banded by the Corniche Road where every turn provides a never-to-be-forgotten view. There is Marseilles, almost a port of oriental North Africa. The French Alps, the Pyrenees, are accessible by means of wonderful motor roads. The chateau country makes romance and medieval fable live again.

You know, that you can go to France this summer for $140.00, in the large French Line one-cabin liners—with French service and French cooking. You can make a round trip for $162.00—Tourist III class, with individual rooms. . . . You can live well in France—and tour—on six dollars a day . . . Write for interesting brochure.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, 19 State Street, New York

Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities of Europe and the United States

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

Craftbuilt Printing

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

Christian & King Printing Company

Craftbuilt Printing

212 NORTH CORCORAN STREET
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Made to Measure

$29.50

WE WIN!

College Men everywhere are fast turning to *Stetson D* because here, at least, are clothes which meet every requirement of style, wear and price.

See the New May-Time Shades

Showing at SUTTON & ALDERMAN
MAY 15-16

Stetson D
BALTIMORE

"Nationally Known—Justly Famous"

Nurse: "Yes, Johnny, the doctor brought twins."

Johnny: "That's what we get for having a specialist."—*Mugwump.*

Captain: Right about face!

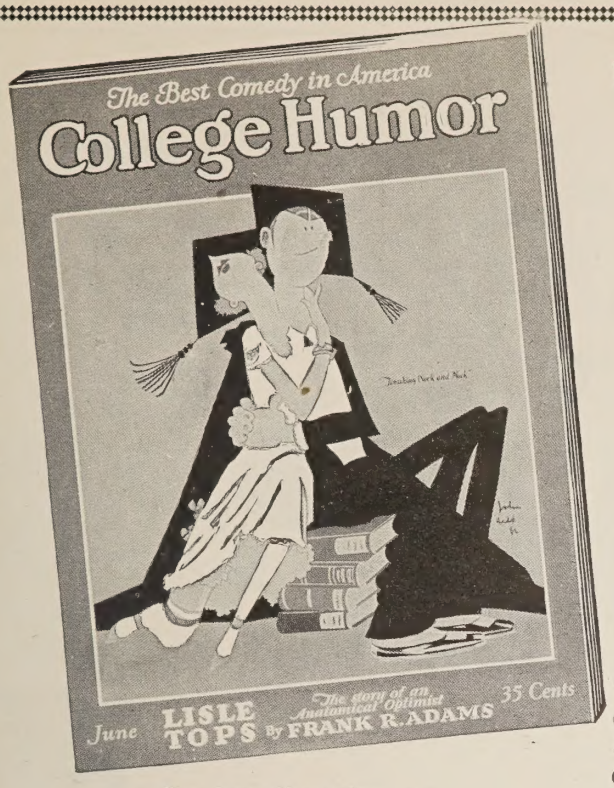
Rookie: Thank goodness, I'm right about something!

—*Exchange.*

Artist: "This, sir, is my masterpiece—'The Maniac'."

Critic: "Why, man, there's nothing there but a bare canvas."

Artist: "Exactly sir—out of sight, out of mind."—*Beanpot.*



You best efforts when accepted, will popularize your Comic with millions in

College Humor

"The Best Comedy in America"

Chicago

the June issue

from start to finish is a world-beating magazine

"finishing Neck and Neck" an incomparable John Held, Jr., cover.

four winners in the June humorous and fiction classic:

Frank R. Adams
Thyra Samter Winslow
Charles Collins
Robert Benchley

An artistic steeplechase — no handicaps by:

Franklin Booth
Arthur William Brown
R. F. Schabelitz
Ralph Barton

The very best from the leading college comics— and the second installment of "GLITTER" by Katharine Brush.

COLLEGE HUMOR *is always eager to secure the work of Collegiate Humorists. Send us your best material during the summer vacation.*

COLLEGE HUMOR *now has vacation openings for college men who will work on a salary and bonus arrangement, for a ten weeks period. Go-getters with previous sales experience wanted.*

The conductor examined the transfer thoughtfully and then announced: "Lady, this transfer expired an hour ago."

"No wonder," she answered, digging into her pocketbook, "with not a single ventilator open in the whole car."—*Black and Blue Jay.*

Jack (growing passionately poetical): "I'm only a tiny pebble in your life."

Jill: "Then why don't you become a little boulder?"—*Tiger.*

"Marriage is a wonderful institution."

"Yes, indeed; no family should be without it."—*Record.*

No, niggar, Ah ain't mad, I'se just peeved. When Ah gits mad, Ah gits real black in de face.—*Pointer.*

"I'sh 'fraid t'go home. Wife shmel me breath."

"Hold ya breath."

"Can't, 'stoo strong."—*Mercury.*

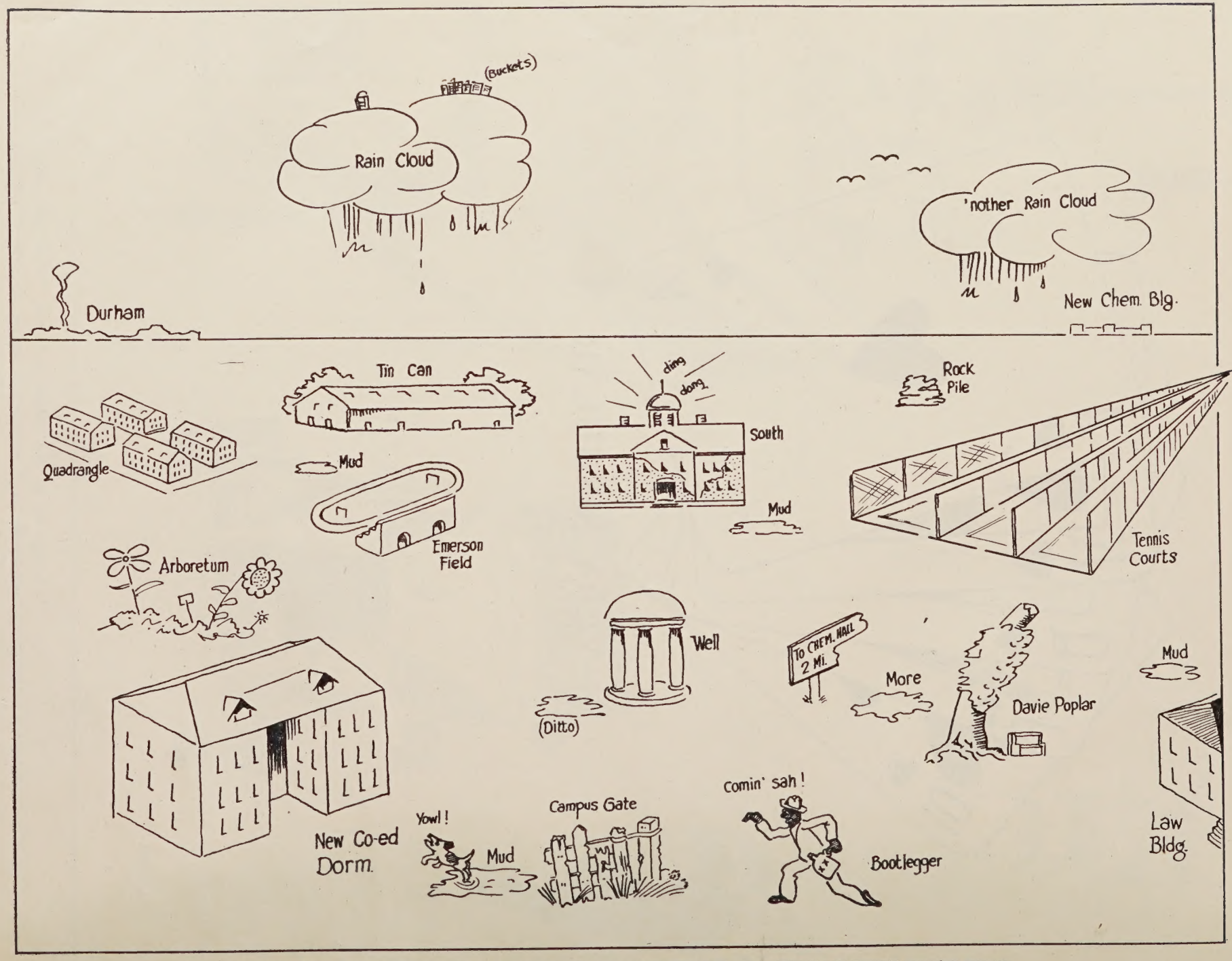
First Frat Bro.: "Who's the swell broad you just said Hi to?"

Second Stew: "Why, you dummy, she's the girl who lives next door to us."

First Frat Bro.: "Yeh? I didn't recognize her all dressed up that way."—*Hogan's Alley.*

"What's the idea, Bill? You just missed him by an eyebrow!"
"Yes, confound it! He's the fellow who sold me shock absorbers the day before I got those Kelly Balloons!"

VERY SINGULAR



ZINC ETCHING IMPRESSION OF CAROLINA BY ONE WHO HAS ACTUALLY BEEN RIGHT THAR.

BUCCANEER

SINGULAR NUMBER

VOL. II No. 8

HIS—STORY

When America was young and redmen, instead of Fords, made it perilous to travel the bypaths after sundown, there lived the mighty chieftan, Sitting Hen. Daring was the white man who picked the feathers of this chicken. And yet, somewhere within the eggshell of Sitting Hen's nest, lived the captive maiden Lambare, captured while an infant when the redskins raided one of Don Itte's stills. Many suns had come up and gone down (and several cloudy days had also passed) since the eyes of a white man had feasted on the unfortunate maid. Black rumors, however, had entered the ears of civilization concerning the pulchritude of the captive damsel.

There lived in Grease at this time a dashing young noble, the peer Tobedumb, who was only egged on by the plots that Sitting Hen hatched. He swore that he'd free the beautiful wench from her bonds and bring her to the next shag given by the exclusive order of BeeRinakeg. Together with his soapstone buddy, Count Meout, and a boot of burning corn he set out for the roost of the Hen. They were fortunate in securing a ride on a train of thought and soon arrived in Hennery. "May your seat ever be soft, Oh Chief," said the peer Tobedumb when he beheld Sitting Hen. "I have with me a boot of burning corn which I will exchange for the captive maid." "'Tis a bargain," exclaimed the Chief, "Give me the corn." "With pleasure!" laughed Tobedumb, as he removed his boot and displayed a corn. "I'll vouch for the fact that it burns."

"The peer is a scheming fellow," clucked the Hen, "Bring on the damsel, he is justly deserving of her."

The following mulegram was received at the order of BeeRinakeg several days later. "Am returning with Iambare. Enlarge door of lodge. Meet us at station with truck. Can see why named Iambare. Not enough cloth found to cover with. Truly, peer Tobedumb.

THE TWISTED TOOTHBRUSH

The body of Silas Sapp, the Coffin King, was found in the kitchin sink early Sunday morning. His head had been removed, both legs were missing, and he was entirely unclothed. There wasn't much of him left. But he was still a Sapp; his face wore a brave smile. A broken toothbrush was in his hip pocket. This was strange. Silas never cleaned his teeth; in fact, he had no teeth. At present he had no head.

A telephone message was sent for Wurgle, the great detective, but he couldn't come. He was already there, cleverly disguised as an O Cedar Mop. He was a slick article. At once he went down in the cellar and took charge of the case. He returned five minutes later and shouted, "After a strong bottle, I mean battle, I have secured a clue."

He held up a large rat-trap. "Last night," said he, "Mr. Sapp went into the cellar and found a gigantic rat in his trap. The creature was choking to death on a toothbrush and Mr. Sapp kindly tried to remove it. Madly the animal turned upon him and devoured him. I deduce this from a pair of nail scissors I found in the stove. How he got into the sink I do not know. He either walked or was carried."

The family had started looking for the will when a man crawled out of the rat-trap. "I am Wurgle, the detective," he cried, "and I adapted this disguise to clear up the assassination of Lincoln. That man is not a detective—he is Silas Sapp, himself, who has long eluded justice. The body in the sink was nothing but a beef steak. It was a vulgar ruse to avoid capture, but it failed. He had too much at steak. Silas Sapp is really Sally Soop, the female jewel thief. I am of the Southeast Mounted. I have gotten my woman."

"But my children?" objected Mrs. Soop.

"Children? Ridiculous. I never err." And the great sleuth seized his prey, disguised himself as a passing breeze, and blew.

HOT TIMES HAVE BEEN IN SOUTH CAROLINA

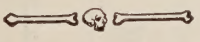
The sun no longer shines in South Carolina,
The very air itself is cold and dank.
The tender flowers bend their heads and shiver
Like bathing girls when thrown into a tank.

The birds no longer sing in South Carolina,
But seek a refuge in their hidden nests.
The cities stand in suffocating silence
Like traveling men with egg upon their vests.

A death-like pall hangs over South Carolina;
No sound of gladness greets the new-born day;
All, all is gloom and sad depression,
Because, you see, my wife has gone away.

I sit alone and think of South Carolina—
Once full of jay, now wholly grey and bleak;
Sunk into sorrow, voiceless and forsaken
Like a parrot with a bottle on his beak.

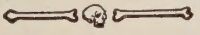
We quarreled yesterday—and now she's left me—
Torn away by grim, relentless Fate.
She's gone back to her home in South Carolina.
Alas—the poor, unhappy, luckless state.



It came as a *Most Singular* surprise to us to find:

Sanity
Initiative
Novelty
Genealogy
Uusefulness
Learning
Rationalism

————————in our Legislature.



They had grown up together, but he had made a big success and she had just returned home from business college, also determined to take up her place in the business world, and to sacrifice everything to her ambitions.

He had seen the announcement of her return in the evening paper. He jumped in his Strutz 2 and dashed around to see her.

"Will you——?" he began.

But no, she mustn't. All her dreams of a triumphant business career would be smashed.

So she put him off.

Finally, at the end of the third week, his persistence was rewarded.

She would give up her silly ideas.

And as she looked up into his soft brown eyes, she whispered gently, "Dearest, what is it you have to ask me?"

"Will you," he pleaded, "accept a position as one of my stenographers?"

R H I A S
T I T E L G T F N A T C
P H T I

Just the other night, I toddled to a dance,
kite;
a I
as was
high all
got in r e.
I a t a c
Where n
was having my
I dancing around, the of life,
all time
And the nicest girl I found, was my next-door neighbor's wife.
Iheldherupsoclose; w e d r i f t e d o u t f o r a i r,
But what do you suppose children? Her husband found us
there!
up, he
me knocked
beat me
He down,
u p.
He ground me to a p I looked just like a clown.
l
though of bliss
Yes, I staggered dance,
'twas full to the
m
I e so e-w k th e i y
ca e hom hat li this, wi bull s m pant
m e t n s.

A WINDOW DRESSER

THE WOMAN HATER

Casper Lee was tired of life
And longed to break his family ties.
He dreamed of solitary bliss
Beneath some far secluded skies.

He hated Ermyntrude, his wife,
He hated all his children four—
Casper, Jr., Gladiola,
Algernon and Sylvadore.

So one dark night he packed his clothes,
Took all the money he could find,
And with a smile of sweet content
He left his cares and kids behind.

He chose a little tropic isle,
And built a house all of his own
Where he could sit and meditate,
And give thanks that he was alone.

Five years later on the isle
A row of houses dots the beach,
And on each wooden porch there sits
A comely, brown skin island peach.

In all, they number thirty-three,
And every one is Casper's wife;
Casper, the man who fled from home,
Who craved to lead a single life.

He rests upon a palm leaf bed,
Counting his kids upon the shore—
Casper, Jr., Gladiola,
Algernon and Sylvadore.

Woodrow Wilson, Clementina,
Tim and Tom, the fat twin brothers,
Hezekiah, Agnes, Myrtle,
And just about six dozen others.

SINGULAR QUESTIONS

How much is ½ plus ½

What did Methuselah do with all his birthday presents?

How many more chimpanzees in the movies than human actors?

How far is it to Reno?

DAMYANKEES

A mother and her two daughters were traveling south for the first time. The train had stopped at a station below the Mason Dixon line. Mother wanted to know the name of the town so she sent the daughters to opposite ends of the train to find out.

One of the girls returned a few seconds before the other. "The name of this town is *White*," she said.

"Oh it is not," said the other, "it's *Colored*."

WISE DUCK: "And then she moved closer to me and I locked my arms about her, and—"

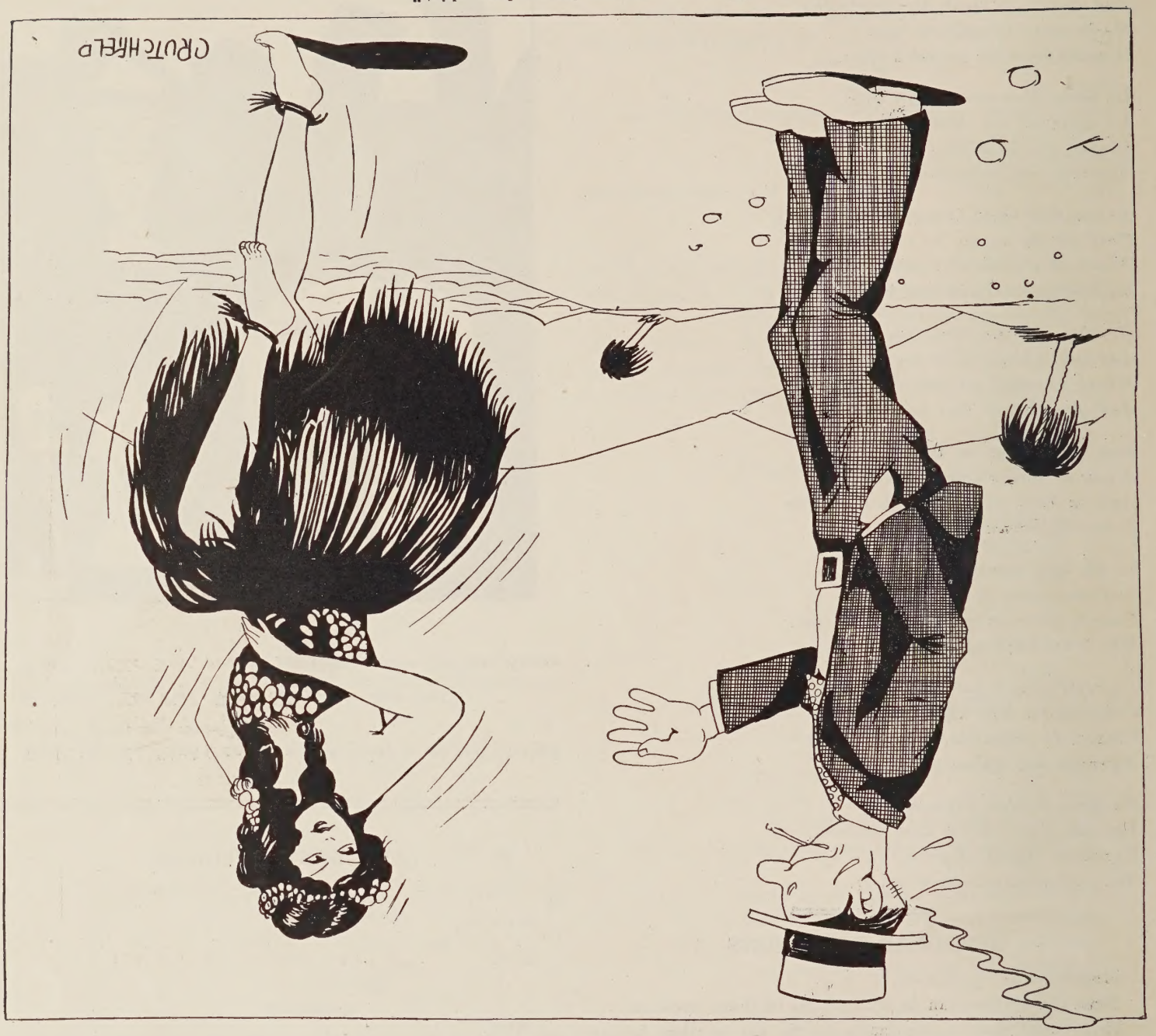
GOOSE: "You did? What did you do that for?"

WISE DUCK: Now, what *do* you think *I* got a Phi Beta Kappa key for?"

SINGULAR NUMBERS

One.
A
bachelor,
but
not
not
necessarily.
Nun,
warily.
very
watched
If
Twins,
If
one
of
'em's
dead.
And sweethearts,
bed.
to
gone
Bobbie's
When

Who?: "I see you have a lawn skirt."
Lou: "Yes? And how's that?"
Who?: "It's grass."



A RHAPSODY IN D—

She snuggled closely to him and he put his arms around her neck in the very best of approved fashions for neck-artists. Oh! How soft and warm and pretty she was! Only an angel, thought he, could be more beautiful than she. In her lovely dark gray cloak she was the picture of all that was handsome in female of the species.

Cautiously he drew her to him and then onto his lap. She struggled only slightly for this was an everyday occurrence with her. Nearer and nearer he drew her to him. It seemed that he could hardly keep his hands off her. She was all that he had ever hoped for. She muttered something that was hardly audible, but which he took to mean, "Yes." Passionately his hands brushed her hair. Never had he seen a female so attractive and yet so willing.

"Ouch"!!!

The damned cat had scratched him.

LISTEN, NOW

"Great aches from little corns grow."

Several Reasons For and Against Singularity

PROFESSOR PINKHAM'S INVENTIONS

"Tra la! tra la!" said the famous professor, brother of the well-known Lydia.

"The flowers bloom in the spring," was my witty reply.

"No!" he exploded. "I have discovered a way to stop the vicious cross-word puzzle craze."

"Splendid!" was my apt sally. "How?"

"We will have the words not cross," he carefully expounded.

"And then," I briskly intruded.

"And then they won't be cross-word puzzles," he explained.

"Of course," I carefully thought out. "So they won't—"

"They won't be crossword puzzles. There being none, there can be no cross-word puzzle craze. Eureka!"

"Exactly," I snorted.

"And here's another. A prevention of college humorous publications."

"How?" again was my stolid query.

"We will, pass a law against people laughing at them," he told me.

"And then—"

"And then, since no one laughs at them, they will cease to be humorous, since a humorous publications must make you laugh."

"Of course," I abjectly intruded.

"Since they cease to be humorous, there will be no college humorous publications."

"How singular," was my appropriate interpolation, whereupon we went out and shot the author.

ADVENTURES OF BINKS

Binks walked down the street in his pyjamas.

A traffic cop smiled pleasantly at him.

He bought a newspaper in which not a single murder trial was mentioned.

He listened to a speech by H. L. Mencken in favor of the KU KLUX KLAN.

He had cabbage and whipped cream for lunch.

John D. Rockefeller whined for alms.

Binks tossed him a dime.

He joined a mob which fought it's way into a store where there was a sale of Bibles.

He attended the final performance of Abie's Irish Rose.

A bootlegger offered him Scotch at $2 a quart.

Binks refused.

He crossed the street and every automobile stopped to let him pass.

Night fell.

A girl accosted him on a dark corner.

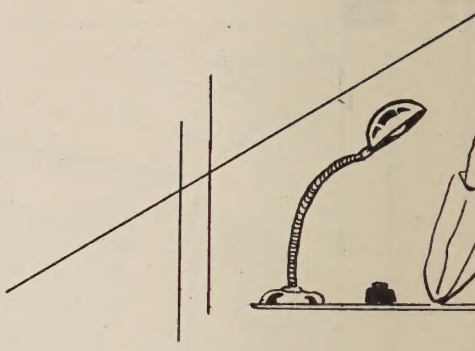
She belonged to the Salvation Army.

He saw a good picture directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

He went to bed at 9:30.

SOMETIMES

"A Miss is as good as a Mrs."



SING

OUR OYSTER HUNT

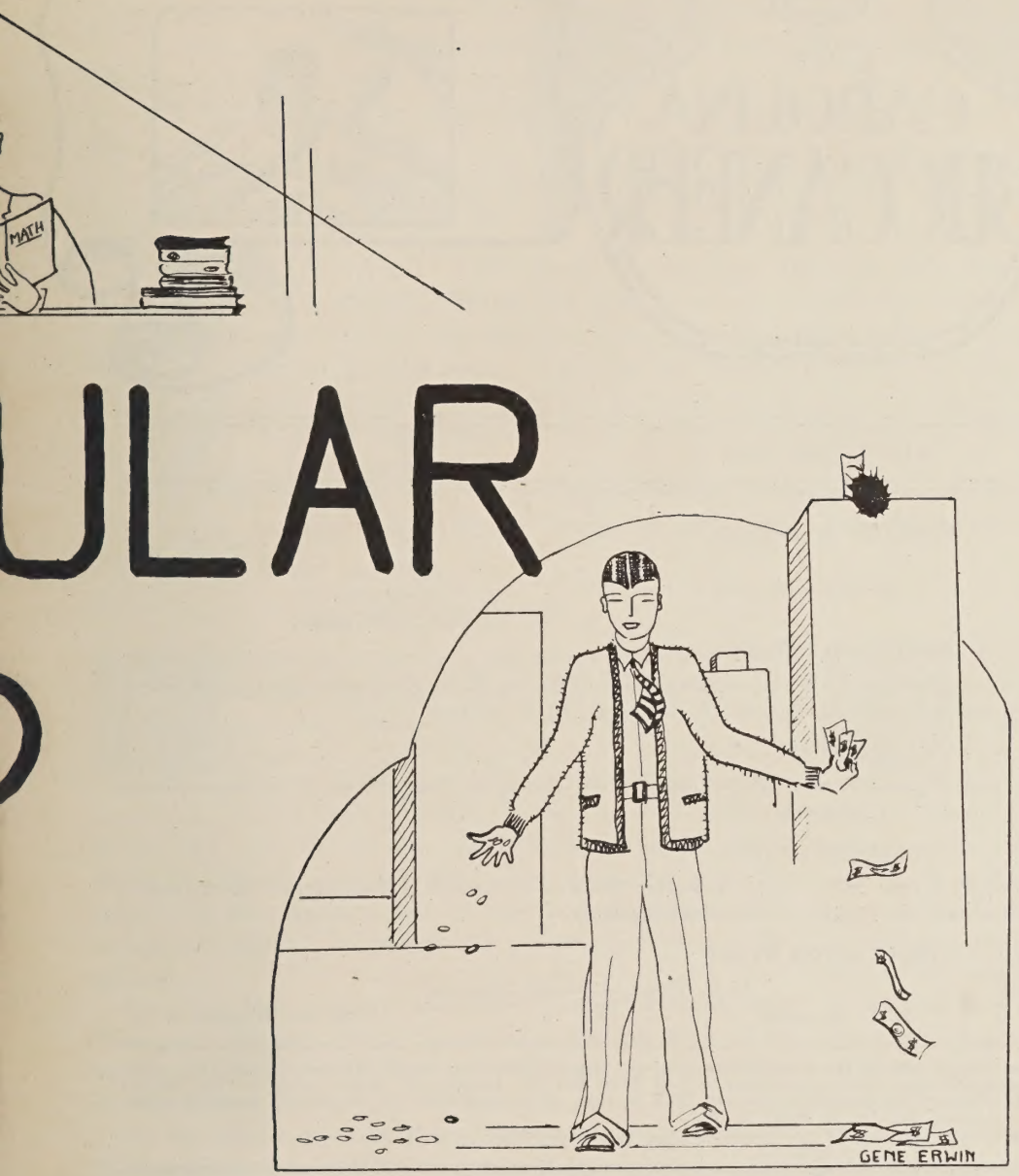
One day one of my friends from the lowlands invited me on a wild oyster hunt. As my wife had just divorced me, I had nothing else to do, so accepted.

Armed with pepper, salt, a few oysterettes and a strong personality, we left for the interior of the Atlantic. After we had tramped all over several seas and had seen no sign of oysters, we began to tire and think about our wives. Finally, just when we were about ready to turn back we found half hidden under the cleft of a wave the tracks of a herd of oysters.

As you already know, perhaps, the success of a trip of this kind depends almost entirely on one's sex allure. The oyster is extremely emotional and have been known to live for weeks on nothing more than a couple of flattering remarks. Knowing this, my friend dressed himself as a female oyster while I dolled myself up like a deep sea swell.

All that day and night my friend and I lured unsuspecting oysters away from home. However, of course many insisted on being nothing more than a sister.

The next day when they discovered how they had been deceived many a pearl was broken. Rather than let us gloat over our conquest they all committed suicide by auto-suggestion. They imagined that they were attending a lecture on how to become an expert librarian.



NO DOUBT

Life is but a singular plight
For singular men like I;
Born upon a singular night,
Beneath a singular sky.

Kicked out from a singular school,
To meet a singular pa:
Said to be a singular fool,
A singular man I are.

Driving in a singular car,
I hit a singular tree;
Landed in a tub of tar;
A singular man I be.

Tried to do a singular swing,
And slit my singular pants;
Resolved I then a singular thing:—
Don't try a singular dance.

Stricken by a singular dame;
I bought a singular ring;
Married when the clergyman came,
And singular bells did ring.

Holding e'er a singular grudge,
A singular wife was she:
Divorced by a singular judge:—
A singular man I be!

No matter how high the price of food and clothing goes, writing paper will always remain stationary.

If love is blind, why must the light always be out?

THE WOOLY GRE

The Wooly Gre is a cute little animal; it resembles a pig so much that it almost looks like one. It lives all its life in the mountains, that is from the time it is born until it dies. A few words of advice to those that may sometime or other go to the mountains and who do not know how to protect themselves from the Wooly Gre. There ain't but one way to keep it from knocking your feet off and perhaps harming your brain and that way is this. The Wooly Gre is always running. It always runs in the same direction and it always runs around a mountain—never up and down it; in fact I have had pet Wooly Gres that spent the whole hundred years of their lives in the same altitude. This continual running in the same direction around a mountain naturally wears the two top feet several feet shorter than the bottom two, so when one gets after you all you have to do is side-step him up the mountain and when he turns around thus putting his shorter feet on the lower side, he rolls down the hill and sweats himself to death in the warmer climate.

SECRET, ANYHOW

An intoxicated college student on his return from abroad had just stepped off the S. S. Paris and staggered by the customs officer without making the slightest pretension of presenting his bags for inspection.

"Say, where do you get that stuff?" the officer growled.

"Sorry, old man, hic, but 'sh all gone."

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THE REASON FOR OUR SINGULAR MOOD

BEING sore perplexed because of a sad lack of subject matter on which to write sufficient words to fill two worthless pages, and deeming ourselves unequal to the sordid task of thinking, which is so hately a thing to us college boys, we got ourselves into a mighty conference with one another. The problem was put before those present, they being two in number; and a motion made to adjourn.

"Hold!" cried we, whereupon both of us stopped with a rush, "there is more serious business for our consideration than mere adjournment."

All of us, we being a pair at the time, agreed perfectly, which is singular in itself in that such large crowds so very seldom agree, especially when it's a question of where you are, what you are, when you are, and if you really are all alone. Anyway, the motion was defeated unanimously, and the regular business was taken up.

It was decided that we should have a smoker or banquet or some such strange thing as soon as this could be afforded, which from all appearances will not be until the highly beloved student body have come to the conclusion that the Student Publications Union shall remain a vital, moving, living (including respiration and blood pressure) factor at our greatly esteemed Alma Mater. It was also decided that if golden charms were not given to the staff, it would indeed be proper to obtain about one square foot of sheet tin, and give each member of the board a bit of this. And it would be *so* economical!

"But," voiced the captain gruffly, "back to our original subject, with what shall we fill the other page, which would be somewhat appropriate, meaning the 'what', not the 'page'?"

"Well," said the mate weekly, "it is said that all writings having any value are word pictures of what is taking place in the mind."

"Yes," agreed the captain heartily, whereupon everybody of the two present laughed at such a funny joke.

"And so," continued the mate, "simply leave the page blank."

"But the wild waves would be stricken dumb at such sensible procedure; come, my good man, be serious," reasoned the captain.

"Be serious? Aha! That gives me an idea, strange as it may seem," quoth the raving mate, "it would be a most singular thing for you to write something serious in nature."

At this brave sally, the captain besmote the junior officer merrily upon his scrawny shoulder; for it was, in truth, a potent idea. Then in his insubordinate way the mate nudged the skipper with his elbow, and only the skipper laughed because no one else caught the point.

Everything having been attended to fully, the assemblage dispersed in high glee, leaving us to confine ourselves to earnestness.

And outside the poor little nasturtiums bowed their heads before the unrelenting tempest and the rain began to drip despondently from the sky, for it had discovered that the clouds didn't have a silver lining after all.

ON SERIOUSNESS

LOOK back at the time you were in high school and remember how your brow became wrinkled as you wondered what *a—b—x a* was equal; go even further back than that to the time when you worried as to whether it was the rat saw the cat or the cat saw the rat; call to mind the ardent epistles you have penned sometime in the past when you were in anything but a jocular mood. Bring practically anything which you considered with the greatest of seriousness to your present attention and see if a serious attitude in the past is not a mirth provoker in the present.

Keep that thing which is worrying you today in mind until tomorrow, and note that by tomorrow it has lost some of its importance and that by then you will laugh at yourself for having worried and wonder why you did.

On the other hand we are not an advocate of the policy of taking everything lightly; for it can be remembered equally well that there are times when we wish we had considered some particular something more seriously because we have found later that more depended on it than we thought. The trouble is it seems to be a defect in human nature that the most of us bother about the non-essential things and let that which really counts go by without deep consideration.

Then, too, our outlook is influenced by those about us. If we go about with semi-humped shoulders and drawn mouths, and on the whole look well bored, we are said to take things too seriously, are called self-important, and are pronounced as boring as we look. But if we smile, and seem cheerful, and pass a pleasant word every now and then, there are some who will inevitably call us light-headed, flippant, half-cracked, and foolish. So what are we to do? Possibly its best to look upon everything with the same amount of seriousness, but allow nothing to take too much of our consideration; and above everything, regardless of how we may seem to be, it is better that we not let the next man's opinion count for such a great deal.

ON DUMBNESS

DUMBNESS, meaning here that quality which enables an individual of either sex to demonstrate his or her lack of intellect either in part or entire, is a true gift from fate for which humanity should be truly thankful. It breaks the monotony, allows us to appreciate ourselves in comparison to others and to appreciate others in comparison to ourselves, aids in the upkeep of colleges, gives us a topic of conversation, and has to do with the survival of the species. In regard to the latter,—man is inherently dumb and for this season he falls in love sometimes; having fallen in love he may propose of his own accord without being forced to it by the woman. But after the proposal, the woman being dumb by nature also, there is an acceptance. Following this there is in some cases a marriage, and in course of time the husband and wife become father and mother. Thus is the human race in some respects dependent on dumbness for a continuation of itself. Statistics show that the lower the intelligence of individuals or classes the greater is the tendency to reproduce. What further proof is required?

Dumbness, too, is one of the few things that has to do with the price of fish. Were it not for the increase in population just noted above there would be a lesser demand for fish, and (to show that we have had Economics) the price would naturally fall. Also, the prices of fish along with other things remain at a high level because we are dumb enough to pay what is asked.

And the poor little hop girls, what would they do if some of the boys were not dumb enough to believe that "Oh, I just love to dance wif you". The poor things might never get to another dance, and if they did how would they ever carry on a conversation. Indeed, the ability of the darling little college men to believe also allows them to love life more dearly.

So since we are dependent on dumbness for our happiness, and our very existence we should not bemoan its presence, but be overjoyed that it is among us.

THE LEAP OF THE FISH

"That's singular," said the absent-minded professor as the doctor announced triplets.

Some Old Ones:

"Yassuh, Boss, dat's de best stuff you ever—"

"Expenses have been mighty heavy this month, so you'd better—"

"If you don't stop, I'll—"

"This is the last time I'm ever—"

"Good-night, I've never enjoyed—"

"Vell, being as how it's you—"

"That's absolutely final!"

"No."

"Efry man hass hiss price", said Ikey as he placed a $35 price tag on a $10 suit.

SINGULAR SUMMARY OF "SIMON'S SLIP"

Once upon a time there lived in Augusta, Maine, an old man and his daughter.

One day the old man went in the kitchen to get a drink of water, but his foot slipped and he fell, striking his head on the sink. His daughter hearing the noise rushed to see what was the matter. Imagine her surprise when she saw her poor old father lying on the floor and a large piece knocked out of the sink.

The old man realized that he was dying so told his daughter to get a piece of paper as he wanted to write his will. The daughter could only find rice paper so she brought that. After he finished his will he died.

While the daughter was begging her father to speak to her, which of course he didn't, being dead, a gust of wind blew the paper out into the yard. A chicken saw it and, as it was made of rice, ate it.

Years later the girl, now poor, was riding through the streets of Venice in a gorgeous gondola. Her sweetheart, who was an excellent swimmer, had gotten a job as traffic cup. Just as he saw his sweetheart she fell over board. He swam to her and, as she came up the seventh time, grabbed her. He said, "Darling; speak to me," but lo, she did not answer him. Then he said, "Darling, accept this ring," and she answered, for she wasn't stone deaf. He noticed that she looked a trifle pale so asked what was the matter. She said that she didn't know but she hadn't had anything to eat for several days and that might be it. They both agreed and swam into a café. She wanted something to remind her of her daughter so he ordered hard boiled eggs. His played a dirty trick on him, but inside hers, neatly folded, was the rice paper.

They returned to America, bought a ranch on Manhattan Island and a new piece for the sink and joined the bigger and better bootlegger's club.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

Often, a man won't trust a woman from his sight—

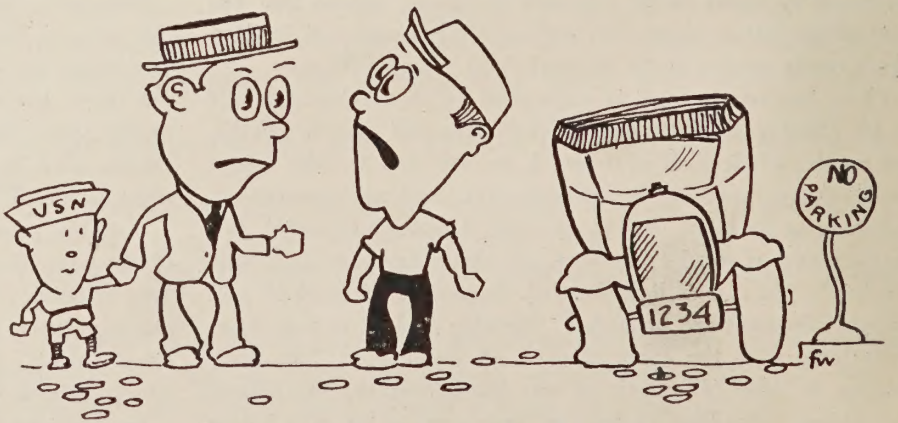
That's singular!

Very often, a woman won't trust a man from her sight—

That's plural!

When a woman kicks a man she hurts his pride but helps his pocketbook.

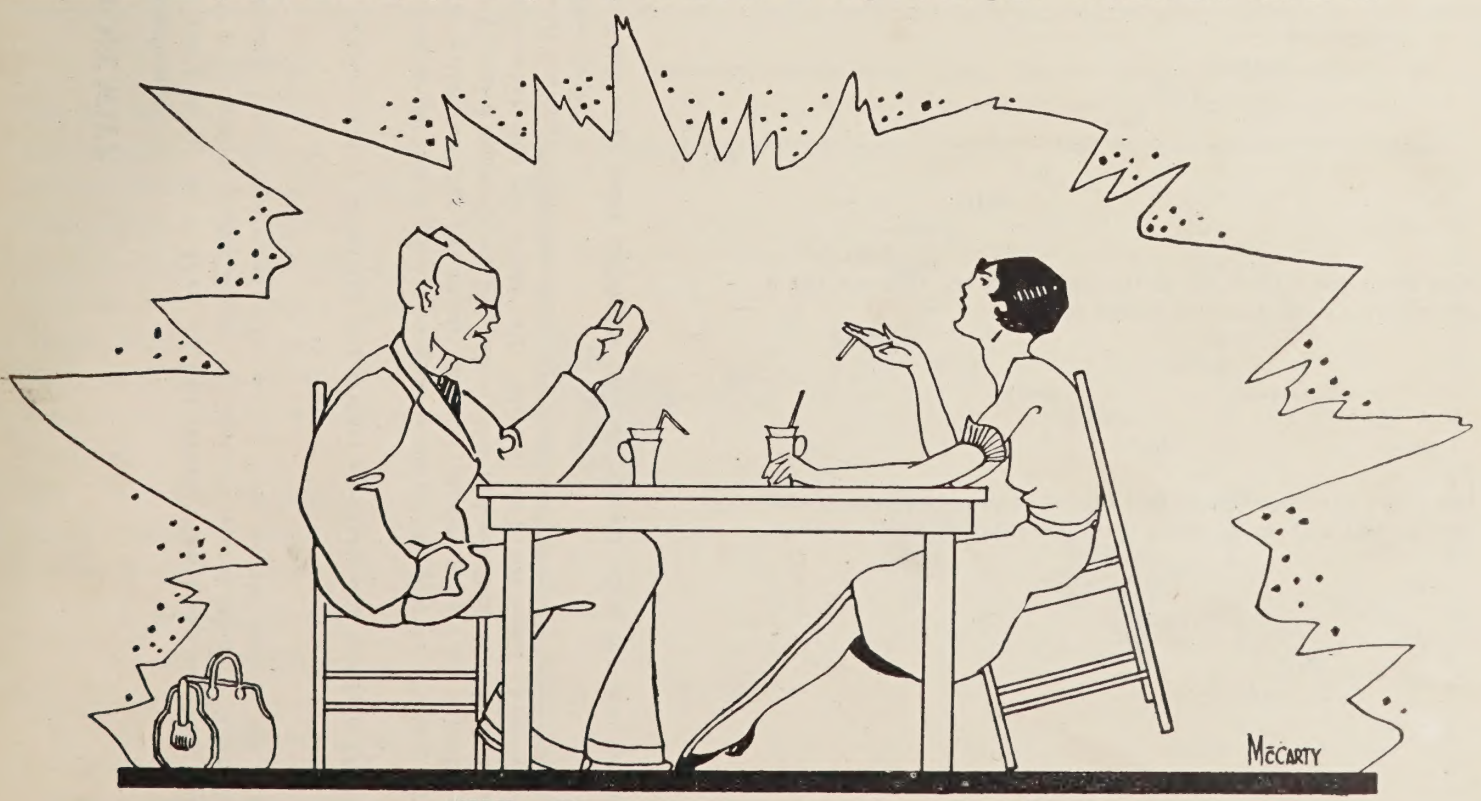
A bride is like a hive of bees: she is excited over honey.



He: My tire wasn't punctured when I left here.
Other He: It's not punctured now.
First He: Well, what's happened to my air?
Last He: A college boy came along and borrowed it.

Tenney

In the background on the far right waft the billowy fumes of Shasta's show draped toplts, floating over the tufts of steppe in the foreground. What could be sweeter than the sight of the Swiss yodel-bushes on the right, surrounded by myriads of verdant hash, mingling with the symphonic figures of Tra-La birds twitting o'er the gum? Of course not. Nor do we.



ANDY: "You women are so inconsistent, Sugah."
MANDY: "Pray why, my dream child?"
ANDY: "You crave to dress but don't."

SOME FAMOUS ARTISTS AND WHY

HORSE (also mule)
Draws a wagon.
W. J. BYRAN
Draws a crowd.
DENTIST
Draws teeth
SUGAR
Draws flies
CORPSE
(Ranks very low as it cannot even draw a breath.)

Farmer (noticing girl walking): Walking does you a lot of good.

Girl: Yes. But I'm walking because I'm good.

Slogan for the Listerine Co.: "Oh breath, where is thy stink?"

steps,
office
post-
the
up
walk
you
When
your like
And heart going this, hoping you'll get one from her,
is
Your
enthusiasm
wanes
when
you
find
it's
only
from
Dad.
And when you hold it up to the light, and see that it's not a letter, but a small piece of folded paper,
needing!
again; been
enthusiasm you've
the check
goes that
Up it's
But when you open it and find that it is your last report with two Es and a D on it, and a good hot roasting at the bottom, I'll
say,
it's
a
Hell
of
a
come-
down,
isn't
it?

THE TRUE STORY OF MY WIFE

Few people know that I have been married; that is why I am not so keen on matrimony.

We first met in a hotel fire on the Scandinavian penninsula; she in her nightgown and I in my B. V. D's. (I had retired when I was suddenly rudely awakened by crief of "fre!") Springing from my bed, I ran to the window and threw it up with a mighty heave. (I had not been drinking.) There leaning out of the window next to mine was the most beautiful girl of the Scandinavian Scandals I had ever seen; she was a lulu, as the say in the States. Looking into my eyes she said, "Please Mr. Henfruit, I don't want to get burned up."

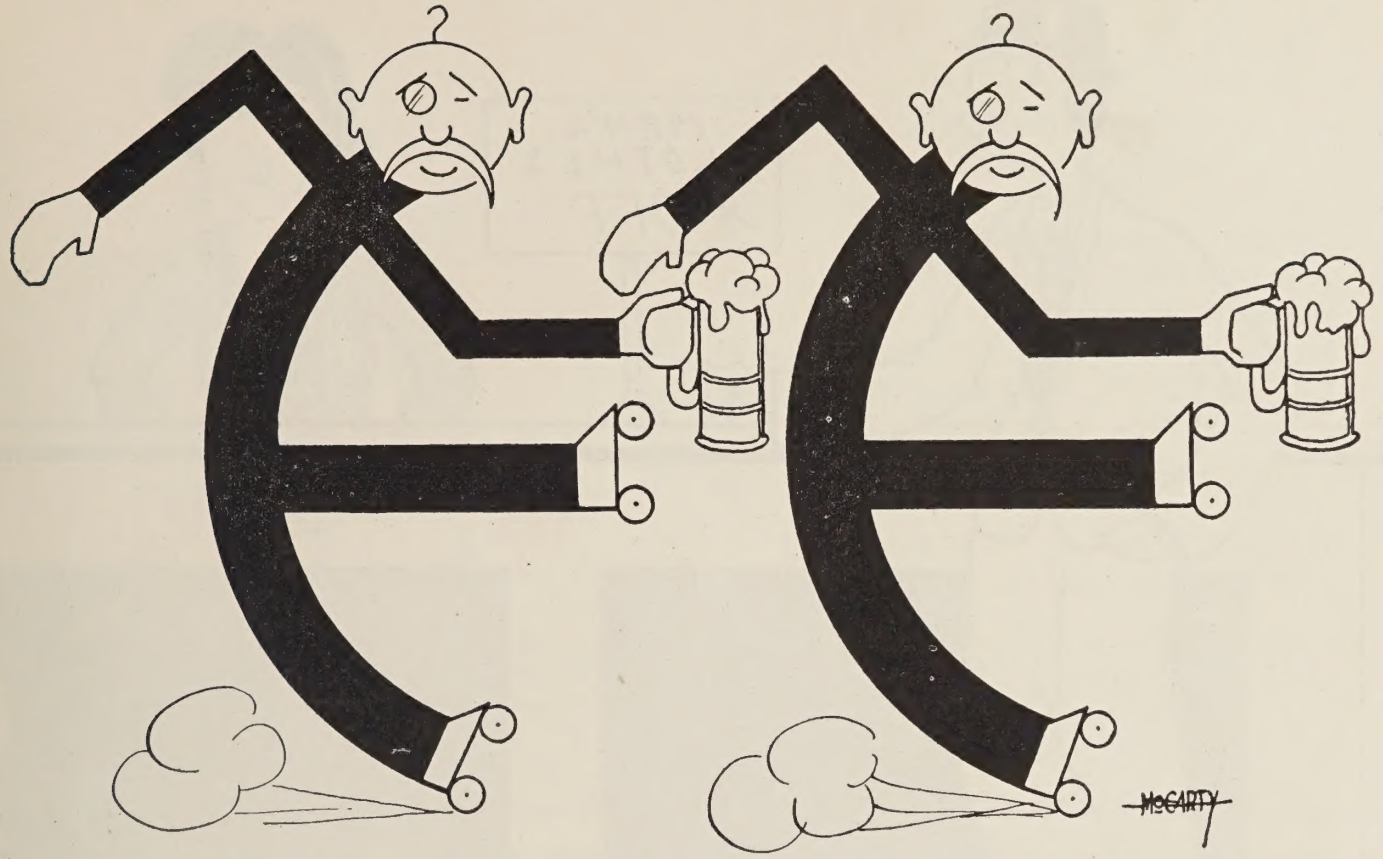
Being in a humorous mood I wittily replied, "Eventually, why not now?"

At about that time a huge tongue of flame shot out of the window. Imagine my horror when I heard the girl scream and then saw her leap from the window.

"Now is the time for action," I thought with great presence of mind. Running over to the bed, I quickly caught up one of the pillows. Poising myself gracefully in the window I shouted reassuring words to the falling girl, then taking the pillow and my life in my hands, I jumped. As I am a pretty fast young fellow I had no trouble in reaching the ground before the unlucky female. As I landed squarely on my pillow, the fall resulted in a broken collar bone. (This is the inside dope.) Taking a hasty survey I placed the pillow at the point where the girl would fall. She fell on it, all right. After she had hit the ground, she felt herself in one or two places and then looking me in the eyes and heaving a sigh, she said, "My hero."

It suddenly dawned on me that she must have fallen hard for me so I replied, "My shero."

We were married secretly by a correspondence school graduate in theology. It didn't make much difference because my wife died the next morning; she must have fallen harder than I had expected.



Two singular birds from Milwaukee
Went out for a skate and a talk. We
Suppose these two duds
Got immersed in their suds
And further made famous Milwaukee.

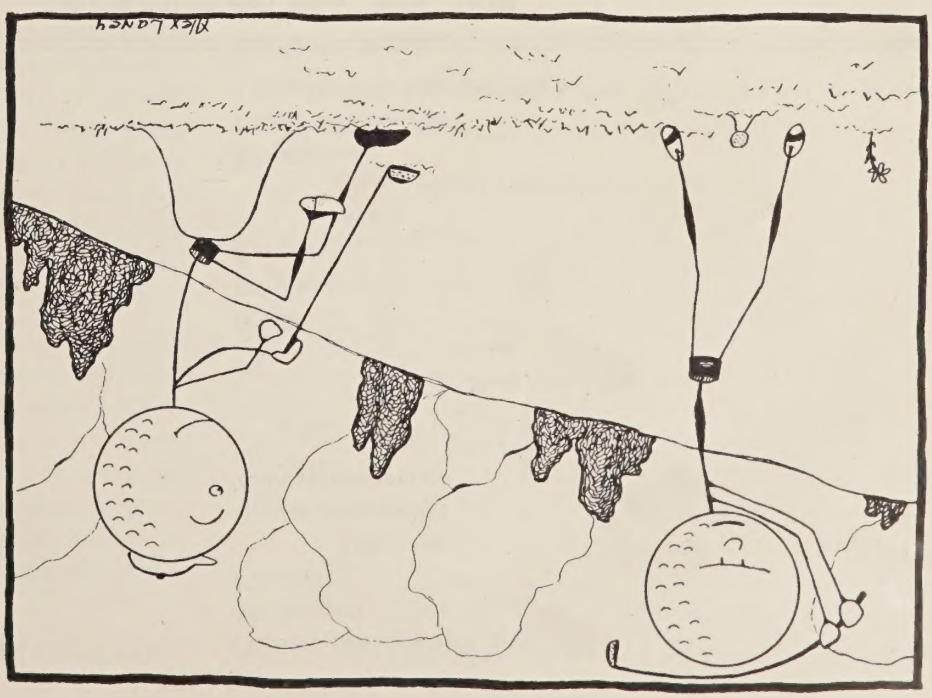
BESSIE

"Do you love me?" I cry
And the gleam in your eye
Answers volumes and soothes my soul;
"Are you mine?" I implore,
And your looks speak back more
Than the lovers of ages e'er told.
"Never leave me!" I pray
And your eyes seem to say
You'll be mine till the world's no more
round.
And I know (not by chance,
But by seeing your glance)
I've the love of fair Bessie—my hound!

STRAINED

I saw a loving couple,
By moonlight shadows screened!
I could not help but notice
How singular they seemed.

DUNLOP: Gene Sarazen washes me to death!"
KRO-FLITE: "That's nothin', Bobby Jones drives me wild!"



CLERK: "Can I wait on you this afternoon, sir?"
HIM: "Sure. What time do you get off?"

CHAOS

(A Rhapsody in Burnt Umber.)

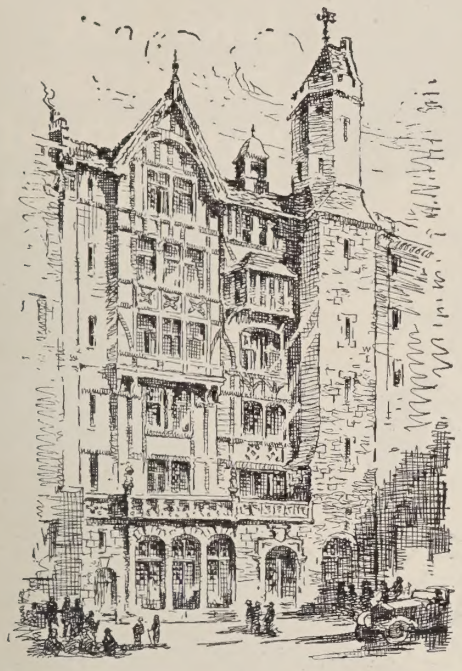
Chitter, clink, chitter, clink.
She is mine.
Fire sale
tomorrow.
Opalescent sanctity
Tossing banners of
Rock
Rye
Haig
Haig.

Why?
Why not?
Putridly
down
placid roads of
Kleptomania.
I have written this.
I wonder why I'm not satisfied?

Mustily
down
refrigerated paths of
Virtue, sidle turgid
futile
cuspid
Limbs enamored in
velocipedes.

She comes;
In fact she's damn nearly here.
Exemnially beatific—
Like a bald head smeared
with apple jelly.

Like a mule
—with pants on.
Pythons chitter,
Binnacles clink.



Design of Finchley House Suggested by "Backs" of Old Trinity College, Cambridge, England

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PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT IN THE NEW LOCATION, IN FIFTH AVENUE, FINCHLEY HAS ARRANGED A UNIQUE, COMFORTABLE, AND RATHER EXTRAORDINARY FLOOR WHICH IS DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE DISPLAY OF WEARABLES FOR COLLEGE MEN. SUITS, OVERCOATS, HATS, SHOES, SHIRTS, WOOLIES AND VARIOUS ACCESSORIES OF NOTABLE STYLE AND QUALITY.

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NEW YORK

NOOZ OF EH COLLEG TOWN

A frend of mein told me th' otha da that a grate chang had taken plac down at Doc Harri Chase's Universiti. He tol me that the' had institooted a union (not Union soot) system of profs and stewedents. Jus imagin a general teim cloc in deer ole Mem. Hol which all must punch when goin on class in the A.M. and leavin in the later P.M. Also when each man goes on a class he must of a necessiti punch a cloc which provides the onli meens by wich the po ignorant prof can check up on the little charges. By the by, the stewedents union made a rool that profs must check in on clocks too. This was passed so that there wood be no favoritism shone to either parti. The mane use of the cloc has bin to inabl bois to get many more gratuitious donations of free class periods from ther profs fre of charge for nothing. This has worked veri wel up to the prezent time of siting.

Another bit if nooz is the compleshion of the knoo rezidence for our little coweds. This is to b one of the most palatial rezidences in this sexion cause it has seven bath tubs. My informant faild to tell me whi the' had a tub for each nite un the week when there aint but one Satidy nite per week. Whi in the wurld do a coed have to bathe anyway when she can bi perfume and powder? Their are also gonna be some liven rooms. Now whi cant coweds live in ordnari rooms like other folks du? This is one of the unsolved missteries of this college.

About a yere ago a ole niggeres muel kickt the bucket and in the coarse of tim and in the ground he was burryed. N°B° The mul and not the nigger. Well to be breef one of our archioligists began diggin for bones of the Anthropodictictus Monstrosticus Prevaricatus as he called it. He dug up a coupl of flour gardens befor he hit the rite thing. He was cented with aroma al la much but he (prof) thot it was grate to be smelled all up bi a antik. When the skeleton was finally got out the nigger raised lleh about disturbin the rest of his muel. Thus enddth the lesson (and the nigger too).

Senorita: What would you do for the girl you really loved?

Senor: Marry someone else.

1: You ought to see him tickle the ivories.

2: Some pianist, I bet.

1: No; he's a dentist.

Scep: What is an optimist?

Tick: A man who is satisfied with the way the football team is coached.

Hellen: Have you fixed up your flat yet?

Helloise: Not quite. I haven't been able to find a folding toothbrush.

The Chapel Hill Realty & Insurance Co.

offers for sale several desirable lots on the Pittsboro Road beyond the residences of Dr. W. H. Odum and Dr. W. F. Prouty.

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Pretty Co-ed: "I want a pair of bloomers I can wear around my gymnasium."

Clerk (absently): "Certainly, miss; what size is your gymnasium?"—*Fritzol.*

"What do you think of mud as a beautifier?"

"Well it hasn't done much for the turtle yet."—*Judge.*

Voice: "Mary, what are you doing down there?"

Mary: "The best I can, father."—*Otulaw.*

She (considerately): "Oh, don't worry. You'll be able to pull your mark up."—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

"Treat me like a lady, Bill."

"Married or single?"—*Va. Reel.*

"Every Achievement is but a Camping Place for the Night"

¶ Every day has its new problem. It must be met. Stay "camped" and the days will all be the same to you.

¶ We view our "SERVICE" from a new standpoint daily. Your criticism is invited. Our mistakes can only be remedied thru your co-operation. Constructive suggestions are always welcome.

¶ Come to the Laundry Plant, we invite your inspection and will gladly *show you* how we are able to give you a service that is better than can be done in the home.

¶ Every day is visitor's day—come in tomorrow and see this sunny-sanitary-day-light plant.

¶ *Just Send It to the Laundry.*

Laundry Department, U. C. S. P.
University of North Carolina

Tourist: I say, old man, is this the road to Picklenessing?

Old Inhabitant: Wall, yes, it's the right road all right, but you better turn around if you want to get there.—*Chanticleer.*

Suspicious Character: "Wot am I supposed to have stolen?"

Police: "A 'orse and van."

S. C.: "All right; search me."—*London Mail.*

"Liza, you is exactly like brown sugah."

"Howzat, niggah?"

"Sweet, but awful unrefined."—*Tiger.*

Englishman (eating a fish-cake for the first time)—"I say, old chap, something has died in my biscuit."—*Punch.*

Senior: "And how did *you* happen to come to Williams?"

Prep: "Well, you see I won a Williams pennant with cigarette coupons and they wouldn't let me exchange it.—*Purple Cow.*

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of PHILADELPHIA

Importing Tailors

NEW PRICES

Mackenzie Cashmeres	$33.00
Finest Worsteds	35.00
Tuxedo Suits (including choice of Vest)	45.00
Linen Suits	20.00

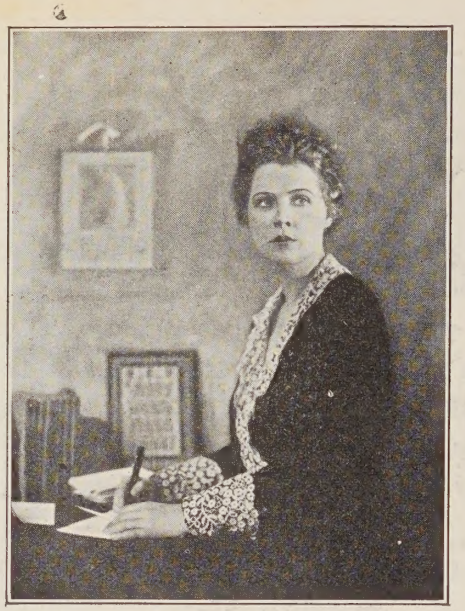
Showing May 7-8 at

SUTTON & ALDERMAN

JACK CUNNINGHAM

Representative

In College and After



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Old Hampshire Stationery

is a business and social asset. That is why college students insist on Old Hampshire Stationery for their correspondence.

Sold plain and die stamped by R. W. FOISTER

Fine Stationery Department HAMPSHIRE PAPER CO.
SO. HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

Waverly Ice Cream

IS DOUBLY DELICIOUS

Note the mellow tang of pure chocolate, the tropic spiciness of real vanilla and the lucious flavor of the red, sun-ripened strawberry. All flavors are made of the finest and purest cream.

Get It At

EUBANK'S, PATTERSON'S

and Carolina Smoke Shop

WAVERLY ICE CREAM

"Made Its Way By the Way Its Made"

Waverly Ice Cream Company, Durham, N. C.

Poor Edna! she thought the doctor was trying to flatter her when he told her that she had acute appendicitis. Poor Edna. —*Belle Hop.*

"I'm offering a prize for the laziest man in college and I think you will win it."

"All right. Roll me over and put it in my back pocket."—*Exchange.*

"Mary," said the head of the house one morning, "I called Jimmy four times and he didn't answer, so I turned down the covers of the bed and gave him a good spanking."

"Oh, John, how could you? That means I'll be hunting for a new cook."

"How's that?"

"Jimmy stayed all night at the Smith's, and the cook slept in his bed."—*Exchange.*

"How did you get that cut on your head?"

"His—musta—hic—bit myself."

"G'wan. You couldn't bite yourself up there."

"Musta stood on a chair."—*Goblin.*

"Aren't you glad I'm wearing my new dress?"

"Why—er—yes."—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

Paderewski was giving a concert at the home of a young matron who had recently acquired great wealth, but whose knowledge of music was not equal to her money.

"May I ask, Mr. Paderewski," she ventured, "who is the composer of that selection you just played? It was marvelous."

"Beethoven, madam."

"Ah, yes," she exclaimed, "and is he composing now?"

"No, madam," was the grave response, "he is decomposing." —*Royal Gaboon.*

DOBBS HATS

THE DOBBS PLAZA SOUNDS A DISTINCTLY *NEW* NOTE IN HATS FOR SPRING. ITS SOFT AND EASY LINES LEND THEMSELVES TO A WIDE CHOICE OF BECOMING EFFECTS AND ITS FANCY BAND IS A WELCOME CHANGE FROM THE MORE SOMBER BLACK. THE NEW SPRING COLORS ARE REFRESHING···THE STYLE AUTHORITATIVELY CORRECT!

~ DOBBS & Co. ~ 618, 620 and 244 Fifth Avenue ~ New York ~

EXCLUSIVE REPRESENTATIVES IN MANY OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

Camel quality stands alone

(it has no near relatives)

–and there's no cigaretty after-taste/

R. J. REYNOLDS
TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

BUCCANEER

v.2, no.9

GENE ERWIN

FINALE NUMBER

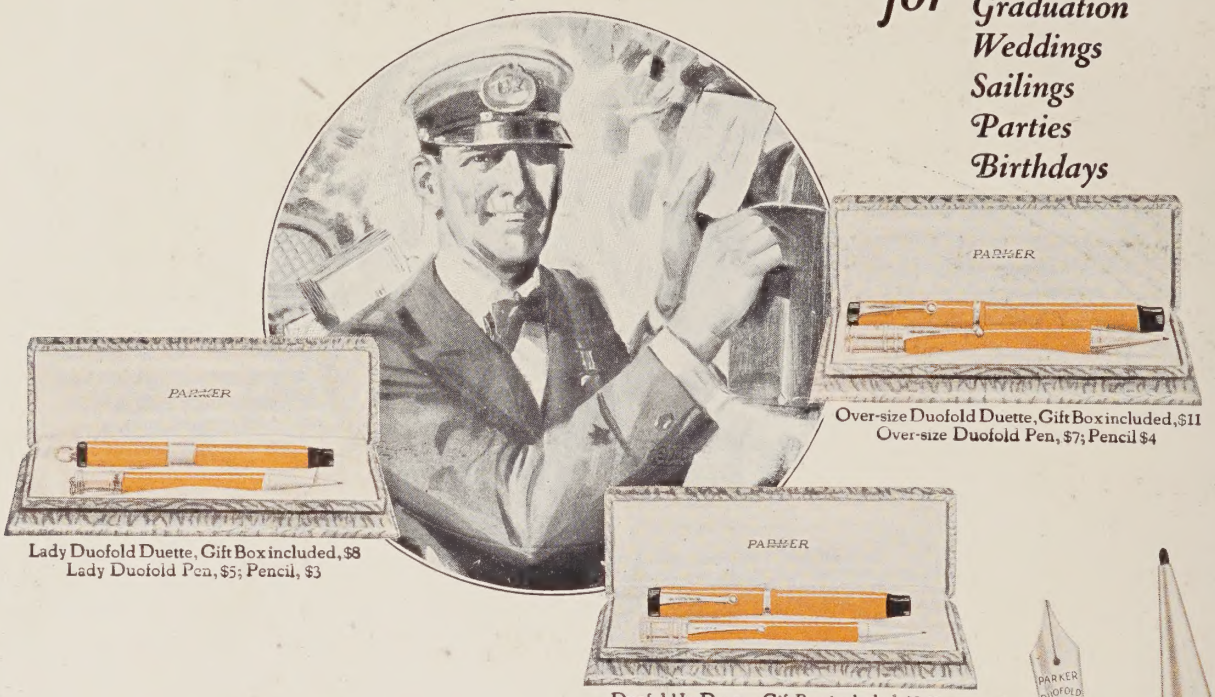
PRICE 25 CENTS

EXAMINATION FOR THE FINALS

This June-time Gift
Will Inspire Your Friends to Write You

It's as if made to order for

Graduation
Weddings
Sailings
Parties
Birthdays



Over-size Duofold Duette, Gift Box included, $11
Over-size Duofold Pen, $7; Pencil $4

Lady Duofold Duette, Gift Box included, $8
Lady Duofold Pen, $5; Pencil, $3

Duofold Jr. Duette, Gift Box included, $8.50
Duofold Jr. Pen, $5; Pencil, $3.50

Duofold Pen and Duofold Pencil—the New Duette

in Satin-lined Gift Case de luxe

AS a Gift of Greeting or of Going-Away, what present affords your friends as much every-day utility, or serves as such a subtile invitation to write, while furnishing them the urge to dash off those gossipy letters that you like the postman to bring.

For this Parker writing team has won the heart of the world—balanced, symmetrical, handsomer than gold. And the Chinese lacquer-red color makes them hard to mislay.

Pencil Now Over-size Too

Our Lady Duofold Pencil is still of smaller girth to fit slim fingers. But the Duofold Jr. and "Big Brother" Duofold Pencils are both now built Over-size—the "Big Brother" largest of all three.

For men learned from the Duofold Pen how an Over-size Barrel affords a full-handed grip that abolishes finger cramp, and relaxes hand and brain.

All three Duofold Pencils have the Parker Non-Clog Propeller that turns the lead both OUT for writing and IN for carrying. Thus the lead can't snap off in the pocket or the hand-bag, or mark up the contents of either.

Pen has the super-smooth Duofold Point, guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years' wear.

An Ink-Tight Pen on account of the Inner-Sleeve of the Duo-Sleeve Cap which forms a leak-proof seal. And no exposed filler—just a Button to Press, and it's capped inside the barrel—out of sight—out of harm's way.

Look at the pictures—note the prices below them. Then stop at the first pen counter and pick out your Duofold June Gifts.

Duofold Jr.
Over-size Pencil
$3.50

Duofold Jr.
$5

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK, CHICAGO · THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA · SAN FRANCISCO
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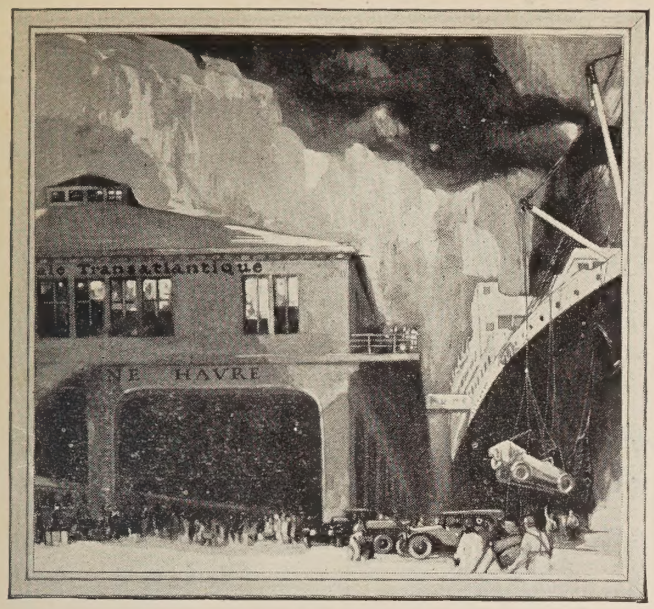
Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Parker LUCKY CURVE Duofold Duette

Rivals the beauty of the scarlet Tanager

Pen has 25 Year Point — *Pencil turns lead OUT and IN*



The Longest Gangplank in the World

ALL that France means to you is yours, from the time you blow a kiss to Madame Liberty and promise to give her love to the land she came from—you have France from Sandy Hook to Havre—if you travel via "the longest gangplank in the world."

France isn't rocks and fields and station names. France is French people, living in the customs they love wherever they go. . . . Those delicious little French breakfasts in your cabin. . . . That delightful French courtesy from the steward on deck. . . . Those glimpses of the "Guignol," with all the children sitting entranced. . . . The international table talk at lunch. . . . Such a lunch. . . . Parties at night—bridge, dancing, the pool on the ship's run. . . . Before you know it, you're in Havre, the port of Paris—no transferring to tenders—just another gangplank—then the boat-train—and in three hours you're in Paris.

You can go to France this summer via "the longest gangplank in the world" for one hundred and forty dollars, in the large one-cabin liners. You can even make a round trip for one hundred and sixty-two dollars—Tourist III class, with individual rooms as the college boys and girls are doing. You can take your car along with you, uncrated, and drive it off the dock at Havre. You can live well in France—and tour—on six dollars a day. . . . Write for interesting booklet.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, 19 State St., N. Y.
Agencies in Principal Cities of the United States

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW ON EARTH!

That's our job. To bring to you only the newest and smartest ideas in things to wear—when you want them. The fact that thousands of college men depend on us proves that we're succeeding

Look for announcement of our next exhibit

WALLACH BROTHERS
New York

"No, I don't want to buy that horse. He looks as though he had a mean disposition."

"Dat am nothin', boss. He just got dat look from runnin' in sulky races."—*Brown Jug.*

"What a manly chest you have."

"Remember, I'll hold you to that."—*Jester.*

Jessie—How do you like your new dress?

Bessie—It falls just a little below my expectations.

Jessie—I noticed that, too. They are making them awfully short this year.—*Pelican* '15.

To the Staff:

As the executioner adjusted the black cap at a recent electrocution the prisoner remarked: "Take your time, I'm in no hurry."

We've been in no hurry for this "Finale Number" for we have enjoyed working with you this year and trust that our efforts have merited your approval.

We congratulate you on the excellent drawings that have come to us and wish for you the same success in your business life you have had in making the Buccaneer an interesting and worthwhile publication.

BIERMAN ENGRAVING CO.

DESIGNERS
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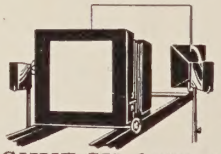

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THE DOBBS NORTH SHORE IS CORRECTLY PROPORTIONED WITH THE LIBERAL WIDTH OF BRIM DICTATED BY THE NEWEST MODE. IT MAY BE HAD WITH THE CHEERFUL BAND OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN, AND WITH THE CONVENTIONAL BLACK BAND - BOTH ARE PROPER. THE SIGNATURE OF DOBBS & Co, NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS, GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. $6.00 AND $5.00

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EXCLUSIVE REPRESENTATIVES IN MANY OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

Pritchard-Patterson is the Authorized Dobb's Shop for Chapel Hill

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

1. There are no bones in ice cream.

2. Out of 100 men at a masquerade dressed as toreadors 100 think they look like Valentino.

3. Out of the same number 100 look like hell.

4. One week at a school south of Philadelphia gives a girl a Southern accent.

5. Mississippi has no husband.

6. You can't bounce a snowball.

7. If all the boxes of cigarettes sold in New York City in one day were placed on top of one another they would probably fall over.

8. If all the cross-word fans were laid end to end what difference would it make how far they would reach.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

Male—I understand they are going to do away with sorority pins.

Female—How's that?

Male—There is nothing to pin 'em on any more.—*Illinois Siren.*

GENIUS...
while you wait

Genius is too often like the poet's lady—"uncertain, coy, and hard to please." Mennen Shaving Cream is a stroke of genius, but it hasn't a trace of temperament.

I know baseball pitchers who reach the heights only when the sun shines hotly. Mennen Shaving Cream strikes out the whiskers regardless of the water's temperature. Tepid, luke-warm, or cold water suits Mennen's as well as hot.

A certain matinee idol must have a sympathetic audience to do his best. Mennen's gives you a perfect performance even if the water is hostilely hard or aggressively alkaline.

Many race horses are unable to run fast unless track and weather conditions are ideal. Weather never makes Mennen Shaving Cream too hard or too soft in the tube. Mennen's is always the same creamy consistency—ready to give you a zippy, gorgeous shave.

Anywhere, anytime, under any circumstances, Mennen Shaving Cream will give you absolute beard softening by the white magic of dermutation.

Druggists have Mennen's in 50c tubes.

Millions of men use Mennen Talcum for Men after every bath and every shave. Luxuriously soft, cooling and absorbent. Tinted to match the color of your skin. 25c.

Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

$100.00

The cap stays on, the cream comes out! Coin a name for this Mennen invention. $100 to the winner. Contest closes July first.

Hollingsworth

Unusual Candies

For

Commencement

send her

Hollingsworth's Unusual Candies

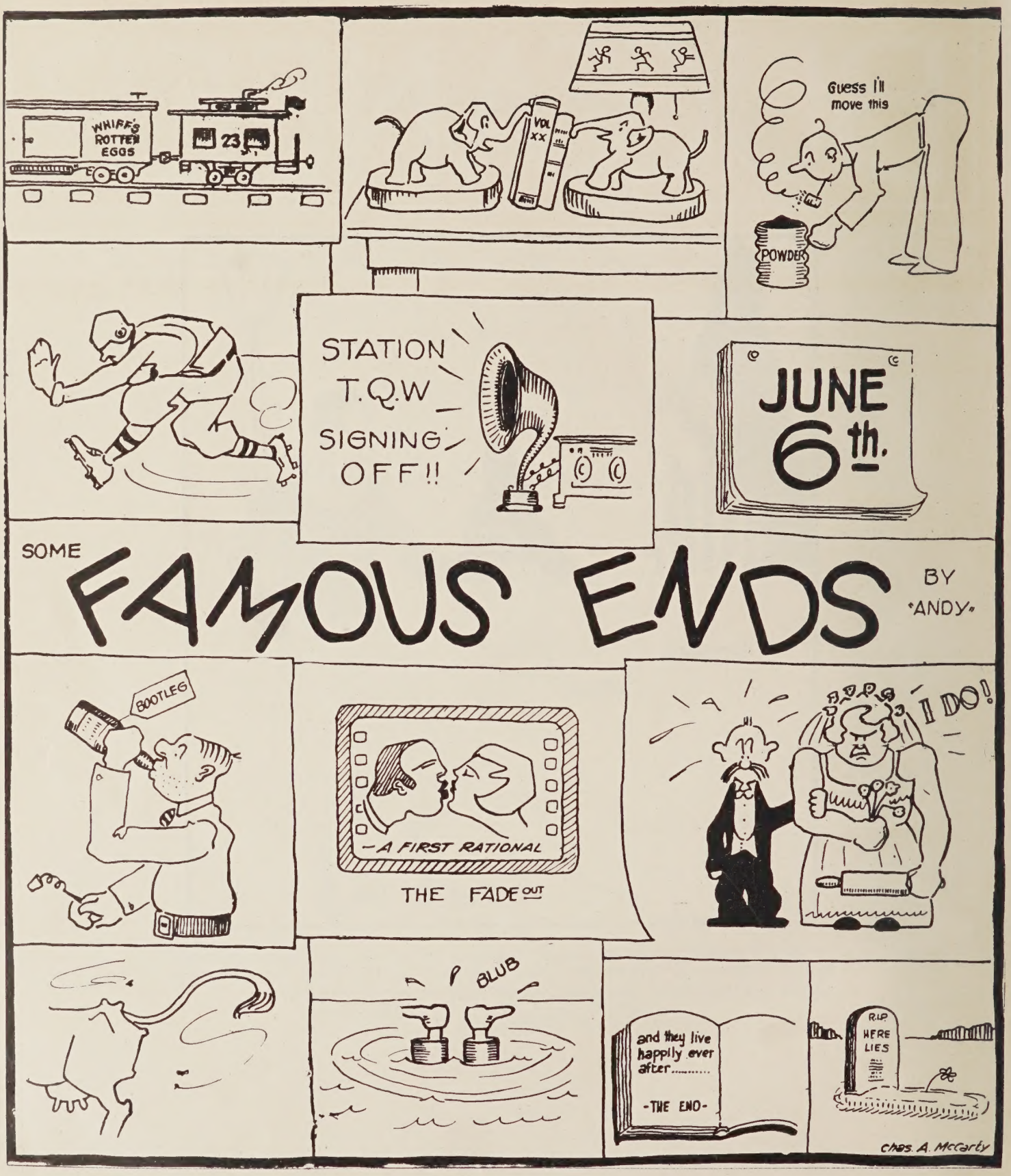
Drop in
and see
our
special
boxes

Sutton & Alderman

Druggists

Chapel Hill

First Typical Character in Typical Illustration of Typical College Comic to Second Typical Character in Typical Illustration of Typical College Comic: "Now for three months rest from pulling wise cracks, thanks be to the gods of vacation!"


WHIFF'S ROTTEN EGGS
23
VOL XX
Guess I'll move this
POWDER
STATION T.Q.W SIGNING OFF!!
JUNE 6th.
SOME FAMOUS ENDS
BY "ANDY"
BOOTLEG
—A FIRST RATIONAL
THE FADE OUT
I DO!
BLUB
and they live happily ever after.....
-THE END-
R.I.P HERE LIES
Chas. A. McCarty

BUCCANEER

FINALE NUMBER

VOLUME II NUMBER 9

"I think I'll bring my car up here with me next fall."

"But you haven't got a car."

"Oh, shut up, you ass. You might let me think."

GEOLOGICAL LAMENT

Oh, to be a fossil,
And to warble on the sod;
To dine with sweet crinoidea—
To woo the gastropod.

To gambol with arachnids;
Evolute with all my might;
To strut my chlorofil and re-
Produce a trilobite.

HER FATAL PASSION

(Reprinted by permission of "True Depressions")

CHAPTER ONE

I was a poor but innocent girl. That takes you up to

CHAPTER TWO

One day there came into my life a slicker from the university. My Gawd, how he made love!

Do you wonder that I fell?

CHAPTER THREE

All would have been well had I not gone to the university dances. That is, it would not have been so bad. Nobody would have known about it.

CHAPTER FOUR

"Come, let us go to a quiet nook," he whispered in my ear, as we gracefully did the polka. How could I have known he meant the arboretum?

CHAPTER FIVE

Who could resist the lure of his twenty-inch trousers? Not an innocent maiden like me.

How was I to know? My mother had never taught me.

CHAPTER SIX

Once back at the dance, it was plain to the world.

"Look at her hairnet!" the cats snickered.

CHAPTER SEVEN

How was the world to know I had torn it on a *Arbocynthea Magnoleatum?*

Honey Boy: "But why are you snubbing me now, Hortense? You know you never refused before."
Sugah Girl: "But, Adrian, you know that can't be enough for *commencement*."

UNIVERSITY GIVES PRIZE AWARDS TO UNUSUAL STUDENTS

The University committee for offering awards to unusual students has finally made a selection, almost uncanny in its perspicacity, and due to be received with acclamation by both the erudite and the others.

1. *Mr. Cy Ence Fuüle*—Mr. Fuüle was chosen for the honor because of his well known reputation for being one of the biggest horses on the campus, and more especially for his recent work to prove that the ordinary house fly exhibits a decided and lasting affection for its mate.

2. *Miss Tu Faice*—Although the admission of a woman to the honor shattered all traditions, it was by unanimous vote that Miss Tu Faice was conceded the award. It was admitted by the chairman of the committee that he considered it not merely unusual, but a miracle that a girl the size of Miss Tu Faice could have legs that large.

3. *Mr. M. T. Stoodent*—Mr. Stoodent is not well known on the campus, nor has he been thought by many to deserve the honor. However, the committee felt that anyone who could forget his pants two mornings in succession should be included in the favored list.

4. *Mr. Non N. Titey*—It is rumored among friends that Mr. Titey is not all that he should be. First indications of the great spirit which was to win him fame came in the form of a scandal to the effect that he had refused a snort when his room-mate opened a bottle of Scotch. Since that time he has changed his mode of locomotion and may be seen walking around the dear old Well on his hands, frequently lowering himself to bite the ground, at from twelve to two, on any week day. Physicians claim that he lacks all response to sensory stimulation, is without both lungs and liver, and that he is stricken with an obscure form of hysteric self-abasement.

THE GRAND FINALE, OR HOW AN OLD ONE GOT STARTED

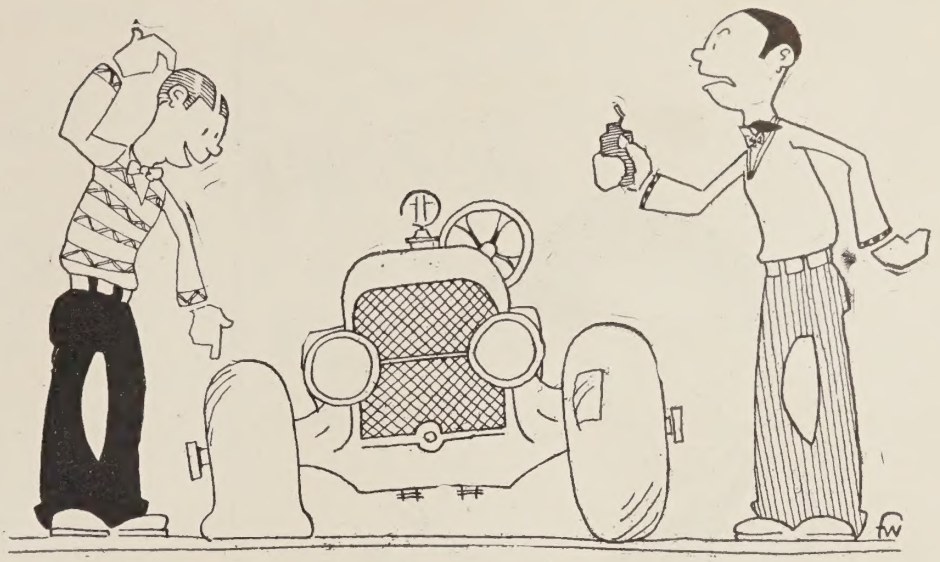
Two shots rang out, blazoning the clear, crystal air with a tinge of allotropic ozone; and two voices, one a deep bass, and the other very shrill, pierced the stillness of the summer midnight, which together with the gruesome sordidness of the exchange of rifle shots, so permeated the already supersaturated atmosphere, that little crimson drops began forming, thick as blood, and settled on every twig and blade of grass in the vicinity, like a million infant raspberries in a field of green.

"Your insolence and neglect is insufferable. This is the second time you have failed to put onions in the hash. I never expect to eat at your table again."

"You brute! I will put up with no more of your cruelty. You know I can't stand onions, and we can't afford Listerine."

They were both dead, and so, boys and girls, they lived happily ever after.

"Keep your face always toward the moonshine and the shadows will fall in almost any direction."



A FLAT JOKE

"Have a drink and forget it's flat."
"It can't be flat; it's a Kelly Springfield."

THE LAW OF TOMORROW

Be it enacted that from this time henceforth it shall be a capital crime for tadpoles to shed their tails within ten miles of a state institution.

PROFESSOR PINKHAM'S INVENTIONS

"Aha!" croaked the professor, brother of the famous Lydia.

"Aha!" I neatly echoed.

"The discovery of the ages!" he shouted.

"Pray tell," was my unusual request.

"A way to stop graduation exercises from being boring."

"Propound!" I nobly commanded.

"We will pass a law against universities allowing students to graduate."

"I see," was my nifty answer.

"So, there being no graduates, there can be no graduation exercises."

"But—", was my clever sally.

"There being no graduation exercises, graduation exercises will cease to be boring."

"Tra-la!" I simpered.

"Simple, isn't it? Page Mr. Poole."

"This is final," I chirped, reaching for the shotgun.

An elephant passed Adam and Eve as they were naming animals.

Eve: What on earth shall we name that thing?

Adam: Let's name it an elephant.

Eve: But why an elephant?

Adam: Well, it looks more like an elephant than anything I've seen.

Henrietta—"To what end do you devote most of your time?"

Henry—"The week-end."

THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL GRADUATE RECEIVES HIS DIPLOMA

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

"I wish that I were wealthy, dear,"
The handsome suitor cried.
"And what would you give me then, dear,"
The millionairess sighed,
"A string of pearls, a sparkling yacht,
To sail the world so wide?"
"Hell, no, the Grand Bounce," he said, and picked up his hat and gloves.

"CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TONIGHT"—THAT'S FINAL

She called me to her home one day,
And handed back my pin, and say—
She said: "Don't see me from this day!"
That's final.

I handed in quiz papers few;
I somehow thought that I'd get through.
And then the prof said: "F for you!"
That's final.

The senior trots up to the stand
In cap and gown. Don't he look grand!
They shove the dip into his hand.
That's final.

I've lost my verbs and pronouns too.
I can't make neat rhymes flow anew.
And so I bid you fond adieu—
That's final.

THE GOLDURNED TRIANGLE

(A story of the Golden West, where Amsterdam Avenue changes its name and the evils of Broadway fade to a honey colored brown.)

Far out from the evils of the effete East, way up above the Museum, lived that sheltered Western maiden, Lilly Pinkham, the pride of the Double Cross bootleg store. Her silky brown locks flowed in smooth ripples over milky shoulders; no wonder that two such glorious types of American manhood as the Smith brothers should experience a contraction of the visceral muscles and decide that they were in love with her.

Did dear little Lilly have any preference? Did her lovely breast heave more tempestuously at the approach of the one than of the other? Who can say? At any rate she suggested that the brothers quit the bootleg business and enter some other line. As the Smiths admitted in their recent article in the American Journal, their success came through the instigation of their sweetheart. For one day as they were knocking off work at 5:24 they both happened to look at some of the old macadam which they had picked up from the street and replaced with new. "There should be some use for that," they remarked, and then simultaneously, "There is—cough drops!"

Yet their product did not sell as it should have. Again the brave little girl came to the rescue. "I always have loved men with whiskers," she whispered to them shyly. "I shall not trim my beard until the Democrats admit that their party is crooked," swore the first Smith with a mighty oath. "And I shall not trim my beard until the Republican party admits that it is crooked and Calvin Coolidge stops buying his straw hats at the October sales," swore the second Smith.

There were loud cheers from the audience, and like the good sport he is, the former Smith gave up the beautiful Lydia Pinkham to his clever brother. Thus was the triangle broken.

BALLADE OF FINALITY

Please do not judge that I'm afraid
By what I now commence to say
Concerning fear I have displayed
On thinking of the final day,
The final dog or load of hay,
For final subjects turn me pale—
They all affect me just that way
Except Salome's final veil.

The final sandwich that is made
I long for, but I let it lay;
My final brand new razor blade
I cast into the nearest bay;
At costume balls I ne'er portray
A mule's legs or a camel's tail—
I shun such topics while I may,
Except Salome's final veil.

I bury with an eager spade
The final bill I have to pay;
I weep at, like a tender maid,
The final act of every play.
Before I'd buy the last cupé,
I'd crawl along like any snail.
Finality turns my whiskers gray,
Except Salome's final veil.

L'ENVOI

Prince, put finality away,
Send all its advocates to jail,
Let last things go and first things stay—
Except Salome's final veil.

DEAD

Out of the stillness of the night came a little stifled cough. Wishing to know what was the trouble, I crept toward the noise. In the darkness I was able to make out the outline of two figures. One of them stooped and started to pick up something. Suddenly he drew back and in a hoarse whisper told his partner: "Damn, Joe, you have killed it."

The other boy drew away, sobbing softly—he had just killed the last pint.

Frosh—Give me an ice cream cone, please.
Soda Jerk—Five or ten?
Frosh—Just one.

For Sale—One baby carriage.
Reason for selling—Going out of business.

In Chapel Hill they laugh when Carrboro is mentioned on the stage; in New York they laugh when the comedian says "Chicago—." The world *is* a little place, after all, isn't it?

Wee Muffled Voice: "Papa, is it raining?"
Papa: "No, child."
Wee Muffled Voice: "Well, papa, it must be."
Papa: "Why, child?"
Wee Muffled Voice: "I'm wet."

CALORIC

(It is too hot to make any pretense of metre)

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez"
Ship me five miles south of hell,
Just somewhere to let me see
That my thermometer has fell.

Feed me on sulphuric acid,
Set me smiling on a grid,
Put me nearer to the sun
Than his wings Icarus did.

Let me swim in molten steel,
Let me sit upon a stove,
Let me play with red-hot brick bats,
In some Avernian grove.

Put me in a chafing dish,
Let me bathe in soup;
Or rub me with Sloan's liniment
As if I had the croup.

Do all these things and many more,
Of heat I've had my fill
In the hottest place that ever was—
This dear old Chapel Hill.

Expert Marksman (just returning from target practice on street car): Well, I cracked the bull's-eye ninety-eight out of a hundred this morning.

Dear Old Lady (sitting near): Oh, the cruel thing. I'll report him to the S. P. C. A. at once.

WHAT! LATE-AGAIN?
THIS IS FINAL
FINAL, FOR GOOD TIM
NOW IS THE TIME
THE WORK STARTS!
SOME SAY THAT
THIS IS FINAL.
THI
FIN

KEEP AWAY FROM MY DAUGHTER!! THIS IS FINAL!
HOME SWEET HOME
THIS IS FINAL!
THANK GOD! THIS IS FINAL!
BUCCANEER EDITOR
WASTE
WRIGHT

S IS

AL

VOL. II MAY 25th, 1925 No. 9

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THE NUMBER

FROM our wide observation of several third rate vaudevilles, and a few fairly good road shows we thought that a finale was that part of the program during which everyone rushed upon the stage, wearing the gaudiest of his costumes, singing at the top of his best voice, distributing his highest degree of gaiety, and demonstrating the superlative in joy and gladness. It was with this in mind that we gave the title, Finale Number, to this issue.

But not so with a college comic. The board seems too tired to care whether the issue gets out at all or not, let alone whether it gets out with a fair show of its usual quality. The artists seem to care not in the least whether there is cover, centerspread, or any other drawings. The writers seem to have lost interest in writing, and act as if they prefer to have a perfectly blank issue,—which would probably be the better after all. Even the business department loses some of its commercial spirit, and cares less whether there are ads or whether the magazine gets into circulation.

We thought that in true finale fashion everyone would rush out with the finest demonstration of his ability, that there would be pages upon pages of ads, that there would be scores of drawings, that there would be reams of otherwise perfectly good stationery filled with the best material of the year, that the staff would gather in one last spirited effort to glorify and honor the formerly so sacred publication, to which they vowed everlasting allegiance—last spring. But such is not the case.

However, we have finally got together enough material and of such quality that did we not tell you, you could not see any difference between this number and any others. Possibly there is no difference, probably we see the whole thing from

another viewpoint, so that those things which at one time had an appeal, are now disgusting.

Maybe it is this way with the finale of the stage. Maybe the gaudiest of costumes are used in order that they attract the attention from the wearied bodies; maybe the smiles and expressions of joyfulness are only distorted images and inverted reflections of frowns and scowls; maybe these best voices are our false translation of screeching souls; maybe the gayety and gladness we see is only a superficial coating of worn spirits; maybe the rhythmic movements are only writhings resulting from fatigued minds. Maybe we enjoy because of a primeval, barbarous instinct that sometimes seems to be within us that causes us to enjoy the sight of torture. Maybe we of the Buccaneer have a deeper insight into all,—maybe it is thus with everything.

CONGRATULATIONS

WE congratulate ourselves above all things else that The Buccaneer has passed through one whole, complete, solid year and has received no contributions or advice from any woman, or any aid or assistance in any form or degree from the female sex,—and this is a co-educational institution. All other campus publications have received such; but we are glad to say for our own benefit, if not for others', that feminine assistance was unoffered, and certainly unasked.

We have amply proved that something can at least get along, if not entirely successfully, without the remarkable, immortal ingenuity of woman. There is hope that this first year of the Buccaneer's existence has set a precedent in this line which will be followed throughout the lifetime of the magazine. There is a prayer that though vaste hordes of the weaker sex swarm upon our otherwise fairly pleasing campus, and attempt to overcome all existing organizations, invade all campus institutions, and infect all university activities that this publication will forever remain free from invasion and infection. Better it would be that the publication cease to be than that it should show the weakness that many of the campus activities have already shown by allowing the hand of co-education to employ a single finger. Better that the Buccaneer become so totally lifeless that it never stir even the faintest memory, than that it ever show the slightest taint of femininity.

The day of a womanless, man's campus has gone forever in these parts, but would that some one thing be destined to stay always as an eternal reminder of the pleasant past.

TO OUR SENIORS

BUCCANEER has nothing to say to this new small milling of men which the university has again succeeded in grinding out, and labeling with a diploma—which costs five dollars or ten,—after the men have paid several hundred dollars to someone for several years. We say nothing because, if left alone, a college man, though he may seem the proper thing to hang to the walls of a gymnasium, will sometimes find out things for himself; and it is this self gleaned knowledge which has actual value. Those who think they are educated will find that they are not, and those who think they have got nothing from college will most probably find that they have something, even though this may be nothing except an A.B. and a heluva outlook on life.

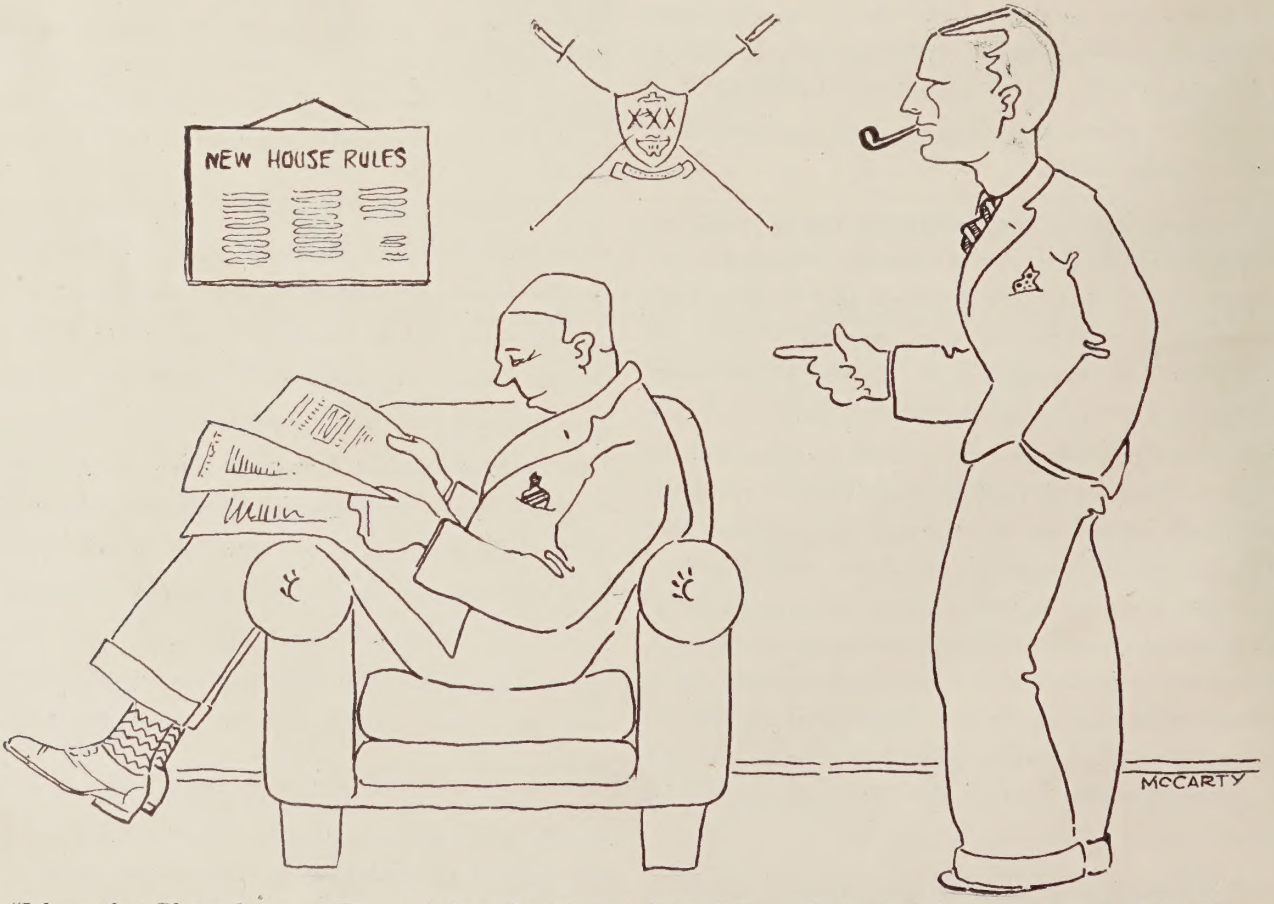
APOLOGIES

WITH this The Buccaneer goes into port and ties up for much needed rest and repairs. With a few sails mended and a few additions made to the crew it will be ready to set sail again in a few short months with a new painting of enthusiasm which like all paint will again wear off in time, and have to be replaced.

It is with extreme regret that we are unable to state at the present writing who is to become a part of this crew and what the positions to be occupied by the old members are to be. We are also sorry that we cannot state the nature of the repairs to be made, and is impossible to do this chiefly because it is no one's business besides our own. Needless to say though, that ample improvements will be made chiefly because we have become members of the Student Publications Union, and now the previous members of our extremely broad-minded student body will no longer swamp the local news-stands and read our darling brain child without adding money to our coffers. Then too we have become more ripe with age, and are getting to the point where we are entitled to the respect due to age.

We are also very sorry to state that we are utterly incapable of waxing witty at present, and, because no humor has any appeal except that which is spontaneous, we make no attempt. There are so many things which have so much more importance than a mere college comic, don't you know.

IN 1950
Cohen to Solomon: "Smith,—Smith,—umph, where have I seen that name before?"



Marcus: "I hear that Plutarch was called up before the Student Council for giving a bad check, but wasn't shipped."
Cicero: "Why not?"
Marcus: "He got off on the grounds that he was drunk when he wrote the check."

DISSERTATION ON LAST

1

Pompay Smythe tilted the bottle to his lips. The hot liquid burned its way down his eucalyptus. His head whirled and he fell into a daze. Carelessly he stepped in front of a speeding car. It was the last daze of Pompay.

2

Honest John, the shoemaker, was telling his girl good night. The hour grew late. "Sweetie," said he, "the next kiss must be the last." She leaned her head gently against his shoulder. "Shoemaker," quoth she, "stick to your last."

3

Mr. Jones desired to rent a house. He took a list of unhired homes from the paper and went to look at them. They were all rented, it seemed. Finally only one remained on the list. He rushed desperately to the address and sighed contentedly. There was still a "For Rent" sign on the door. The house was last but not leased.

4

Bull Brown puffed away on a cigarette. He puffed with all his might and the cigarette was weakening under the strain. Once more he sucked in his breath, the cigarette split in the middle, the tobacco fell on the ground. The last draw had broken the Camel's back.

(Crossword puzzle fiend): Give me the name of an automobile that starts with "T".

(C. P. F.'s friend): Quitchakidin. They all use gasoline.

Drunkard singing: "Turn back the Universe, and Give me Yesterday."

By-stander: Ah! dry up.

Janie's got good common sense,
But she never shows it.
P. S.—She's not my girl.
Betty's got a pretty leg,
And she always shows it.
P. S.: She's my girl.

Publisher: "I turned down this fool play once. Why do you bring it again?"

Playwright: "I thought maybe your taste had improved."

MAKING HIS SUBJECT PLAIN

THE LAST CLASS

(Title by Daudet, lyrics by Irving Berlin, emotion by heck.)

It was the last class of the year and a heavy silence hung over the room. Occasionally it dived into the professor's spitoon with a resounding splash. All the scholars strained to keep back their tears; having done this they restrained them; there was really nothing else to do. Old Professor Pooker sat at his desk, his head sunk low into his vest pocket—it was the last class of the year and few if any would come after it. But to appear cheerful and to maintain the morale of his dear charges he related the witty retort that Caesar had made to Lincoln when the latter offered him a Chesterfield. But they refused to be comforted. A pool of tears spread on the floor large enough to hold ducks—tear ducts, if you *will* be funny. The kindly old professor was unable to stand more, and turning to a map of France he tore out the town of Poisson and ate it greedily. With tremendous wails the class filed by his fallen form, each taking from his pockets some small bit of money as a souvenir; then they departed, moist and crushed like a drove of injured cream puffs. It was the last class of the year.

A TRAGEDY

Two deaf men meet on the same road.

First deaf man: How do you do.

Second deaf man: How do you do.

First d. m.: Going fishing?

Second d. m.: No, I'm going fishing.

First d. m.: Oh! I thought you said you were going fishing!

NAIVETE

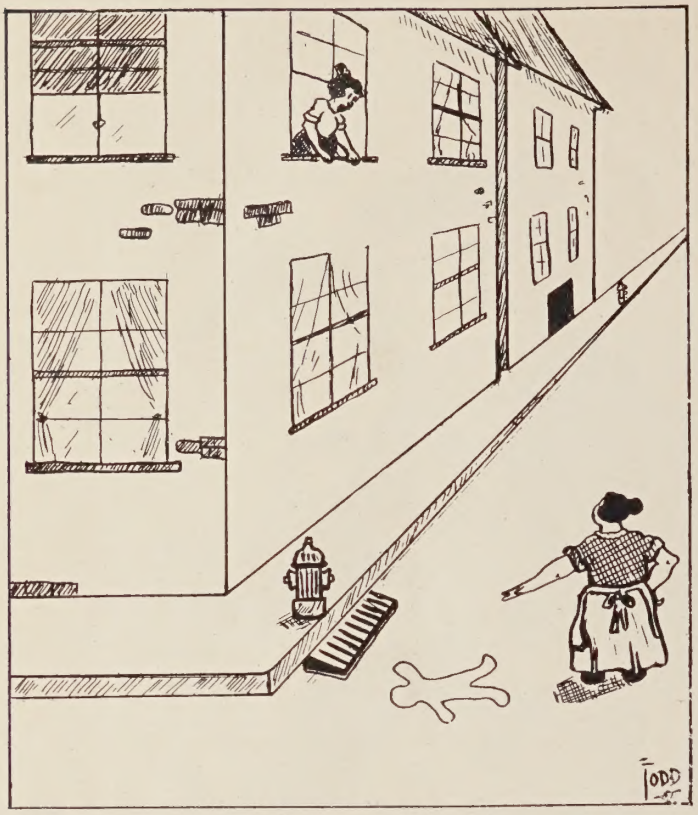
The King was in a frightful mood that morning. "By the seven sons of the Virgin Queen," he swore. A faint tinkle of laughter drifted through the lattice-work from the room of his fairest wife.

Speaking of being immune, we take our hats off to the fellow who took French III five times, and started off on the sixth, only to find after three weeks that he was attending a Spanish class.

"But at least Tom said that I had pretty ankles."

"I know, Hilda, but do you realize that Tom would get dizzy in the basement of the Woolworth Building?"

"Great Scott Bob, watch it! Even Kelly Balloons aren't going to hold us up if you go through that fence."



Mrs. Mulvaney (after the steam roller has passed)—"Have ye been seeing of my Patrick?"

Mrs. Casey—"Ye might find him here if ye'd start excavations."

Mrs. M.—"So that's him! And him with a pound of butter, too!"

FABLE

Once upon a time a professor called on a man the day he was unprepared and balled him out for not knowing anything and then did not say that of course he meant this for the whole class and not for any one person.

Four letter word meaning a miss-take: W I F E.

Little Girl: "Mamma, papa likes Mr. Brown's aunt a lot, doesn't he?"

Mamma: "I don't know. Why do you say that "

L. G.: "I was passing by the library just a minute ago and heard him say, 'Brown, I'd like to see you ante'."

One: Wasn't the violinist's execution wonderful?

String: Yes. I noticed a great many of the audience hanging on each note.

Judge: "Ten dollars fine."

Nigger: "Yes suh. Ah got dat right in dis pocket."

Judge: "Reach in the other one and see if you can find thirty days."

THE SHAKESPEAREAN TRAVELER

First Tramp: Gimme some of that soup, you lizard eating, cock-eyed, pie-faced baboon.

Second Tramp: Pray evacuate, crapulently pediculous hobnail.

First Tramp: I beg your pardon!

Did the straw that broke the Camel's pack grow in Chesterfield?

How many cars Wills St. Claire put out next year?

Also, how many hotels has Vanderbilt?

Which Armour Swift, hot dogs or cold pig feet?

And so forth.

Temperance Lecturer—"If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he choose to drink?"

Soak—"The water."

Temperance Lecturer—"And why?"

Soak—"Because he is an ass."—*Chaparral.*

"Ho! I will fool the bloodhounds yet," and slipping on a pair of rubbers he erased his tracks.—*Dennison Flamingo.*

This is an illustration of a graduate of an agricultural institution for colored boys, who has already begun to put the knowledge he has gained into practice. Samuel was one of the members of the football team, so he has had ample experience with the pigskin.

First Ghost—"What ho, Mauritius, wilt walk tonight?"

Second Ghost (from the grave)—"I can't till these people get off my tombstone."—*DoDo.*

Dum—How ya' feeling?

Bell—Rotten.

Dum—Whassamatter?

Bell—Got insomnia.

Dum—How come ?

Bell—Woke up twice in the Dean's lecture this morning.—*State Froth.*

Old Gentleman—"I'll take no more from you, young fellow. Remember, I was acquainted with you when you were little more than a worried look on your father's countenance.—*Brown Jug.*

DOBBS HATS

THE DOBBS NORTH SHORE IS CORRECTLY PROPORTIONED WITH THE LIBERAL WIDTH OF BRIM DICTATED BY THE NEWEST MODE. IT MAY BE HAD WITH THE CHEERFUL BAND OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN, AND WITH THE CONVENTIONAL BLACK BAND - BOTH ARE PROPER. THE SIGNATURE OF DOBBS & CO, NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS, GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. 6^{00} AND 5^{00}

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Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

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"The sweetest pipe in the world"

"It's a W D C"
W D C
TRADE MARK
The Milano is made in 26 smart shapes in smooth finish, from $3.50 up; rustic finish, $4.00 up—all *insured* for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.
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MILANO
PIPE
This snappy style is No. 1780
WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
290 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The following is not without subtlety. A man came home to the wife of his bosom in the wee small hours and proceeded to disrobe. "John," said his wife, "you haven't got your underwear on. You were wearing it when you left this morning, I'm perfectly sure."

Her spouse glanced down for a moment, puzzled and guilty. Then like a flash came the inspiration. "Good God," he said, "I've been robbed!"—*London Mail.*

Are mine the only lips you ever kissed?

Yes, dear, and the nicest.—*Tit-bits* (London).

Lady—"Are you an ex-service man, my good man?"

Hobo—"Yes, ma'am. I just finished my last six months last week."—*Widow.*

"We certainly did raise the devil," said one fond parent to the other when the fall report arrived from college.—*The Sniper.*

The Chapel Hill Realty & Insurance Co.

offers for sale several desirable lots on the Pittsboro Road beyond the residences of Dr. W. H. Odum and Dr. W. F. Prouty.

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Made to Measure

$29.50

WE WIN!

College Men everywhere are fast turning to *Stetson D* because here, at least, are clothes which meet every requirement of style, wear and price.

See the New May-Time Shades

Showing at SUTTON & ALDERMAN
MAY 27, 28, 29

Stetson D
BALTIMORE

"Nationally Known—Justly Famous".

The Helpful Brother—"Well, here she is."

Victim (swallowing hard)—"Damned if she ain't."—*Froth.*

Irish captain to his men on the eve of the battle—

"Will ye fight or will ye run?"

"We will!"

"Will what?"

"Will not!"

"Ah, me brave bhoys, I knew yez would!"—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Lorna—"I hear that you were seen kissing the landlady."

Doone—"There's nothing to it. It was only a roomer."—*Puppet.*

Inebriate (addressing a barber pole)—Now a'leash shix of you zebras has got to get out. Whasha think I am, an animal trainer?—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

Irate Wife (discovering scofflaw husband on front steps fiddling with door knob)—"What are you doing there, Webster?"

Webster (continuing to turn knob)—"Psh! I'm trying to get Pittsburg!"—*Yellow Crab.*

Ikey—Ten dollars for that hat! There are no holes in it.

Salesman—Why should there be holes in it?

Ikey—So the jackass vat buys it can put his ears through. —*Tiger.*

S. D. J.—"What character do you have in the next act?"

Girl—"I'm not supposed to have any character. I'm in the chorus."—*Voo Doo.*

"Little girl, why are you so interested in these birds?"

"Well, I just learned that there ain't no Santa Claus and I'm out here to investigate this stork proposition."—*Chaparral.*

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DURHAM'S

Blue Ribbon Brand"

ICE CREAM

Durham Ice Cream Co.

"Ice Cream Specialists"

MAIN AT DUKE STREET

Phones 58 and 59

FANCY ICES BLOCKS

THE

Bank of Chapel Hill

Oldest and Strongest Bank
in Orange County

Capital . . . $30,000.00

Surplus . . . $70,000.00

M. C. NOBLE . . . . . President
R. L. STROWD . . . . . Vice-President
M. E. HOGAN . . . . . Cashier

Merry Widow—On the one hand, I love you, but—

Gay Dog—On the other hand, you have a wedding ring.—*Virginia Reel.*

Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you, Jimmy?" the teacher demanded.

"No, mam," answered Jimmy, "but I wondered why he didn't make it four times and get back to the side his clothes were on."—*Punch Bowl.*

The bearded lady of Ringling Bros. circus recently died on Staten Island leaving a wife and five children.—*Medley.*

"Look! There's a car parked in this lonely road. Can it be motor bandits?"

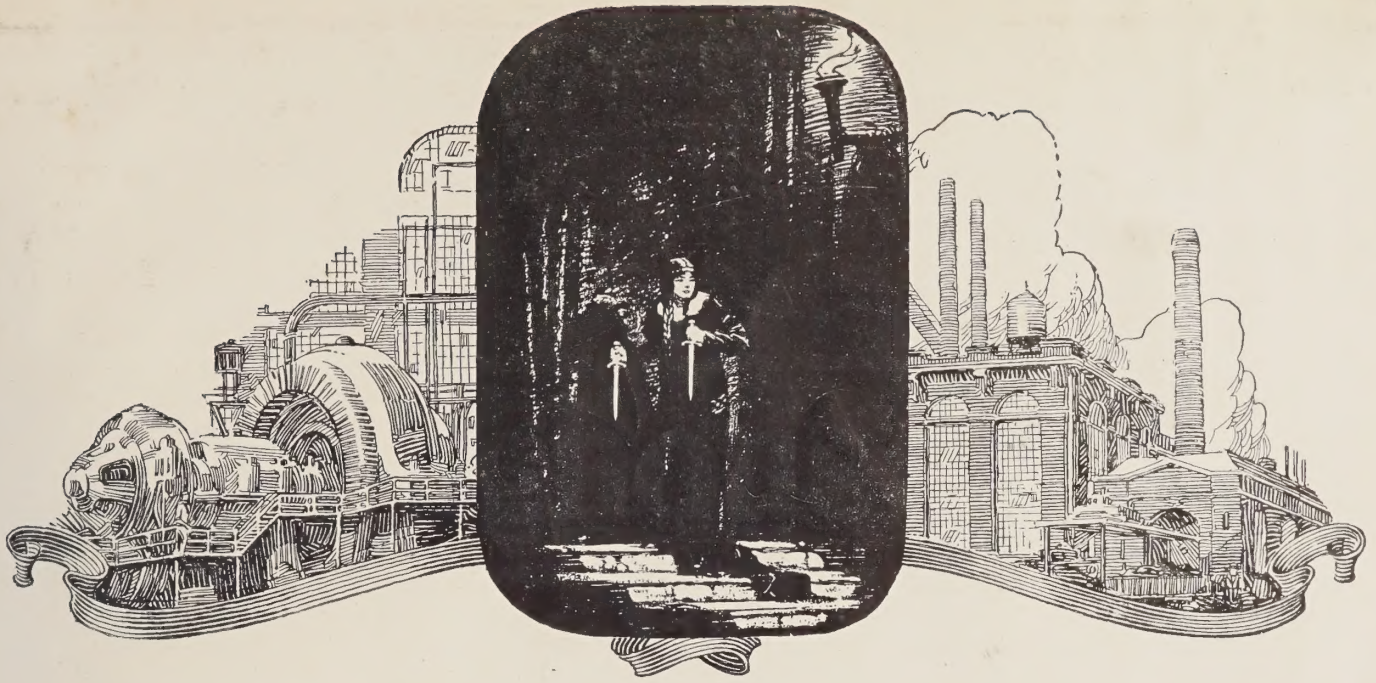
"Nope, that's the old parlor sofa two generations removed."—*Judge.*

Co-ed—Two weeks ago I refused to marry your brother and he has been drinking heavily ever since.

He—Yes, he's the kind of fellow who never knows when to stop a celebration.—*Penn State Froth.*

Merry King Art: Now just what are your reasons for wishing to resign from the Round Table?

Sir Lionel—My wife objects to this Knight work.—*Pelican* '15.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

JOHN BARRYMORE himself would "get the hook" if he did not know his cues, or read his lines as called for by the action of the play.

Engineers get cues, too—from the industrial drama of which they are a part. Like actors, their performance must fit the action of an economic play.

Thus the reason that the journals, the societies, the schools, colleges, teachers, and well-known public men, are urging engineers to study economics—to learn the nature and effect of economic laws.

To build the largest generator or the smallest meter, for example, is not always in itself a great engineering feat. The feat consists in having it ready at a time, a price, and with such features as the prevailing economic situation calls for.

In this sense engineers—and particularly Westinghouse engineers—must be "practicing economists". They must follow closely the "action of the play"—analyzing fundamental conditions in every field, and calculating their causes and probable effects.

All this, so that when a cue is spoken in factory or home, on farm or railroad, on the sea or in the air, they may be ready.

This advertisement is eighth in a vocational series, outlining the fields for engineering achievement in the Westinghouse organization. A copy of the entire series will be sent to anyone requesting it.

Westinghouse

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY

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IT PAYS TO INSIST ON ARROWS

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Meets satisfactorily every test by which a mercerized oxford shirt is tried. It has a real pocket, an attached collar made by the Arrow Collar makers, and the fabric is finished alike on both sides—a silky, pure white, exquisite finish. It's a shirt built to do credit to the label.

$3.00

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